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Odessa from the Roadstead, North.

RECORDS OF TRAVELS

IN

TURKEY, GREECE, &c.

AND OF

A CRUISE IN THE BLACK SEA,

WITH

B286c

THE CAPITAN PASHA,

IN THE YEARS 1829, 1830, AND 1831.

83380
at.

BY ADOLPHUS SLADE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1833.

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LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,

THIS WORK

IS, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MUCH OBLIGED AND MOST

OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE Turkish empire is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the 16th century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco—when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of civilized Europe; it now excites its cupidity.

Having passed through France and part of Italy, touched at some of the Grecian isles, the author reached Constantinople in May, 1829, at the time when the second campaign, between the emperor and the sultan, was commencing.

Accident procured him the acquaintance of the Capitan Pasha, with whom he cruized on the Black Sea. This at once gave him opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the manners and opinions of the Osmanleys, which a much longer residence in the country, otherwise, might not have afforded him.

Sultan Mahmoud II. was then in the zenith of his fame: because he had not been conquered in 1828, it was concluded that he would be equally successful in 1829; and such an exhibition of strength, such a fecundity of resources, (gratuitously allowed,) as enabled him to resist the Russian forces—coming, too, so immediately after the disasters respecting Greece, which had befallen the empire—appeared extraordinary, only to be accounted for by an unusual cause; which cause was supposed to be the reform which the sultan had introduced. And so difficult is it to persuade oneself that reform can be otherwise than beneficial, that even on the most humiliating reverses befalling the sultan's arms—when the Russian army was at Adrianople, its Cos-

sacks within twenty hours march of the capital, parts of Asia Minor in revolt, Albania and Bosnia assuming hostile attitudes, the streets of Constantinople streaming with blood—even then, though it was generally allowed by Franks that some part of the machine was unusually out of order, still few could bring themselves to blame reform.

The Osmanleys, however, never having seen reform under the seducing garb of theory, never having heard of her before, unhesitatingly attributed all their disasters to her presence; perhaps with no better reason than has the patient, who, on finding himself getting worse, attributes the change to the last medicine he took. "Poor barbarians," we Franks at first thought, "you do not know what is fit for you; you cannot distinguish between good and evil; you are too ignorant to like being flayed alive for the sake of a new skin."

Gradually, however, the illusion with which we had invested ourselves respecting the sultan, viewing him as a second Peter, dispelled: coup-

ling the bitter enmity of his subjects towards him with the accelerated decline of his empire, made us think that there was something in the reform that might as well have been left out—that, perhaps, the sultan had mistaken the word change for it; that in its best light the reform which was opposed to the wishes of the majority of the nation, and forced on it, was, far from being liberal, an act of pure despotism, only to be excused by the amount of absolute good to be obtained from it, overbalancing the evils to be apprehended; both calculated beforehand.

Considering the importance of the subject, its wide-spreading influence on the Turkish empire, especially that portion of it inhabited by Greeks, the author has devoted a few pages to the sultan's reforming policy; while admitting the absolute necessity of reform in Turkey, he has endeavoured to show wherein Mahmoud failed; in attempting too much at once, in commencing at the wrong end; so that reform, instead of being a blessing to his people, has been a curse to it; instead of healing party dissensions, it has

widened the breach; instead of appeasing the rayas, it has given them courage to ask for more; instead of consolidating his throne, it has shaken it.

After witnessing the events which so curiously chequered the political aspect of Constantinople before and immediately after the peace of Adrianople, the author embarked in his majesty's ship Blonde, and visited Sevastopol, Odessa, Varna, and Bourgas.

He then proceeded over the seat of war in Roumelia. He visited Adrianople, Philippopolis, &c.; he traversed the winter quarters of the Russian army, sojourning in them some days, receiving marked hospitality from the generals commanding the districts: and, crossing the Balkans by the Kasan pass, went to Schumla. He has given some account of that interesting people, the Bulgarians; of its connexion with the Russians, and its consequent disasters. His intercourse, too, with them, as well as with the Russians, and the Osmanleys of the neighbourhood, enabled him to obtain some correct details

of the campaign of 1829, which so singularly affected the Ottoman empire, and the consequences of which need to be watched by England.

Quitting Schumla, after a short stay, the author again traversed the Russian cantonments, and so returned to Constantinople, where he then remained three months, during which time, he saw all that was remarkable in it. He has given a slight description of the city, together with some notices of its inhabitants.

Finally, leaving Constantinople in the summer of 1830, the author again went to Adrianople, and thence, descending the Marizza, visited Demotica, Enos, &c. From Enos he embarked for Samothraki, and from there sailed to Mount Athos. After residing some days in this romantic spot, visiting one or other of its numerous and interesting monasteries, he went to Salonica, where he had the fortune to meet with the celebrated missionary, Mr. Joseph Wolffe. From Salonica the author proceeded to Smyrna, whence, after remaining there some months, he returned to Italy the beginning of 1831.

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A MAP
of Part of
ROUMELIA AND BULGARIA:
shewing the Track of the Russian Army,
during the Campaign of 1829.
Lithographed by J. Netherclift, 34 Leicester Sq.
DISTANCES.
Schumla to Silistria 22 Hours.
Varna 18
Pravedi 10
Kiupri Keuy 16
Yeni Bazar 4
Koulelicha 2½
Cadicoi 8
Osman Bazar 9
Rasgrad 8
Kiupri Keuy to Derwish Keuy 7
Pravedi 5
Selimnia to Yeni Sara 6
Aidos 12
Kasan 8
Yamboli 4½
Adrianople to Yamboli 20
Constantinople 45
Philippopolis 33
Faki 11
Kirkleesa 12
Demotica 16
Rodosto 25
The Hour is about 3½ Miles English.
The Winter Occupation of the Russians,
extended to the West as far as Veni Sara,
to the South as far as Buyukdereni.
Rasgrad
Schumla
Varna
Selimnia
Karnabat
Aidos
Bourgas
Yamboli
Faki
Hermanli
Adrianople
Kirkleesa
Demotica
Rodosto
Media
Wisa
Ignada
C. Ignada
Kara Bournou
CONSTANTINOPLE
SEA OF MARMORA
ARCHIPELAGO
G. of Ismid
Thaso I.d
Danube R.
Maritza R.

RECORDS OF TRAVELS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Auberge—Nice—Col de Tende—Coni—Turin—Gen. Menou —Genoa.

Not to find a comfortable inn on the road is considered a hardship in civilized Europe; in the East a shed is often esteemed a luxury. If in the latter country a traveller be detained days for want of a bridge to cross a stream, which rain or thaw may have rendered impassable, he is neither surprised nor greatly annoyed, being prepared for such a thing; nor, again, does he vent reproaches on the government, because it never entered into his head that the government should provide for such casualties. But that in la belle

France—in the country which boasts its bridges of Austerlitz and Jena, couriers and travellers should be delayed for want of any means to cross a paltry brook may well astonish him.

Early in the morning of March 16, 1829, the Antibes diligence drew up at a small auberge, on the road side near Estrelles, the bourgeois of which invited the passengers to alight, with the information that it was necessary to wait until a stream, half a mile in advance, swoln by the falling rain, should subside. The intelligence was unpleasant to all the party, the more so, perceiving from our windows that the said auberge, exposed to a fresh mountain breeze, had no windows. However, there was no remedy; so we got out and took possession of the saloon, where, after causing a large fire to be lit, and stopping, as well as could be, sundry chasms in the walls intended to admit daylight, we listened for the trampling of horses to vary the pattering cadence, promising ourselves indemnification for our own disaster in the blank countenance of each coming traveller. We were not long kept in expectation, for a German baron arrived soon afterwards in his own carriage. He first took a dissatisfied survey of the naked apartments of the house,

apparently hesitating whether he should associate with the occupants of a diligence, and then, yielding to the gregariousness of his species, crept into our circle, where, however, he endeavoured to seclude himself by paying attention to a fair Roman, who was going to Florence with her brother, an artist, though without success; a lively Frenchman occupied her other ear so affectionately as to render its fellow deaf. We had scarcely resumed our crouching posture round the fire, which this addition had disturbed, when a Portuguese courier, on his way from Lisbon to Rome, stopped, and loudly swore at the cause of the delay. He also joined our circle. A few minutes after arrived, in two coaches, the Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, with a priestly suite, going to Rome to assist at the conclave. To lodge this traveller extraordinary, *convenablement*, who otherwise would not have alighted, the host consented to give up his own apartment, which was glazed, and then his eminence was carried through the mud in the arms of his two chaplains. Monseigneur was a mild, gentlemanly-looking little man, with peculiarly expressive eyes for eighty-two years of age, and his having been lately exposed to the

vexations of the ministers, for having, as the self-constituted champion of the mitred clergy attacked in its privileges, published an article based on his motto, *etiam si omnes, ego non;* and through which he was ordered, notwithstanding his advanced age, to go to the conclave; excited in us an additional interest in his favour, and caused us to unbonnet willingly. But though the whole party, the fair Roman and the Portuguese above all, truly rejoiced to see so worthy a pillar of the church, it is right to confess that the presence of his cook was infinitely more appreciated; for previously to his arrival we had been in a dilemma about dinner, our host having declared his inability to provide for so many after the breakfast we had devoured. All difficulties now speedily vanished, and we had a proof of the resources of talent even with slender means. The cardinal's professor of gastronomy, worthy of his exalted station, meriting a cordon bleu, installed himself head of the humble cuisine, produced sundry articles, which I am sure the surrounding country did not produce, and having first supplied his master's wants, did us, *les voyageurs*, the honour to concoct a savoury meal, as also to assist us to eat it. The excellent humour this

put us in need not be dwelt on; every body has felt the bland effects of a good dinner, especially when unexpected. To the frugal dessert the Portuguese added, from the pockets of his carriage, some bottles of Spanish wine, and I a packet of Havannah cigars, the only lady of our party having previously declared that she liked the odour of tobacco, an assertion which her brother supported her in. With these accessories, round a blazing fire, two fine wolf-dogs basking at our feet, we passed a sociable evening, enlivened by song and tale, little regretting the delay which brought so many absolute strangers of different nations and different pursuits into good fellowship.

At sun-set the rain ceased, and an hour after midnight we were informed that the stream was fordable. The courier gallantly took the lead, taking with him a lad to bring back word if he got safely over or not. Then followed the baron, whose stiffness was so far rubbed off by the collision of the day, that he shook hands with every one, not excepting a poor Prussian student who was journeying to Pavia. The diligence came last; the cardinal remained till morning.

Excepting the water which came into the carriage, washing it thoroughly, for the first time probably since it left the maker's hands, no other inconveniences occurred to us but such as are inseparable from travelling in the South of France. The country we passed through was rich in scenery and recollections, and in due time we reached Nice.

Nice, which had the singular misfortune in the sixteenth century of being stormed by the Turkish forces under Barbarossa, in alliance with the troops of Francis I., and in later times, of receiving a still more disagreeable visit from a revolutionary band of Marseillais, was then governed by the Marquis de Faverges, a Savoyard nobleman, whose hospitality and talents gained him the esteem of the numerous foreigners, of various countries, who visited Nice during his governorship. M. de Faverges was yet further remarkable by having been a noted victim of that spoliatory spirit, called liberty, which distinguished the close of the last century. Because he would not desert his sovereign, exchange honour for wealth, embrace a foreign yoke at the fierce cry of republican France, he

was cast out an alien from his country. The princely domains of his family in Savoy were confiscated; the chateau, near Faverges, for centuries its residence, became a manufactory. His brother fell in battle against the French. Then, a mere boy, he swore enmity to the *soi-disant* liberators of mankind from the burthen of ancient prejudices. How well he kept his engagement may be inferred from the circumstance of Napoleon having caused him to be executed in effigy, because he refused to return to his country, though invited thereto with the offer of the restoration of his estates; and of his having stipulated in a secret article of a peace with Austria that Colonel de Faverges should be given up to him as a traitor—a traitor! in having fought against him; with such distinction, also, as to have gained the order of Maria Theresa. The Austrian government, in seeming compliance with the despot's will, caused him to be arrested and confined in a castle, with instructions, however, to the governor to allow him to escape. Thence, persevering in his determination not to be inactive while France had an enemy, he joined the Piedmontese corps in English pay: he served under Lord Wil-

liam Bentinck in Spain and Sicily; and had the pleasure of entering Genoa with him as a victor, in 1814. The Emperor of Austria, remembering his services, and devotion in the cause of legitimacy, offered him, at the peace, his rank in his service, as it would have been, had he not been obliged to quit it, in which case he would now have been a marshal of the empire; but with a just sense of what every man of honour, particularly a soldier, owes to his country, he declined the brilliant offer, giving up also the pensions attached to his Austrian orders. In 1821, his firmness, aided by the individual love entertained for him by his own regiment, saved Turin from the wild attempts of the patriots. The following year, it being considered necessary that the illustrious Liberal should purify himself by joining the French crusade against Spanish liberty, he accompanied him, and was with the prince at the head of the grenadiers who stormed the Trocadero. From that time the Marquis de Faverges has remained in his country, of which he became one of the seven wise men, as the governors of the seven provinces of the kingdom are ironically, or complimentarily termed.

Nice, or *l'hôpital à la mode d'Europe*, was filled as usual with *malades imaginaires*, the yearly flight of whom attracts all the beggars of the country, and recompenses the Nissards for the loss they sustained in being separated from the French empire, when their wines and their oils produced quadruple the revenue they do at present. There were peers of England and of France, counts of the empire of Poland and of Russia, with numbers of untitled English, and a due proportion of the young and fashionable of the fairer sex, apparently more consuming than consumptive. There was, too, with his little yacht, Captain Roberts, R.N., the friend of Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. The yacht had belonged to his lordship, who sold it to Lord Blessington, who sold it to the captain, who converted it from an ugly dull sailing craft into a pretty neat clipper. Pic-nics were the order of the day, dances the order of the night, and both amusements we enjoyed in perfection, for the days were already balmy warm, the nights fragrantly cool. The only addition wanted at Nice to make it perfection in the spring, is an island or two to break the monotony of the sea view, which is scarcely ever diversified even by a

passing sail. I, however, had not time to get weary of the blank, for after ten days I left it, and pursued my journey through the magnificent, romantic scenery which intervenes between Nice and the Lower Alps. One valley in which we stopped to breakfast reminded me somewhat of the happy valley of Rasselas. From the Col de Brousse we had a singular prospect of a snow-clad mountain, symmetrically shaped, resembling, in the setting sun, a bright silver altar rising from the vast hill-dimpled valley as from the nave of a cathedral, while motionless clouds floating over it pictured the steam of incense. We rested for the night at a small hamlet at the foot of the Col de Tende, where, however, as every where in Italy and France, we got good clean beds, and at six in the morning commenced the ascent, which, in consequence of a fall of snow in the night, was rather fearful. A corps of guides was obliged to clear away the snow before us, and the mules, alarmed, stopped repeatedly. Experienced some nervous shocks, one by a gust of wind, which took my hat down the steep, and nearly made me roll with it; again, when on the edge of a sublime looking precipice, my mule fell, and had not two guides

been near and lifted it on its legs again, it would have been its last tumble, and mine too. Other parties of mules descending the mountain with merchandize occasioned us considerable delay; each time we came in contact, we were obliged to halt until the guides had cut a lateral path in the bank of snow to allow us to pass by.

At length, after seven hours of severe toil, we reached the summit; and there the glorious prospect—ranges beyond ranges of mountains quietly reposing on clouds—amply repaid us. Traineaux were waiting, so quitting my mule, to the great satisfaction of both parties, I engaged one, tied my portmanteau on it, and slid down into Piedmont with great speed and fun, not unmixed, however, with fears of a somerset, which were reasonable, seeing that I was the only one of the party that chose this mode of conveyance. I cannot describe the sensation experienced in making this tremendous slide, Brobdignagian Montagne Russe; it is worth a person's while going to Italy in the winter to pass the Col de Tende on purpose to make it, and so enjoy the sublime. Our straight line down was intersected in several places by the regular zig-zag paths, deep chasms in the snow,

so deep that the mules in them were invisible to us, unless at the moment when our light vehicle bounded over them like a gazelle, its velocity from off the upper bank giving an impetus that would have carried us thrice the width. We reached the bottom in a quarter of an hour; my companions on mule-back were three hours and a half getting down. The fatigue of dragging the traineaux up again is very severe; the traineurs are seen every hundred yards or so to throw themselves down, and lay in the snow quite exhausted. They are fine stout fellows, but are said to lose their eye-sight early, on account of their constant exposure to the glare.

Having gone through some formalities at the custom-house, on account of coming from Nice, a free port, we entered a diligence, and reached Coni in the evening. The inn being crowded, there was a difficulty about beds, on which my immediate *compagnon de voyage*, a native of Mentoni, politely proposed sharing one; and, on my gently dissenting, so as not to hurt his feelings, expressed surprise, observing with a shrug, that it was a prejudice with the English. We arranged matters by having a bed made up in the same room. He amused me by an anec-

dote relating to the Coniotes, who are reputed to have the thickest pates and the largest goîtres of any in the king of Sardinia's dominions. When the Marquis d'Yenne came to Coni some years since, it struck the natives that his name was also the appellation of a wild beast. Accordingly, to do honour, and pay a delicate compliment, to their new governor, they made up a figure of a hyæna, with little Cupids hanging round its neck, and then paraded it before his windows with music; and, when his excellency appeared in the balcony, bowing thanks, &c. cried out, "Voi siete la bestia, noi siamo gli amorini." My friend was also a perfect liberal, and, I thought, a retired harlequin, for he constantly swore by his *sabre de bois.* Finding himself in the company of an Englishman, considered *carte blanche* on the continent, an available opportunity for a radical to clear off his bile, he loosed his tongue, and railed in form against governments, taxes, clergy, &c., reaping fresh food for his arguments in every village we passed through on our journey to Turin, next day, in the *coupé* of a bad diligence, taking nine hours to do thirty-two Piedmontese miles (forty-two English.)

How singularly does the richly-cultivated,

modern appearance of the valley of Piedmont contrast with the antiquated costume of its inhabitants, which transports the stranger a century back, and shows how difficult it is to change the manners of the lower classes, which have, in this instance, survived the sweeping action of the revolution. We passed women working in the fields, with head-dresses five stories high, helmet-shaped; peasants with knee-buckles, red mantles, cocked hats, and pig-tails, driving mules and carts, their wives and daughters riding on them, with stomachers and massy buckles, each article worn long past the usual wear of male or female gear. Methought one need not be in a very deep dream to fancy that the court of Louis XVI. had resuscitated here, and preserved its denounced costume as a melancholy memorial.

In material respects, though, Piedmont is widely changed from what it was thirty years since. Its eighteen fortresses,* erected in the long reign of Victor Emanuel, chiefly with English gold, have disappeared; and its narrow lanes,

* The government of Queen Anne deeming it important to render Piedmont a barrier against France, agreed to pay the king of Sardinia £100,000 a year, provided he would lay out at the same time £250,000 annually in fortifying his towns.

impracticable in winter, are replaced by broad, magnificent roads; and all because Napoleon thought it for ever annexed to his empire. Thus the continental dominions of the king of Sardinia, which before could make an obstinate resistance, may now be occupied in a few marches, when deemed requisite by Austria or France; though so much the better for the inhabitants, as thereby they are not exposed to the continued and destructive presence of leaguering armies. The most admirable thing in Piedmont, tending to its astonishing fertility, is the manner in which it is irrigated by numberless minute canals, which traverse the plain in every direction. The country does not owe the inestimable boon either to kings or nobles, but to a much calumniated body, the monks, who thus righteously employed their means. Manifold were the abuses of the Italian clergy, but the tree might have been pruned without striking at its root. Cardinals and bishops may easily be spared, but the monks in all ages have been the friends of the poor.

I found Turin considerably embellished since my previous visit to it in 1825. A new quarter had arisen at the extremity of the rue de Po, a new bridge, one of the finest in Europe, spanned

the Dora, and a new church was on the point of being finished. The proportions of this church are good, the form elegant, and the structure solid; but it has the irremediable defect of appearing smaller than it really is, on account of being built in the vista of a long street, under the compressing influence of a hill. The plan was excellent according to rule, on paper appeared well; but the architect showed a want of correct judgment in not foreseeing the effect when built,—that dimension, the principal element of grandeur in architecture, would be dwindled. It was built in fulfilment of a vow of Victor Emanuel, on his restoration in 1814: seven years afterwards he abdicated. His eldest brother, Charles Emanuel, was dethroned by the Directory: he retired to Rome, and died in a monastery. His fourth brother died of a *coup de soleil* at Cagliari. His remaining brother, Charles Felix,* reigned at the time I write of, a monarch

* He died May, 1830, his last moments embittered by the knowledge of a plan to assassinate him. He was the last of the eldest branch of the illustrious house of Beroldo, of whom it may be truly said, that no member was ever guilty of a cruel act. The history of the reigning house of Savoy is the best apology that can be made for absolutism. Charles Felix was

who united every mild virtue, but who allowed himself to be too much governed by priests. By their persuasion he prohibited the regimental schools, perhaps thinking that a soldier could use his firelock just as well without knowing how to spell it.

Whether the army suffered by the privation of education I cannot say. It is formed on the landwehr system, and consists, when all the contingents are under arms, of about sixty-five thousand men, of whom the Savoyards are esteemed the best soldiers, the Sardinians the worst. It is not uncommon, when a regiment composed of Sardinians marches into a town, to see all the shops shut, as in a Turkish town on the approach of an Albanian corps. They are cleanly looking troops, and tolerably well dressed, which is extraordinary, considering they are clothed only once in three years; but they have the great defect of wanting young superior officers: seniority is the rule of promotion in the service,

succeeded by Charles Albert, Prince de Carignan, who began his reign with universal satisfaction, giving every promise, by talents and application, of reforming the abuses of the state. His first acts were to abolish several useless offices about court, and to lay open some of the royal chases.

grey hairs the test of merit; and a man is fortunate to command a regiment at fifty. Deaths are the only vacancies; and in the Italian climate, unless war or plague graciously intervene, man usually lives the time allotted by scripture.

The streets of Turin are eminently distinguished by loathsome beggars, by tawdry uniforms, chequered by tiny crosses, and by staunch devotees. The churches, spacious as they are, are often so full, that the streets outside are covered with kneeling crowds. Excepting Spain and Ireland, Catholicism is no where more fervid than in Piedmont, notwithstanding its vicinity to Rome, which might be supposed to have let the inhabitants a little behind the scenes. A strange contrast, therefore, must General Menou have been as governor of Piedmont; Menou being a Mahometan, having embraced that faith while in Egypt, assumed the name of Abdallah, and married a Turkish lady. Nevertheless, he was popular with his Christian subjects, though he never recanted, not probably thinking it worth while to repeat the farce. Like a good soldier, Menou revered the mandates of his chief more than fetwas or bulls, and thought the hubbub of drums sweeter music than Imams' voices or

church bells. And such must generally be the case with a military man, so little can religion affect his acts. His best occupation is wholesale slaughter of his fellow-creatures. Rapine comes in the way of his trade. Nor is the tenth commandment much respected by him. The ninth he observes, because it is gentlemanly to do so. The fourth he often considers a bore. The second he is led to infringe for the sake of a pretty face. The third is a dead letter with him. Even the respect which he naturally has for the fifth commandment would be modified, to the detriment of cellar and larder, were the respectable persons there included to be on the opposite side; but, at all events, it is quite free from the selfish consideration of having his days prolonged in, or out, of his land.

Although Piedmont boasts of some of the finest roads in Europe, (because its royalty is fond of travelling,) its diligences are execrable, (pervious to wind and rain,) because one person has the monopoly of providing the public with conveyances. One of them conveyed me in thirty hours from Turin to Genoa, where I proposed to embark for Greece.

Genoa well merits her surname. Whether

winding down the hills in her rear, through hanging gardens and colonnaded villas, or gazing upwards from the sea on the vast marble amphitheatre, the traveller involuntarily exclaims, "Superb!" Of all her palaces, three-fourths of them hid from general view, in narrow lanes, miscalled streets, which give the city a Turkish air, none more pleased me than the palazzo Doria, proud monument of national gratitude! In the hanging garden of it is a gigantic statue, visible from the sea, of the renowned Andrea. Numerous are the mementos of her former glory. The libro d'oro attests the antiquity of her merchant nobles; the hospitals, their public spirit; the chains suspended in the streets, their victories over the Venetians and the Pisans; the magnificent hall of St. George, in the Porto Franco, their vast commerce; the frescos in the houses, representing Moors in slavery, their triumphs over the infidels. As late as when republican France subverted republican Genoa, captives were found chained to posts in the arsenal, eating and sleeping in their own ordure. The recollection of the atrocities committed by the republics of Venice and Genoa, allays in some measure our regret at their extinction: but

should they have been thus disposed of—given, without an article in their favour, to absolute governments? Had they, with all northern Italy, been formed into one constitutional state, their warmest admirers would have rejoiced at the change, and the kingdom of Sardinia would then have ceased to be, what it is now emphatically termed, a bone between two great dogs. Such change might have been effected with ease, to our great advantage, in 1814, had England willed it; the Italians would, with enthusiasm, have united themselves constitutionally under a monarch of the oldest reigning Italian family, the house of Savoy; and their petty jealousies—cancers which prevent the development of their independent forces—would, under wise management, aided by apprehension of Austrian domination, have worn out with the generation.

Dislike of German rule, inherent among all Italians, dates at Genoa far back. During a siege of the city by the Germans, about a century since, it happened one day that a shell fell in one of the streets, and burst among a crowd of people, though without injuring any one. This escape was considered miraculous; it was attributed to a statue of the virgin in one corner,

and this assurance of divine aid so revived the flagging spirits of the townspeople, worn out by famine, that they made a desperate sally and drove the besiegers off. In commemoration whereof, a square stone was laid down on the spot where the shell burst, with a mortar carved on it. The stone remained in 1829, (but the emblem was nearly obliterated,) and in 1821, when the occupation of the city by the hated Austrians appeared imminent, it served as a rallying point to the citizens, who swore by it to resist their invaders.

They were not put to the trial, or, perhaps, we should have had another example of the inadequacy of a heart-stirring recollection to create a corresponding effect, except on the stage. The altar of a noble sacrifice may remain, a parallel occasion for devotion occur, but the dead will not rise. On the same stone where, in 1307, three Swiss peasants swore to free their country, thousands of Swiss, in 1798, swore to save it: —the former kept the oath, the latter did not.

Napoleon, to console the Genoese patricians for the loss of their independence, threw a bauble among them. He gave them the title of marquis, and as long as they enjoyed a ray of the grand

empire's glory it sufficed them; but on their destiny being changed, they felt the triviality of the boon, felt the wide difference between the condition of a noble under a little monarchy, and that of a patrician in a renowned republic, with no other superior than a temporary doge, to whose office, moreover, it being triennial, any patrician might aspire. This feeling, added to purse-pride, has generated among them a petty enmity towards the employés and military of the king of Sardinia, and a whining discontent of the existing order of things, by which, at the same time, no class has more gained, their commerce having doubled since the national flag was struck, and their ready money having enabled them to take advantage of the distress of the Piedmontese nobles, and buy up their estates cheap, so that the Genoese are become the largest proprietors in the kingdom.

The government, aware of the slender hold it has on their affections, has taken the wisest means of preserving their allegiance, by erecting a fort so advantageously placed, that its fire would in a few hours raze the city. This fort, called the Castelletto, existed in another shape, in the time of the republic, and was regarded by the

people, who captured it once in a riot, as a Bastille. Whether the people are content with the change I can hardly say; recollection and habitude are powerful agents with man, and often make him prefer the worse to the better; but it is beyond dispute that the lower classes of Genoa are infinitely more free than under their nobles, whose slaves—downright slaves—they were. It is amusing the tenacity with which they cling to republican recollections. I remember one day asking a labourer the way to the *palazzo del governatore? Del governatore!* repeated the man, drawing himself up; *il palazzo ducale, volete dire.*—Other notable and more useful works, besides palaces and fortresses, dignify Genoa.

The subterranean and intramurean aqueducts, which bring excellent water from a distance, and supply the whole city, would have been worthy of Romans:—the moles which form the harbour are as good as any in the world, excepting Plymouth Breakwater, man's signal triumph over the most unruly element; they have been greatly improved by the present government, and now afford shelter to any number of vessels against the heavy south-west gales, one of which, in

1822, previous to the extension of the old mole, destroyed two hundred sail. The bridge (now called *de Carignan,*) is a monument of labour, and of woman's caprice: to the latter, Genoa owes a most useful undertaking. About a century since lived the widow Sauli, in whom centered the wealth of a noble family. She was devout as well as rich, and therefore attended mass daily in the neighbouring chapel of a patrician, who had the complaisance to retard or hasten the celebration, according to her arrival, in expectation that she would enrich it at her death. One day, however, the gentleman, after waiting an unusual long time, and supposing she would not come, ordered the priest to commence the service; it was half over when the widow arrived; but no apologies could allay her anger at being thus disrespectfully treated. In revenge she resolved to build a church, which should totally eclipse the said chapel, and draw away its congregation, it being as fashionable in those days to have one's mass numerously attended, as in the present day to have a crowded drawing-room; and that indolence might not plead distance as an excuse for neglecting her church, when finished, she connected the densely peopled

opposite hill with it by a bridge, which bridge spans over houses seven stories high, and is in consequence a favourite "lover's leap," as well as an agreeable promenade, and a convenient short cut, saving one an hour's up-and-down walk through the dirtiest purlieus of the city. The widow's wish was fulfilled; the chapel sunk under the influence of its rival; but *she* did not live to enjoy the fruits of her piety. Piety! what profanation of the word; at the bar of eternal justice, that church—offspring of a black passion —will be a heavy charge. She left the completion of it to her son, whose name, with the family arms, is over the great doors, endowed it munificently, and that her name might never be forgotten, ordained that some part of it should be annually pulled down, and as often rebuilt, with the interest of a sum of money set apart for that purpose. Strange to say, absurd as it may appear, this beneficial practice for masons was continued till the French took Genoa.

Genoa has a neat arsenal. The navy is small but compact, and the whole department is conducted with an economy which is extraordinary. The Marquis des Genez, minister of Marine, is only allowed 2,500,000 francs, 100,000*l.* a year. With

this sum he keeps seven frigates in good order, pays the officers and seamen, and maintains the coast police of Liguria and Sardinia, besides other items; but the petty saving he is obliged to adopt, even on doctor's lint, is ludicrous. The frigates are excellent, from forty-six to sixty guns, (all new,) after the best French and English models; it is a pity that one of them was not called *Il Doria*, as a compliment to the Genoese, and a tribute to the memory of a great man. Their tanks, chain cables, and guns, came from England; the wood is Sardinian oak, of a good quality, equal to the Roman oak; the artificers are convicts, instructed in the arsenal in all the trades appertaining to ship-building. This practice has its good and its bad side; it deprives honest men of work, but it saves expense, and enables the convicts, when released, to gain a livelihood by the art they have acquired during their captivity. The Parmezan convicts are sent to the Genoese arsenal; one franc a day is paid for each, on which the Sardinian government gains at least half.

The aspirants for naval commissions are educated at a college during four or five years, during which, at intervals, they are embarked.

Annually a frigate or corvette makes a tour in the Levant, and occasionally a squadron displays the flag to the bey of Tunis, or the pasha of Tripoli. In 1825, a squadron imposed terms on the latter, having first burnt a schooner in his port. This brilliant affair, in which one man was wounded, was an era for an Italian navy, and placed it, in its opinion, on a par with the British navy. The battle of Algiers was scarcely considered a greater exploit. The admiral, who was in his frigate, anchored five miles off, was created a baron, and on all the actors crosses were bestowed, to the discontent of several, as no distinction was made between the meritorious, who pulled in under the ill-directed fire of the pasha's batteries, and *one* who *winded* his boat and rowed in the opposite direction.

Midshipmen who cannot pass their examinations are sent into the army, thus reversing the English aphorism, "send a fool to sea." With due deference to the supporters of that wise saying, I imagine that, when first used in that sense, fool corresponded with the French word *fou;* not with *bête*, as we now use it.

Easter Monday I witnessed the ceremony of administering the oath of fidelity to the troops.

A theatre was erected on one side of the Aqua Verde, (a square,) amid piles of shot, and an altar raised in it. High mass was performed; and then the governor, the Marquis D'Yenne, a gallant old Savoyard, much loved by the Genoese, read the formula. The soldiers answered *giuro*, at least those who chose; those who did not, held their tongues, and considered themselves exempt, as a young radical officer told me an hour afterwards, when I rallied him on his inconsistency, in swearing fidelity to the government in public—against it in private. As the ceremony is repeated every year, it follows that the value of the oath does not exceed that period.

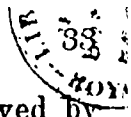
CHAPTER II.

Attivo—Passengers—Rats—Syra — Consul — Pirates — Thamantis—Captain Pechel—Greeks.

In the good ship Attivo, bound, God and the sultan willing, to Odessa, I engaged a berth to Syra for thirty Spanish dollars (paying half a dollar a-day for my table.) We did not, however, immediately sail, for nothing short of the fear of excommunication would make a Genoese leave his Easter festivities: and then, when we at length quitted the port, two more days elapsed, owing to baffling winds, before we lost sight of the lofty Faro. The interval gave me reason to apprehend a tedious voyage. The Attivo was named in mockery; she ought rather to have been called *il canchero*, on account of the side-long propensities of her course. Being *lotica*, i. e. flattish-bottomed, with a contrary wind her traverse lines retrograded, to the amuse-

ment of other vessels which passed us, and left us. There were two other cabin passengers—a Sclavonian, a pleasant man going to Constantinople; and a Neapolitan, bound to Tino, a servile, ignorant fellow, and, to add to his amiability, often sea-sick: however, he yielded us amusement, for he was droll and antic. In the steerage was a Genoese jeweller, with his family, emigrating to Odessa, where persons of his craft were in request. The Genoese surpass all people in their emigrating propensities. From Gibraltar to Taganrok there is not a place where they are not established and thriving; they can live where others starve: in the former place they are in considerable numbers, and rank as its richest merchants. Our captain was a fat, fresh, good-natured, little man, wearing a pendant red cap, canvas trousers, check shirt, and a blue sash;—thus rigged on board—on shore he was a dandy. He smoked bad tobacco, and ate garlick; he washed when it rained, and prayed when it blew,—to a picture of the Virgin, which hung in the cabin, with a lamp constantly burning before it; and if by chance, or through malice prepense—sometimes the case—the light went out, it was ludicrous to see the trepidation

with which he would cross himself, recite an Ave Maria, and put it in again, asking pardon of our Ladye. In short, our skipper was a regular Mediterranean sailor, all talk and little work; and as he, with all his crew, had a wonderful respect for the English navy, I soon found myself *de facto* captain of the vessel; had I been her owner I would have sold her for firewood. We anchored for a couple of days under the Malora Bank, off Leghorn, for stress of weather, and then continued our voyage, which was rendered unpleasant by rats of an enormous size on board; they stormed the cabin, and made prey of small articles, such as gloves, handkerchiefs, &c. It was almost requisite to sleep in boots. In my cabin I was in a besieged place, employed every morning in repairing the breaches made by the foe in the night; but their pertinacity in attack far exceeded my diligence in defence, and their extreme voracity made us seriously think on our probable fate should provisions fail. I was somewhat consoled by perceiving that my fellow-passengers were fatter than me. This inconvenience arose from having neglected to smoke the vessel before leaving Genoa, where she had been lying two years, and where rats



are very numerous. A sou a day is allowed by the Genoese admiralty for the support of a cat in each ship of war. I had often seen water rats, but I had no idea that they ever arrived to such size and ferocity. Our two cats dared not attack them; they would have discouraged Whittington's cat. In the East they tell marvellous stories of rats, such as that they kill children by sucking their blood when asleep. I cannot vouch for the truth of this bat-like propensity, though it was so firmly believed by our Neapolitan messmate, a regular Levantine, that he never pulled his clothes off, lest he should awake minus a toe, or any thing else.

After an undue share of foul weather, considering the season, we made the bold and picturesque coast of Maina, and the same evening entered the Archipelago, embellished by a richly variegated sunset, which spread a roseate tinge over Candia's snow-clad tips. Not a sail intercepted our view of one of the Cyclades, an unusual blank, since merchant vessels, unprotected by a ship of war, generally reckoned on a visit from the Grecian *mysticos* in this spot. In apprehension of them, notwithstanding, we prepared our only cannon and a few rusty muskets

for service. A light air from north-east, aided by the stream, would have soon swept us far to the southward, had it not fortunately shifted to the south-west before morning: we gained a distant view of Sunium's "marbled steep," and in the course of the day anchored in the beautiful harbour of St. George, Syra, land-locked by Tino and Myconi.

The first object that attracted my attention on landing, was a man on the beach, the half of his legs and his feet red with blood; in Rome I might have taken him for a cardinal: he was undergoing the vernal depletion universally practised by the Greeks. The second was an auction in the open street by inch of candle: the auctioneer held a candle in his hand, and as long as it burned the bidding continued. The third was our consul, a Greek, not the steadier for his bottle. He insisted on sharing my company at the table *d'hôte*, the daily resort of a good quantity of villany; then on signing my passport, to show me, I suppose, that he could write, his signature being no more necessary than that of the Great Mogul. He was a reasonable specimen of a class of persons scattered over the Archipelago, styled British officers, who

disgrace the flag that waves over their dwellings. I mean the consuls of the different islands, some honorary, some with inadequate salaries. Chiefly Greeks,—such Greeks as the most staunch Philhellenists, whose hearts bound at the name, who believe that Themistocleses and Miltiadeses, are still to be seen in every province, would object to,—they are found at Pera ready for any service, according to their several necessities, under the title of protected Rayas, which they enjoy through the means of one ambassador or other, and thereby are not regarded by the Porte as direct subjects. And thus it frequently happens that a person scarcely owned by any country, whose only recommendation consists, perhaps, in having been domestic to an ambassador, in or out of doors, is appointed all at once agent for a great nation: as, for example, M. Vitalis, held a menial office in a consul's house at Pera previous to his own consular appointment at Syra. The piratic trade, (græco, free trade,) by which Syra, as its emporium, taking no part in the war of independence, rose from insignificance to prosperity, received no check at his hands. He became rich. Deeply will the cut-throat population of Syra lament

(should the time arrive) when a good blade and a swift bark cease to be riches to him who can wield the one and steer the other. During the height of its illegal career the bazaars offered a singular contrast. English cottons, French jewellery, Turkish silks, might all be seen *pêle mêle* selling for mere trifles. I once bought there, in the same shop, Pope's works (for eighteen-pence) and a Koran: the former, of course, was part of the plunder of an English merchant-vessel; the latter, of a Turkish vessel conveying pilgrims on their way to Mecca.

This organized and tolerated system of piracy, generally accompanied by revolting barbarity, was the most prominent feature of the Greek revolution, as well as a solecism (from its impunity) in history. The extent to which it was carried appears incredible to those who did not witness it. Boats launched for the traffic from every part of the Archipelago. The deep inlets formed by the long promontories of Macedonia conveniently enabled the Armatolis to change the scene of their operations from land to sea. None so distinguished himself as a certain Thamantis, chief of a band which had been for years the terror of the Turkish and Christian villages

indiscriminately. At the commencement of the revolution he excited the peaceable inhabitants of Neyousta to revolt; but, on being attacked by Aboulloubout Pasha, from Salonica, basely fled, and left them to be decimated; then with the versatility of genius he turned pirate, and made himself equally renowned on the water as he had been on land. No flag was respected by him—scarcely the Grecian—and he wound up a series of exploits, in 1827, by murdering the crew of an Austrian vessel, who had dared to resist him. Finding, after this action, which marked him to the cruizers of all nations, that his aquatic career was too hazardous to continue, he prudently obtained an amnesty from the Porte for his former deeds as a klepht, and retired to his native village at the foot of Mount Olympus. Thus far his history possessed nothing uncommon — counterpart of a hundred similar and cotemporary, checquered by blood and rapine—but the following year it was ennobled by Mr. S. Canning deputing the English consul of Salonica to negociate with him in person, in order to make him promise that he would renounce piratical habits. The unexpected proposal was too advantageous to be rejected;

eagerly closing with it, the corsair drew out a declaration to the desired effect, that is, signed a treaty of peace, and sent it by the consul to the ambassador, then at Poros; since when, free from all apprehension of justice from any quarter, he enjoys his ill-gotten wealth in quiet. Now this was an unnecessary concession to expediency. Thamantis, having been guilty of the most atrocious acts, should have been made an example of; the Turkish government would have had him taken, on being applied to officially by the English ambassador. The number of brigands who obtain free pardon in Turkey is no proof of a want of power to take them up. The Porte calculates loss and profit. The expense of apprehending a powerful brigand is certain; the sum that he offers for his pardon is also certain; and he will do no more harm, at least, for some time. When, however, the Porte wishes to catch a brigand—a determination which is always taken when a brigand, once pardoned, resumes his old trade—it never fails. Precise orders are sent to the pashas, who always obey when their own interest is not involved; he is hunted from province to province; the villages, scenes of his extortions, refuse him asylum when

it is known that the authorities are up against him, and he generally ends by being betrayed by his own followers. Such has been the fate of many daring klepthes, after having followed their will for years, and such would have been the fate of Thamantis had the necessary means been resorted to. He would then have justly suffered as a criminal, instead of capitulating as an honourable foe, with the representative of majesty.

Another daring band carried on business from Gozzo di Candia, thence commanding the trade to Alexandria. The Maltese particularly suffered by its activity. At length, in 1826, his majesty's ship Sybille proceeded against it, and received a severer check than had been experienced in any cutting-out affair (excepting one) during the French war. Captain Pechell—with an absence of caution which might have caused a young officer, without a reputation to rest on, to be superseded,—sent his boats up a narrow creek to cut out some mysticos anchored at the farther end; he neglected to send a party on shore to secure them from an ambush. Mark the consequence. When the boats were fairly in the creek, a volley of musketry opened on

them from the rocks on either side from unseen hands: twenty-two were killed, twenty-three were wounded; the remainder lay on their oars scarce knowing what to do. Two of the marines, in the hurry of the moment, leaped overboard from the launch and swam ashore; out of the frying-pan into the fire one might have supposed, but the pirates spared them for hostages. Showing them to the frigate (anchored close to) from an eminence, they stipulated, as the price of their lives, that they (the pirates) should be left in tranquillity. The gallant captain had no choice. He embarked his killed and wounded, victims in an inglorious cause, and made sail for Malta. This was the only occasion, it is to be observed, that pirates courageously resisted a man-of-war's boats, and therefore the captain had some reason for despising them. Pirate hunting had previously been carried on among the Moreotes and Cycladeotes, not very remarkable for courage; whereas the Candiotes, of either religion, have always been notorious as the most daring and ferocious of the sultan's subjects. A party of them, in the same manner as the Marseillais at Paris, committed those deplorable excesses of which Smyrna was the theatre in 1821.

Generally speaking, the Greeks entertain the belief—a belief which proofs as strong as holy writ will not change—that we encouraged their piracy; and certainly, to judge by appearances, the philosophic way in which we suffered the vessels of our Ionian subjects to be plundered by them, they have some reason on their side. The arguments they use are worthy of them, and render it fortunate for the honour of the navy that our squadron in the Levant was commanded, during the six momentous years, by Captain Hamilton, a man of such nice honour as to make it certain that his lenity towards the pirates was the effect of his orders, or of the purest Philhellenism. The low-minded Levantines and Greeks, on the contrary, being incapable of appreciating a generous sentiment, attribute it to interested motives; judging by themselves, they believe the rule of every man's conduct to be gold. They saw our ships among them; they were told that they were there to suppress piracy; they knew their fame and their power; yet piracy prospered: ergo, they inferred the chief received bribes to relax in his duty. The gallant individual in question could not have been more thunderstruck than I was when I heard

this opinion publicly expressed at Syra. I obliged the speaker to retract his words, and I hoped it was confined to that spot. I was mistaken; I heard it in other isles, on the main, in places far removed from the coast; and, with indignation I say it, I have heard more than one English merchant declare his belief of the false tale. That the natives, who are brought up to consider vice as virtue, intrigue as talent, should give ear to it, is not surprising, but that Englishmen should thus concur in fixing a stain on a noble profession, is too bad. The good or bad opinion, however, of the majority of the Levant merchants, is not entitled to much consideration. It being my duty, as well as inclination, I contradicted it wherever I went: to the unreasonable, I declared its falsity; to the reasonable, I pointed out the impossibility of a British officer thus acting, were he even so inclined, without incurring publicity and disgrace.

But, independent of supposed injunctions to trifle with piracy, it was impossible for our cruizers to arrest its progress, because the existing laws about piracy did not second them. Direct evidence of the fact, in all its details, were required to condemn; and that evidence could

never be procured, because our consuls in the islands were natives, who were afraid or unwilling to act. Without half the occasion that we have, the French government always employs Frenchmen as agents. The maritime law regarding piracy is quite adequate for incidental cases; but when a whole nation takes to it as a lawful trade, it should be exchanged (as in a province overrun by brigands) for martial law. Our captains should have had the power of inflicting summary justice, by courts martial, on well-known pirates, instead of sending them to Malta, where a quibble always saved them; and where, had they been hanged, they would not have operated as an example, the chief end of hanging, from the distance of time and place. As, however, it was considered necessary by the powers that were, to allow the Greeks to pirate, and so provide themselves with the sinews of war, it would have been more consonant with reason and humanity, to have let them exact a toll from every merchant ship entering the Archipelago.

Throughout that eventful war, of which the first marked consequence was the collapse of Turkey in the grasp of Russia, our policy was

wofully oblique, scarcely becoming a petty state. It served all parties, and it displeased all parties. It affected our integrity, and it prolonged the struggle. While, apparently to hasten the liberation of the Greeks, we recognized their most trivial, vexatious blockade, to the injury of our commerce, British consuls in the Levant, in conformity with their instructions, assisted the Osmanleys. By their agency, some of the Turkish fortresses (notoriously Patrass) were re-victualled in the last stage of starvation, without which aid it is probable that the Osmanleys, surprised as they were, would have been starved out of the Morea the second year of the revolt. Patrass thereby remained in their hands till 1828, when it surrendered to the French troops. To show the weight of a fortress having been thus victualled, in the balance of the contending parties, it is enough to say, that had Napoli di Romania been succoured in 1822, the patriot cause would have been crushed the same year, since the capture of that important place, through famine, by the Greeks, led to the destruction of Drama Ali's army, which would otherwise have overrun the Morea. About the same time, too, the Greeks took two ships laden with corn, the

property of the Turkish government, under the name of a British consul. These, the only lawful prizes they ever made, were re-captured by our cruizers, and restored to the Pasha of Salonica, who made the two captains presents, to mark his sense of their services.

It may therefore readily be imagined the surprise of the sultan, when England demanded the liberation of Greece, in such evident contradiction to the acts of her officers—in such contradiction to the surrender of Parga. He doubted the earnestness of the request on her part, though he fully believed it on the part of Russia, and even of France, who had been unequivocal respecting Greece. Noble, indeed, was the part taken by the French in that struggle. It was the part of humanity, divested of political colouring. Wherever a treaty was to be made, a French ship of war assisted to see fair play; wherever a massacre had taken place, a French ship of war was ready to embark the fugitives; wherever a fortress was about to surrender, a French ship of war was present to protect the vanquished. Equally zealous were the French consuls, particularly M. David of Smyrna, in the generous cause. Nor were their praiseworthy exertions

confined to one side: on several occasions, they preserved defenceless Turks from the fury of the patriots; and if it be urged against them, that they were to blame in not endeavouring to check piracy, it may be answered, that having little or no commerce in the Levant, it was not their immediate duty—less likely to be undertaken, from being opposed to their philhellenic propensities. It reflects bright honour on rear-admiral de Rigny, that during his command in the Levant, his presence in any port was considered a safeguard from the horrors of civil war. Yet the patriots brand the French navy, because it showed itself equally forward to save Turks, as Greeks, from being butchered. Not one of their liberators do the Greeks like—these same Greeks, who after a hard but ill-organized struggle, were on the point of yielding to the sabre or the yoke, when Europe, influenced by the magic of a name, outstretched a mighty arm. They dislike us because we rule the Ionians; they dislike the French, because of the long sojourn of their troops among them; and they dislike the Russians on account of their airs of protection, rendered more obnoxious by their ignorance and their slavery, which their intercourse with Rus-

sian ships of war, since 1827, have enabled the Greeks to perceive.

Talented as the Greeks certainly are, it was yet reserved for them to set the example of a people unable, during a long struggle for freedom, to produce one man capable of guiding the energies, or of controlling the passions, of the multitude. Look in the old and the new world, the case is unparalleled. Even Columbia, long bent under the paralyzing mental yoke of the inquisition, produced a Bolivar; a Toussaint was engendered amidst the slavery of St. Domingo; Scanderbeg tamed the wild Albanians to his will; and, to come nearer the point, Servia boasts a Czerni George. But in the Morea we search in vain for a *native* name to efface the dark pages of revolutionary history; that of Byron, bright on them as a meteor darting across a lurid sky, graving on them immortality, was not hers, save by adoption. Alas! that that fine spirit should have exhaled, worn out, (knowing them too late,) by the frivolous dissentions of such a people. Some few, it cannot be denied, appeared on the stage, acting a worthy part; Miaoulis, (a Hydriote,) Canaris, (an Ipsariote,) Botzaris, (a Suliote,) were patriots and heroes; their names

deserve to be inscribed in brass, their features perpetuated in marble, their children honoured in their memory; but their deeds were eccentric, and only created an individual halo, shedding no influence beyond that of exciting a temporary enthusiasm. There did not appear the capacious mind, the embodying intellect, supposed to exist in embryo among every people, waiting only a favourable conjuncture to spring into life, and assert its divine pre-eminence. The modern Greeks are an exception; as they were in 1821, they are now, divided by petty interests. The klephte chiefs, taking advantage of the drowsy, stupid confidence of the Osmanleys, struck the first direct blow, not actuated by true patriotism, but by a desire to extend their licentious power; they looked not beyond this, the pleasure of the moment, and had not the priesthood fanned the flame, and prevented the popular spring from relaxing, these Hellenists, whose portraits have figured in every print-shop in France, their names in a hundred *tomes;* the Gouras, the Odysseus, the Mavromichalis, the Grievos, the Colocotronis, &c. would have been separately bought over; and, indeed, there is little doubt that had Turkish pride, in accordance with its

usual Machiavelian policy, stooped to this obvious means earlier than it did, the rebellion would have been paralyzed in its commencement. But the experiment was delayed until the cause had fully excited the philhellenism of Europe, when the consciousness of being in the gaze of the civilized world, of being watched with suspicion, prevented some of their chiefs, as there are proofs, from profiting by Turkish gold. They have passed the ordeal; but has it purified them? If not still banditti chiefs, (which is doubtful,) they are partisans mutually opposed, except in the one pursuit of throwing obstacles in the way of establishing order in their immortal country. The approach of a large Turkish force twice united them, perhaps hand and heart; and it is only the arrival among them of a firm monarch, with a page of the sultan's code in his pocket, and a few thousand foreign soldiers, that will again produce union. Severity must be his motto, or the Lord have mercy on him; and to make it palatable, he should give the Greeks the shadow of freedom; by no means the substance. He may give them a parliament—a parliament such as that of Corfu, sitting on concealed bayonets; let its members have consideration, and

wear fine robes; let them harangue on arts and sciences, on temples and statues, on roads and bridges; not a word about government. Such a parliament, an elegant toy, would flatter their pride, and exercise their talents, without rendering them troublesome. I by no means advocate the cause of absolutism. The sovereign of Greece can never become a despot, or other than a monarch, in its most liberal sense. The circumstances that give him a kingdom, and his responsibility in consequence to two enlightened nations, will prevent his exceeding the bounds of moderation; and though he should not permit an uncensored press in his dominions, which would do more harm than good, the constant influx of talented strangers on his classic shores will fully supply its useful qualities. To give the Greeks a constitution, whereby its representatives would have great political power, would be like giving a child a watch—it would be pulled to pieces before its value were known.

None have been more deceived in the Greeks than the English; yet their experience of the same race in the Ionian Isles should have taught them the amount of baseness and ingratitude to be expected. Nothing short of the firmness and

salutary rigour of Sir T. Maitland could have brought those islands into order. Fortunately he was not a theoretical philhellenist, and his timely measure of disarming the inhabitants, and hanging the disaffected, in 1822, saved the English in them from being massacred. Hence it has become a proverb in the East, that the English and the Osmanleys are the only people that know how to govern the Greeks. Europe, if she have not already opened them, will open her eyes, and be ready to regret that she has done so much, broken old ties, and committed a great act of injustice for so undeserving a race. Liberty and brigandage are synonymous terms with the Greeks; without the latter, they see no meaning in the former; any attempt to bring them within the bounds of rational order they call tyranny, and any ruler who aims at protecting the well-disposed, and their property, is likened to a pasha.

CHAPTER III.

Syra—Scio—Tenedos—Hellespont—Marmara—Stamboul.

Syra was in the second year of her liberty, and already began to regret it, for the tribute imposed by the Greek government was quadruple the amount of the kharatch, from which, too, she had been exempt by the Porte during the war, in reward for not having joined the insurrection. As one of the Cyclades, she was necessarily included in independent Greece. Capo d' Istria was then expected for the first time, and as his object was supposed to relate to the arrears of tribute, the notables were not enthusiastic. Capo d' Istria was certainly unpopular everywhere, though I really believe that that was not so much his fault as the fault of his position, and would have been the same with any one. He wanted force. The allies blamed him for not

quelling piracy, the Greeks blamed him for attempting to quell it. One party said that he must be a Russian at heart, because he wore Russian orders; another party insisted that he was in English interest because he employed a great many Ionians, (he being a Corfuyote.) And so they went on: with all he did or said, right or wrong, fault was found; if he wished to impose taxes, his subjects said they would rather live under a Begler-Beg; if he attempted to free the passes of brigands, they called him Dervendji Bashi; the Mainiotes replied to his deputation, desiring them to become reasonable members of society, that they had always preserved their freedom under the Turkish government, and they would continue to preserve it under his. With a couple of thousand foreign soldiers at his beck, the Greeks would have called Capo d'Istria the best of rulers—as it was, they called him a tyrant.

With her freedom, Syra had acquired one of the plagues of civilization—a plague invented by mankind, dependent on its fears rather than its reason—quarantine. A Russian vessel was performing it in the port, and thus exemplifying its absurdity in a general sense, because, disposed

as Russians are by habitual uncleanliness to disease, the keeping a number of them shut up in a narrow space, screened from air and exercise, was an excellent way of generating infection : it would have been safer to have incurred the remote chance of their having brought plague from the coast of Turkey. Syra had also acquired one of the comforts of civilization, though in a very uncomfortable form—an inn. The master of it was very woe-begone ; his grey locks were uncombed, and his white beard long unshorn. " Ah, signore," he said to my probing, " Aime ! a month since I took a young wife ; the day following she was attacked by a violent small-pox, from the effects of which she remains in a deplorable state. Povero me ! she was fresh and beautiful, without a stain on any part of her body—smooth as alabaster ; now, *rabbia di Dio*, she is an object to turn one's face from." As he was past sixty, and she scarce twenty, I thought neither of them entitled to much pity. To my inquiry as to what, at that time of life, emboldened him to enter among the shoals of matrimony, he said, " *Non sa signore, davvero ? non sa che una bella donnina fa la fortuna d'un oste ?*" What an Italianism !

There was another Italian on the island, a person of note in the capacity of a doctor, possessed of information, and the art of talking well; and therefore his shop, amply stocked with empty phials, was the fashionable lounge. He informed me that he was writing a history of the Greek war, for which purpose he had visited the principal scenes to collect notes, and flattered himself with being able to give correct particulars. "Will it occupy much space?" I asked. "Not much," he replied, "my style is concise; I put in three pages what would take another man ten!" An impartial work of the kind is wanted, since Pouqueville's, excepting one or two incidents of which he happened to be a witness, is a tissue of misrepresentations, founded on hearsay. M. Pouqueville's rancour alone, against the British nation, would render his authority doubtful, even were direct evidence wanting. What, for instance, must be thought of the man who designates the immortal Nelson, in his history of Modern Greece, "*un Cyclops sanguinaire?*" Thus to make a wound, gained in honourable warfare, the subject of obloquy and ridicule, shows him to be totally devoid of honourable feelings. Frenchmen should blush for him.

Three of my countrymen were occupying the little inn on my arrival, Messrs. Phipps, Spencer, and Benyon; they were officers of the Ionian garrison employing a month's leave in visiting the Morea and the isles. Our common language was a sufficient introduction. Late in the evening another Briton came in, name unknown; he had just landed from an Ipsariote boat. He told us he had left Constantinople a fortnight before, that he had been there a week, had seen every thing, was now taking a bird's-eye view of the islands. A bird's-eye view, indeed! "We shall then have the pleasure of your company for a day," we said. "O no, off to-morrow morning for Paros and Antiparos—have not time to pass more than an hour or two at each place—have to make the tour of Sicily yet—must get it over before the hot weather sets in." It was now the middle of May! In fact, on rising in the morning, we found that the travelling gentleman was already off. We saw the lions of Syra shortly, the island being, as all its neighbours, little better than a pile of rocks, with a few patches of cultivation. The beauty of the Archipelagian islands, so much, and justly vaunted, is outwardly: not that, viewed singly, they have the

slightest pretensions to the picturesque; but the assemblage of so many isles of different shapes and heights, studding the sea, as a constellation of stars in the sky, produces an enchanting effect. The charm of sailing among them with a fresh gale at night, when sky and water mingle in a dubious purple haze, giving undulating softness to the mountain outlines, adding to the grace of inland sea variety the effect of ocean expanse, now staggering to the blast which sweeps through the passages, now slipping quietly along beneath some glittering white kastro, each headland, each inlet, creative of glowing association, is indescribable—necessary to be felt to be understood. We saw them, nearly all, stretched at our feet as in a map, from the summit of Syra to which we climbed with excessive fatigue, and some risk.

After three days we separated: my military acquaintance embarked in a Hydriote schooner for Napoli di Romania, and I made sail for Scio—Scio, garden of the isles, once, and that not long since, so famed for women, wine, silk, mastic, scholars, luxury, and good manners, now girt with the melancholy celebrity of the massacre committed there by the Osmanleys, in

1822. In an evil hour the Sciotes forgot the cause of their singular prosperity, and took the brand of revolution from the Samiotes. Their effeminate hands could not hold it longer than sufficed to slay the feeble and confiding Turkish garrison; then, when the avengers of the latter came burning with fanaticism and hopes of plunder, grasped the cross. In this age of dethronements, partitions of kingdoms, sweepings away of the human race by hundreds of thousands at a time, succeeding each other in rapid succession, it is somewhat surprising that the catastrophe of Scio should have caused such a clamour. The reason lay in the sufferers being Christians, the aggressors Mussulmans: had they been *vicę versâ* we should not have heard a word about the affair. The Greeks told their own story uncontradicted, and as the Turks, either not knowing, or not caring, what was imputed to them, said nothing, gratuitous barbarities were ascribed to them. It is well for the honour of Christianity that they have no press, or they would be able to cite the conduct of the French in Egypt and Syria, as justification for a century of atrocity. The annals of military outrage would be greatly enriched by correct details of Napoleon's pashaship. His feat

at Jaffa has few parallels—I mean that of causing four thousand Albanians, prisoners of war, to be shot in cold blood, because, (this was the sublime reason,) if set at liberty, they *might* act against him. Let the French historian who vents virtuous indignation about the conduct of Henry to his prisoners at Agincourt, append this veritable *morçeau* as a note.

Had not our bark been polacca-rigged I should not have reached Scio in 1829, for a gust of wind took us at the entrance of the Tino passage and nearly overset us. Our Greco-Italian crew became, in consequence, so nervous, that it was some hours before I could persuade them to make sail again. It was the afternoon of the day after leaving Syra before we reached the canal of Scio. We sailed slowly up it, passed the town, and anchored near the spot, when Canaris blew up the capitan pasha's ship in 1822, a neat exploit, which he repeated a few months after in the roads of Tenedos, on the capitan bey. Abreast of our anchorage was a large garden, once, to judge by the relics of taste and luxury scattered about, the abode of opulence. Its inviting shade made us speedily quit the unawninged deck, on which we had been frying all

day in preference to stewing in the close cabin for the benefit of the insect tribe. After walking about it some time undisturbed, we sat down on the steps of a half-ruined kiosk to enjoy the cool evening breeze, which wafted to us the fragrance of the coast of Asia opposite. Perceiving us intent on filling our chibouques, an elderly woman brought us charcoal, then fetched us some indifferent sherbet, while a young girl presented us roses, according to the Grecian custom. The appearance of our hostesses, joined to their *naïve* politeness, was very interesting; through the garb of poverty, we perceived in the elder tokens of another sphere, and in the sweet countenance of the younger, that she was born to higher hopes. She was very beautiful; her eyes black, her hair auburn, descending in braids to her middle, and her elastic graceful form was set-off by a Turco-Grecian costume, which, though coarse, appeared elegant on her. Their tale was soon told, one of many similar. On that never-to-be-forgotten night, they had lost all that makes life dear—kindred and friends—their wealth had enriched their destroyers, and in their once happy home they were now domestics. "In this paradise," exclaimed the elder, "my husband lived,

my children flourished, and I was blest:—fools! why had we not followed the warnings we received, and fled in time? O night of woe! what cruel pity spared me, preserved that innocent I should myself have slain! She was so young. I saved her life—alas! for what. You see her beauty, fatal gift! Our lord has seen her; may, if unrestrained by pity, drag her from me!" Grief stopped her utterance, while her daughter threw herself in her arms, energetically exclaiming, "Never, mother; they shall bear me to death sooner." It was quite a scene, and made our rough skipper draw his sleeve across his eyes. It was near midnight before we left this interesting couple to return to our wooden couches; they felt a melancholy pleasure in relating and bewailing their misfortunes.

This, I was happy to find next day, on going into the city, was, comparatively speaking, but an isolated case of distress. Several of the streets were rebuilt, and workmen were employed in clearing away the rubbish, and making a square. We visited the houses of some of the primates; they were well furnished, and the ladies ornamented, as in better times, with gold chains and bracelets. We were treated, in each,

with conserve of roses, (best of conserves,) and a pleasant spirit distilled from the mastic, presented to us by the fair hands of the mistress of the house. Making several visits the same day in the East is a serious affair, on account of the sweetmeat ordeal. The refugees who had fled, first burying their precious metals, on the rumour of the invasion, and those who, having been captured, had been redeemed from slavery, were returning, allured by the favourable promises of the Porte, and by the mild government of the Pasha Yussuf, to whom I made my salaam in due form, accompanied by a dragoman. He resided in the castle, which was extensive, and in good repair for a Turkish fortress, though a frigate could have levelled it in a few hours. After some conventional discourse, he observed, "God is your friend." I bowed. "You belong to a distant part of the world, yet you are going to Constantinople; you will see that paradise; you may also have the happiness of seeing our lord's countenance; you will be there in time to witness the rejoicings that will follow our lord's victories over the Muscovites—happy man!" Yussuf was never more mistaken: little of pleasure led me to the

East; I in no manner shared his idea of the advantage to be derived from seeing the features of his sublimity; and the victories!—even the proud ignorance of the inmates of the seraglio, their fanatic confidence in Mussulman invincibility —was enlightened by the reverse.

That evening I again made sail, but before reaching the Spalmadores, vivid lightnings broke the pile of clouds in the north, and heavy squalls obliged us to bear up. We ran for the bay of Tchesmeh, so called from the mineral springs on its shore, and famed for two great victories gained in it—that by the Romans against the fleet of Antiochus, (171 years B. C.,) and that obtained by the Russian fleet, (on board of which rear-admiral Elphinstone was third in command,) over the Turks, July 8th, 1770, a most disastrous epoch in Ottoman history.

"In an instant,"—thus says the Ottoman historian,— "the two fleets being in the straits of Conioun-ada, (Spalmadores,) the raging fire of battle was lighted; in the ardour and confusion of the fight, and in the midst of flames, which rose as the demon of the mountain of Kaf, Djezairlu Hassan, the capitan bey, drew near to the enemy's flag-ship. The combat was terrible

on both sides: but at length the enemy, unable any longer to sustain the attack, and in despair at seeing his vessel on the point of falling into the hands of the Mussulman, set her on fire. It being impossible to disengage the capitan-ship from her opponent, it pleased the Almighty that both vessels should become the prey of the devouring element. With infinite trouble Djezairlu Hassan Bey contrived to save himself.

"After this event, the sultan's fleet entered the port of Tchesmeh, where, the enemy having followed it, the battle re-commenced. Soon, by the continual fire of the big guns, the sea became a surface of flame. As the enemy kept under sail during this naval fight, it was as imprudent as dangerous on the part of the Mussulmans to remain at anchor; and therefore, considering the facts, we must attribute to the force of destiny the determination of Hassan-Eddin, capitan pasha, to do so. In the midst of the efforts which this officer made, nevertheless, to repulse the attack, the enemy sent against him several vessels, filled with inflammable substances, blazing to the clouds; and, in consequence, the Ottoman ships, which for mutual succour were close together, became all the prey of the

flames in the night of the 14th of Rebi ul Ewel, 1184.

"The capitan pasha and the capitan bey were wounded; but the patroña bey and the riàla bey perished in attempting to swim ashore.

"The coasts being without troops, it was feared that the enemy would enter the gulf of Smyrna, and capture the vessels that might be there. Five merchant vessels were therefore sunk in the passage of Sandjack Bournou, and the castle put in a state of defence. An order was particularly sent to Ali Pasha, charged with the defence of the Hellespont, that the ships which had been intended to succour the grand fleet should remain where they were. The captains of all merchant vessels on the coasts were likewise ordered to remain quiet until the crisis was over, and the governors of the fortresses were ordered to redouble their vigilance. The enemy, thus seeing that he was prepared for on all points, lost hopes of being able to do more injury, and disappeared, after having repaired his ships in the isles of Conióun-ada.

"This event deeply afflicted the entire Mussulman nation, and the padischah in particular was imbued with the most lively sorrow. He lifted

his suppliant hands towards the throne of God, to pray him to revenge Islamism, and to grant new strength to the laws of him who is the glory of mankind.

"This deplorable state of things was attributed to the faults of the capitan pasha, who was immediately deposed, and Djiafar, an able sea-officer, appointed in his place. He sailed directly for the White Sea, with six line of battle ships from the imperial arsenal, and joined thirty other sail, which had been prepared at Dulcigno and other places. Money was given to commissaries to repair the damages occasioned by the enemy, and orders sent to the governor of Alexandria to the same effect.

"It being a truth, that victory, the same as the ordinary course of human affairs, depends on the decrees of destiny, it is against all justice to attribute an unlucky turn of events to those who are charged with important affairs. Most men who enjoy the favours of fortune, and the confidence of governments, apply themselves diligently, induced thereto by the necessity of requiring, or of preserving, a good reputation, to direct properly the affairs intrusted to them; but if, instead of attaining this object, those who

reach the high offices of state only meet with shame and opprobrium, they will naturally soon feel disgusted with the cares attached to office. This truth is incontestable to every body who is experienced in the affairs of the world."

With what cunning does the learned Mollah insinuate that the doctrine of fatality (which he dares not impugn) is no excuse for the faults of empty-headed statesmen. The maxim he here lays down, that such deserve punishment, not so much for their errors, as for their presumption in believing themselves capable of filling difficult situations, should be applied by all nations. Error of judgment is a securer retreat for incompetent statesmen, and commanders, in Christendom, than destiny is for Mussulman grandees.

From Tchesmeh to the plain of Troy we had a most delightful sail. With light airs we coasted close along Mytilene, and in the afternoon of the second day were off Alexandria Troas. The scene from this direction is truly fine—perhaps the finest in the Archipelago—independent of the Homeric recollections. The shore of the Troade was varied by white tents, capped with green, pitched at intervals for several miles, in

order to observe the motions of the Russian squadron, to give the alarm in case a landing should be attempted. This squadron, consisting of five line of battle ships and three frigates, under the command of rear-admiral Ricord, a Nissard, showed, by the difference of its appearance then, and when it arrived from the Baltic a year and a half previously, that it had profited by the example of the French and English fleets, and by the resources of Malta dock-yard. Two frigates kept under sail, one to the northward, the other to the southward, of Tenedos; the remainder lay at anchor near the Dardanelles, in a situation exposed to the operation of fire-ships, had the Turks been sufficiently enterprising to make use of them. The utility, however, of blockading the Hellespont (which, with all due deference to Lord Collingwood's opinion to the contrary, appears perfectly easy) is doubtful, since two hundred miles of coast, on either side of the Hellespont and Propontis, will always supply Constantinople, (scantily it is true,) even in the degraded state of Turkish agriculture. That their produce did not suffice in 1828—29, was owing to the policy of the sultan, in prohibiting a free market to the coasting traders, none of whom, having

been once taken in, would return until the monopoly was removed; and then provisions flowed in, enough to prevent apprehensions of a rising in consequence of the distress.

The wind failing us at sunset, we anchored off a village six miles from the castle of Asia. Imprudently, some of us got into the boat, and landed for curiosity: we were soon surrounded by a tumultuous body of Turks, who assailed us with vociferations, in which the word Moscof was very distinct, and showed indications of treating us worse. It was vain to answer that we were not Muscovites; they did not believe us, or would not understand us; and, the clamour increasing, I began to apprehend that my travels in Turkey might finish where they began. Fortunately, however, the aga was smoking under a tree in view of what passed: he sent two officers to extricate us, and to desire us to return on board, as he could not answer for our safety on shore. We did not require the hint to be repeated, and we escaped without further violence than a few stones thrown after us as we rowed from the beach. The calm continuing next day, I went to stretch my legs on Tenedos, where I did not fear a repetition of the preceding even-

ing's entertainment, since the bey and the admiral were on good terms.

Tenedos possesses no antiquities beyond a few tumuli. The town is tolerable, and its bazaar is always exceedingly well stocked with provisions. The inhabitants are Greeks, well disposed towards the Turks, of whom there are none in the island excepting the suite of the aga, and a few cannoniers for the castle. They make some of the best wine in the Archipelago; it is strong bodied, of a good flavour, not at all unlike port, and infinitely better than the drug under that denomination sold in most of the hotels in England. The price of it, in 1829, was eighteen paras (three halfpence) the oq (quart): we paid at the rate of twenty-five paras for some which had been in cask two years. While waiting for my boat to return on board, one of the cannoniers approached me, and pointing to some rusty cannon, observed, that they had belonged to Ajax. Standing where I was, it may be readily supposed that I thought of no other Ajax than him whose tumulus graced the plain of Troy before my eyes. The remark, whether in wit or ignorance, was ludicrously a-propos, and singularly contrasted with the usual ignorance

of Orientals on all subjects which date a few years back. Turning to my bearded cicerone with an expression of approbation, I was about to conceive a sort of respect for his understanding, but, not having the art of knowing when he had said enough, he convinced me in another breath that the loss of the Ajax, English line-of-battle ship, burnt off Tenedos, in 1807, was the sole cause of a Turk knowing one classic name.

With a fresh south-west gale, the morning of May 30, 1829, we entered the noble channel which unites the Archipelago with the Propontis, esteeming ourselves fortunate in not having been detained at its mouth above twenty-four hours, considering that vessels often lie there wind-bound for months; in that case, a traveller may land at the Dardanelles, row in a caique to Gallipoli, and then take horses to Constantinople. The outer castles of Europe and Asia, with dazzling white walls and minarets, are fine ornaments to the mouth of the Hellespont, and little more, for their separation, three and a quarter miles, renders their cannon more threatening than dangerous. The former, Sertil bahr Kalesi, (padlock of the sea,) stands well on the declivity of a hill; the latter, Koum Kalesi, (sandy castle,)

is built on a sandy tongue, near the mouth of the Simois. To each a village is attached, for the accommodation of the families of the garrisons, it being against the law that women reside in Turkish forts, or go on board Turkish ships of war. The shores of the Hellespont mutually contrast as those of the Strait of Messina, the Asiatic shore (like the Sicilian) being diversified by wooded hills and cultivated vales, while that of Europe corresponds with Calabria's bold and sterile aspect. After passing several time-honoured tumuli of demi—what? gods or devils? in the space of ten miles, we came to a formidable thirty-six pound battery, *à fleur d'eau*, directly raking us—one of those thrown up by the French, in 1807. A string of camels, cheered by the sound of their bells, and led by a green turbanned Mussulman, mounted on a donkey, was winding by it.

Three miles higher up we hove to off the inner castle, to receive the visit of the Turkish officer, who boards all vessels, ascending or descending, a tiresome and useless regulation, which often puts a vessel, in the latter case, to the inconvenience of anchoring, on account of being unable to lie-to against the current, when the wind is strong:

in the event of non-compliance, a shot reminds her of it. An English merchantman, some years since, anchored in consequence; but, driving fast towards the shore, was obliged to cut her cable and make sail again down the strait: each castle in succession fired one shot at her as she passed, but she escaped without being struck. These castles were erected in the reign of Mahomet IV., and from their vicinity are formidable; they are separated about three-quarters of a mile, and have each about seventy pieces of cannon from thirty to eight hundred pound calibre. The castle of Europe, Kilidi Bahr, (the key of the sea,) with its village and cypressed grounds, ornaments the face of a hill; that of Asia (Hissar Sultani) stands in a delightful plain, watered by a small river: adjoining it is a considerable town, the seat of a two-tailed pasha, called by the Turks, Channakalis, from its noted manufactory of earthenware; and, by Europeans, Dardanelles, from being built on the site of the ancient Dardanus, known in history as the place where peace was signed between Sylla and Mithridates. In a tchiftlik, (farm,) not many miles from it, the preliminaries of peace were signed, January, 1809, between England and Turkey.

Two miles farther up, we passed, on the right-hand, an elegant fountain, termed the pasha's fountain; tradition runs that a sailor of an European merchant vessel, having killed his captain, apostatized to save his life; he afterwards rose to the rank of pasha, built this fountain, and was buried near it. We next approached the sites of Sestos and Abydos, which, till quite close to, appear to join and close the channel. Strong batteries on either side cross their fire, at the distance of little more than a mile, and finish the ordeal of the bold fleet that dares to run the gauntlet,—an ordeal that would prove fatal were the batteries ably served. We cannot judge of the practicability by the success of Sir J. Duckworth, since in his passage up he was nearly unopposed, owing to the indecision of the enemy; and in his retreat, the velocity of his ships, produced by a strong north-easter and a rapid current, offered a severe test for their gunnery. A fleet wishing to force a passage, (most practicable in May, June, October, or November, during which months southerly winds prevail strongest,) would make it easy by landing a body of men after sunset, and taking the principal works on the European side of the Hellespont

before morning. The usual self-security and laziness of the Turks would render the enterprize certain. The garrisons are not strong, (composed of regular veterans inured to smoking and eating pilaff,) and the castles, in addition to the defect of being commanded within a stone's-throw by the slope on which they are built, are extremely weak in the rear; they have no drawbridge, and the crazy wooden gates would yield to a few strokes of a hatchet, unless it were preferred to cross them by ladders. Their height, the same as that of the wall, is about twenty-two feet; the ditch is dry and shallow. Before a sufficient force could be collected to dislodge them, the assailants would have time to open a fire on the opposite works in Asia, which are commanded by the European works; at all events, if hard pressed, to spike the guns and retreat to their advancing ships by means of the numerous boats belonging to each castle. By the simple expedient of constructing a tower on the hill above each castle in Europe, with two or three guns so mounted as to fire down into it, the possibility of a similar *coup-de-main* would be completely guarded against. But the Turks never adopt precautions until misfortune shows

them the necessity, then perhaps too late. Allah has hitherto preserved the works of the Dardanelles, and they trust he will continue to do so without giving them any trouble.

Owing to the increasing height of the banks, which acted as a funnel, the gale sensibly freshened, so that we soon reached Gallipoli, a good town, capital of an extensive sandjacklik, famed for manufacturing the best morocco leather, and possessing a good port, in the Chersonese of Thrace. Seven mosques, an old Greek castle, and a light-house, (seldom lit,) grace it visibly. It has 15,000 inhabitants, and has the reputation of being the first place occupied by the Turks in Europe, then in a manner by divine aid, by an earthquake throwing down its works, and enabling young Othman, the son of Orchan, to take possession of it without trouble. Gallipoli was for the Turks what Calais was, during two centuries, to the English.

A few miles above it we entered the Sea of Marmara, and night spread her mantle round us while passing the lofty island of the same name. Pale lightnings in the NE. made us apprehend a contrary wind. The southerly breeze, however, prevailed, and we remained on deck, wait-

ing the dawn that should reveal to our eyes the pride of fifteen centuries. It came with Oriental splendour, and with it a forest of towers and trees appeared on the waters. It gradually rose as we slowly advanced, and by an hour after sunrise the noble work of Constantine, the first Christian capital, the rival of eternal Rome, planted triumphantly on seven hills, was fairly disclosed to view, each hill studded with cupolas and minarets, checquered with funereal bowers, dotted, here and there, with an ancient column, and girt, the whole, with a venerable crust of time, the battlements of her glory. In the vast bay, which the mingling shores of Europe and Asia seemed to form, she sat, queen of cities, seat of empire, whether Christian, Heathen, or Mohammedan, chosen spot whence genius might rule the world.

Two prominent objects of the picture before our eyes were the seven towers on one side, and on the other the superb barracks of Scutari, the glittering whiteness of the latter beautifully relieving the long and broad cypress belt of the great cemetery, stretching from them over the plain towards Mount Oetos, on whose summit the ruins of a Roman fortress brave time and tem-

pest. Farther to the right, we saw a scattered village on the site of Chalcedonia, and, near a meadow planted with gigantic cypresses, a faro skirted by a boldly picturesque rock high out of water. Continuing the same line, the Princes Isles, where blind old Dandolo refreshed his galleys in 1203, and where, in 1807, a British fleet lost several men, blended in one, and in the distance, over a low chain of hills, forming Mondania gulf, the snowy ridge of the Bythynian Olympus formed a silver arch on the blue sky.

As we began to open the Bosphorus, the scene changed, though still preserving its characteristic beauty; instead of one city we saw three cities, the capital, Tophana crowned by Pera, and Scutari, almost joining, yet distinctly separated. We then, for the sake of the eddy-stream, edged over to point St. Stephen, near which was a pretty royal kiosk, and then skirted the sea front of Constantinople. Owing to the position of the city on a series of hills of nearly equal height, its principal edifices are seen at one view. We discerned with our telescopes Marcian's column among a crowd of mean habitations; to the left of it, sultan Selim's mosque; to the right, on the fourth hill, that of the conqueror, (Mahomet II.;)

lower down, the mosque of Mahomet IV's. mother, remarkable by the numerous adjacent mausoleums, and near it two vast cupolas, covering one of the finest public baths. Also on the fifth, sixth, and seventh hills, numerous mosques were discernible, though of no great merit, excepting one built by a princess of the blood, and distinguished by the absence of minarets. Passing the interval of the third and fourth hills, we saw the minarets and flag-staff of Ramis Tchiftlik, the out-post of Constantinople. Sultan Solyman's magnificent mosque towers on the third hill; led by its imposing appearance, we at first supposed it the principal temple, forgetting St. Sophia. A tall ugly white tower, the model of bad taste, called the Seraskier's Tower, served as a foil to it, and the gracefully wreathed minarets of Bajazet's and other mosques. Glancing hastily from it, our eyes lighted on the elegant mosque of Osman III. on the second hill, and dwelt on the porphyry column of Constantine adjoining. From this to the first hill the transition is short but striking. The summits of two obelisks, and a cluster of ten minarets at the apex of the triangle, pointed out to us the hippodrome, and the mosques of sultan Achmet and of St. Sophia;

another cluster beyond of slender gilt minarets, and a thick grove of trees, marked the seraglio. Two grand cathedrals, and an imperial palace, occupying alone the space of four miles, is a collection which only Constantinople can show.

Having passed these interesting objects slowly in review, we shot into mid-channel, between Scutari and the seraglio point; there, meeting the current, we did not advance, but the scene was of so rivetting a nature that I did not regret the delay. We were in a splendid panorama nearly surrounded by cities; and, as one unacquainted with the localities might have readily imagined, at the confluence of two oval mountain lakes, the gulf of Keras, (the port,) and the last reach of the Bosphorus; the latter not appearing, as it really is, a headlong stream, but calm, radiantly blue, one of Claude Lorraine's originals. The broad quay of Tophana, strewed with ordnance of every calibre, and piles of shot from the accommodating grape to the cumbrous eight hundred pounder, was the point of union of these beautiful pieces of water. We admired the noble, bizarre-looking, arsenal on it, and the symmetrical mosque of Mahmood II. with its peculiarly elegant, slender, gilt-spired

minarets, and the large handsome fountain of Tophana, as rich and appropriate ornaments to the entrance of the harbour.

Finding, after some minutes, that we were retrograding rather than progressing, we edged over to the seraglio, in order to warp by the fragments of columns planted for that purpose in the quay, but the breeze freshening, spared us the trouble. We sailed close beneath the mosques of Achmet and Sophia, and the seraglio wall, in the embrasures of which, as high as our mast-heads, several bostandgis were lounging; at its base were other features of tyranny, as low iron doors conveniently placed for those destined to a watery grave. We just caught a glimpse of the corinthian capital of an antique column in the fourth court of the seraglio, peeping out from among the trees, so difficult to hit, that many who visit Constantinople never hear of it. We then glided past the gorgeous kiosk of sultan Mahmoud, erected between the wall and the water, into the harbour, and looking up the northern front of the city, saw nearly the same line of columns and mosques which we had seen from the Propontis, with other remarkable edifices, particularly Yeni Giami, the Charsheys, Validi

Khan, and the vast palace of the Scheick Islam.

An officer boarded us, and introduced himself to us as the captain of the port. He had a smiling, adapting countenance, as became one who studied the perquisites more than the duties of office. He required a backsheish (present) for the honour he conferred on us in coming off, but our skipper was up to the mark, and refused him. "What is your cargo?" he then demanded. "We have a few baskets of maccaroni." "God is bountiful! give me one;"—same denial—"give me then a handful to put in my pocket for my wife, who is sick." By the look of his capacious breeches he could have stowed away a basketful in them; but our skipper had the firmness to resist this official beggar, who then left us in disgust, without saying a word about our anchorage. We knew, however, where to go, and after three tacks reached it, off the Koursoumlou Mahze, (Frank custom-house.) We had it nearly to ourselves, for the din of war had hushed the stir of commerce in the golden horn, and its usual crowd of vessels of all nations had departed.

We soon had an opportunity of observing the

progress of civilization; we were directed to a bureau in the custom-house to have our passports examined, a formality utterly useless, since, had we landed in any other spot, we should have been as free from interrogatories as in an English port. The half-dozen scribes who performed the inquisitorial office—grave, sad-looking Osmanleys, as if addicted to sedentary habits, with one full-blown Armenian for dragoman—were comfortably arranged on a divan: at the left hand of each a chibouque rested, and, as tobacco is more grateful when accompanied by coffee, attendants stood respectfully in front, to present it when required. At the right hand of each, on the sofa, was a writing case, containing ink, sand mixed with gold-dust, stamps, reeds, a knife, rolls of paper, a pair of scissars to cut it into the prescribed forms, and pieces of muslin to inclose letters to persons of distinction. The forms appeared to us very simple: a raya, for example, came in, and demanded a teskereh (pass) for Gallipoli: the scribe, whom he addressed, laid down his pipe, placed a piece of paper on the palm of his left hand, and, in this awkward position, wrote it in beautiful characters. No copy was taken. The applicant paid the fee, three piastres!

(eleven-pence.) Two minutes sufficed for the whole affair. The examination of my passport, which I had got from the French embassy at London, occupied their united wisdom a considerable time. An Englishman, with a French passport, appeared to them very suspicious.

"Are you really an Englishman?"—"I am." "Where is your English passport?"—"I have not got one." "Why not?"—"Because it is not customary to have one." "Why then have you got a French passport?"—"Because I travelled through France." "There is no sense in this: you ought to have an English passport: if your intentions were good, your king would have given you a passport. Bakalum!"—and they all began to smoke. "Bakalum, indeed," I thought, seeing I had to do with fellows who had just learned enough to be ignorant. "Can you give us a reference?" —"Not I! I do not know a person in the padischah's dominions." "Wonderful!"—and they all laid down their pipes. "What then brings you to Turkey?"—"To see the great man, Mahmoud." "A very good reason. But you are English, and have a French passport; we do not understand that." I endeavoured to explain to these infants in the noble art which Fouché perfected, that,

although an Englishman is free in his own country to go where and when he pleases, in other countries he must submit to be deprived of a portion of his liberty; the restraint on him, at the same time, being perfectly absurd, since he could obtain a passport with the same ease, whether a rogue or an honest man. This was above their comprehension: they could not understand why there should be a distinction between a Frenchman and an Englishman, believing, as most Turks do, that all Franks belong to the same family, are governed by the same laws, and that the Bible is the rule of Christian jurisprudence, as the Koran is of Mussulman jurisprudence. My arguments, however, good or bad, were admitted; for our passports, after all, were only examined in affectation of Frank customs, then commencing to be in vogue: moreover, the Porte cared not who entered Turkey, not being yet sufficiently enlightened to suspect every stranger of having designs against her.

Freed from this embarrassment, the last which I expected to have met with in Turkey, I ascended the steep streets of Galata, a town less remarkable for the usual oriental features of wolfish curs, sturdy porters, and spectre-looking

females, than for its motley Frank population, in appearance a deputation from the canaille of every country in Europe. Ionians, Sclavonians, Russians, the inhabitants of every petty Italian state, here mingle manners and language with Greeks and Turks. In Galata, every nation may be said to have its representative, in every calling, from the merchant to the beggar.

But Galata as it is, is lost sight of in the recollections of Galata as it was—*imperium in imperio*, during nearly two centuries, rivalling the city of which it was only a suburb, possessed by a company of foreign merchants, who had power to impose conditions on the emperor, audacity to wage war with the subjects of a rival republic within sight of the palace of the Paleologhi, but who were compelled to remain trembling spectators of the Moslem's triumph.

"Compelled to remain" is an expression irreconcilable with the general received opinion that the perfidy of the Genoese accelerated the sad catastrophe which renders 1453 a prominent year in the history of the world. I am inclined, however, to adopt it, because more consonant with reason, though opposed to the history of the last siege of Constantinople; that history, moreover,

being too incorrect to be admitted as evidence, that the Genoese were so far bereft of mercantile perspicacity as to believe that the price of a hollow neutrality would exempt them from the anathema of the common foe of Christendom. Gibbon (to give an instance of the incorrectness alluded to) informs us that, notwithstanding the friendly offices (according to him) of the inhabitants, the walls of Galata were prudently *razed* immediately after the conquest. He assigns no adequate reason for so useless and wanton an act; nor indeed would it be easy to imagine why the conqueror, in the plenitude of success, should have conferred that honour exclusively on a suburb, from which pride alone forbade that he should apprehend any danger. That Mahomet II. did not, however, display such despicable weakness, so inconsistent with his haughty character, the actual walls and fortifications of Galata bear evidence, standing where they stood six centuries since, of the same form and construction as the walls of the city, with the same colouring of time, the arms of the Genoese remaining on several parts of them, with inscriptions over some of the gates.* The position of Galata, built am-

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phitheatrically on the side of a hill, by which the inhabitants were entirely at the disposition of the Mussulman corps, encamped above them, (where now stands Pera,) is a better reason for their inactivity, than a wilful indifference, which, though prompted by religion, was discountenanced by interest, to the fate of the last and noblest of the Constantines.

"There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," rung in our ears, from the galleries of several minarets, as we reached the tower of Christ, in the upper part of Galata; a tower which, according to the inscription, was built by the prætors of the most noble Genoese colony, and merits, comparing its size and solidity with the surrounding buildings, the name of colyseum; while its obstinate survival of numerous fires, save occasionally its wooden, conic top, renders applicable to it—"Quamdiu stabit colyseus," &c. The muezzin's appeal informed us that it was past noon, the heat of the sun that it was time to be housed somewhere. Both the officer and the sentry of the guard bore evidence

ista menia, plus aliis nobile fecit opus grandis in aspectu formoso human habidûs. Evoquē in serio tristitiaque pari hæc sibi servabût Romanû munera nomen, quodque Diis divum cunque celebrerit.

to the latter, and to the inefficacy of the former, by the sleep they were in. A few minutes' walk from the tower brought us to Pera, to the house of Dr. Musmezzi, whose brother had been my fellow-passenger from Syra. It was infinitely preferable to going to one of the bug-infested inns, and eastern hospitality made me feel quite comfortable.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Musmezzi—Bey—Levantine—Sardinian Consul—Baker—Review—Baron Bolley—Khosrew Pasha—Arsenal—Liman Reis Bey—Bagnio—Kutchuk Husseyin—Renegade—Captain Hanchet—Lord Cochrane—Sir P. Malcolm.

"YES," said my host, "the Osmanleys drink a great deal since the sultan has begun to reform them; though I should not complain, for the habit is very favourable to the interests of medicine." He said this in reference to a young Bey, who had come in at the dessert, installed himself on the sofa, and drank himself recumbent. When it was dark, his attendants covered him with a cloak and carried him away. Alas! that drunkenness should be the first step of civilization. That it is so cannot be denied; look at Russia for a standing example; Turkey will soon be another. My host was a Sclavonian by birth,

a physician by profession, a Levantine by adoption. By a Levantine is meant a Frank who has totally abandoned his native country, and fixed himself in Turkey for good. He cannot be mistaken. He is a compound of the Turk, the Greek, and the Frank: disfigured by the moustache of the first, the long hair of the second, the whiskers and dress of the third; not the dress usually worn in Europe, but a mixture, of fashions for the preceding half century; no wonder that the easterns think it unbecoming. He talks many languages—none well: he is servile with Moslems, pert with Christians—your humble servant abroad, a tyrant at home. But not a shade of this sketch of the species applies, except the name, to the worthy Musmezzi, who was the more entitled to an Englishman's good word from having been surgeon's assistant on board an English line-of-battle ship in the Adriatic. He did not remain long in the service, for, as he said with a sigh, cockpit tricks and dry holy stoning disagreed with his temper and his lungs, and obliged him to abandon prospective half-pay; when, his own country offering few resources, he brought his wits to the great eastern market, where having taken an

Armenian wife, by way of introduction to society, he soon shared a brisk, though ill-remunerated trade with surgeons from all parts of Europe, all duly certified and diplomaed to practise on the credulity of the Moslems, and who often justify the saying of a Venetian Bail, that the Italians always carried on the crusade against the Moslems; first with arms, then with recipes.

The fair hands of the doctor's lady did the honours to a guest, by sprinkling his bed with rose-water. The town enjoyed a death-like repose, only broken occasionally by the watchmen hitting their iron-shod staves on the pavement; yet, notwithstanding such auxiliaries, I could not sleep, for since leaving Genoa I had had occasion to rough it without a bed. The night, however, was not long; on looking at my watch, at breakfast, in the morning, I was dismayed to find that it was just five o'clock. What a space to get over till noon, the hour a London day commences! What detriment to candle-makers, the custom of the East, to appropriate the day to business, the night to sleep! No oriental will willingly commence a task or a journey after noon; he looks at the sun, and says in excuse, "It is evening." The Frank, though he

grumbles at first at this new division of time, soon gets used to it, and likes it, especially when, as at and about Constantinople, he sees the sun rise every morning over the most charming scenery in the world.

Pera was quite deserted. Three of its kings, the ambassadors of France, Russia, and England, were absent; so were their dragomans, and so were the consuls and most of the merchants of their respective nations. Only two English merchants, Mr. Sarrell and Mr ——, had outstayed the storm, and in so doing showed their sense, for the cloud which had frightened people contained no wind. A Mr. Mac Carthy was there in quality of doctor: he had had some practice with the seraglio: and there was another countryman in the person of Mr. Simmons, a jeweller, established in a thriving business at Stamboul. Two other Englishmen had arrived a few days since from Persia, but were then at Broussa. I knew them afterwards—Mr. Alcock, M. P., and Captain Trevyllian. In default, however, of a representative, the Dutch minister was charged with English interests, for which service he was rewarded by the British government with a costly diamond snuff-box. An introduction

gained me at once the acquaintance of the Sardinian consul-general, Truqui, who showed me the most gratifying attentions, and to whom, and his amiable family, I was debtor for many very agreeable days. He occupied the place in society which his ambassador, through meanness, declined. No gentleman visited Pera without enjoying the hospitality of his mansion.

The first day or two at Pera one feels the embarrassment of the wise men who visited the moon. What with chibouques in one house, sherbet in another, a gaze on a beautiful scene here, a stroll in a cool shade there, the day slips away insensibly. Tobacco is a sad time-killer. I am sure that no intellectual nation can ever become a nation of smokers—mind, I do not mean a cigar or two *per diem* as any thing; that much no more makes a man a smoker, than a glass or two of wine makes him a hard drinker. This prostrate indolence is, I suppose, the cause that many persons pass their lives at Pera, without having the curiosity to visit Constantinople. I met more than one such a phenomenon, and many who, in the course of many years, had not been there above twice. We have only to imagine a person living at Albano or Vincennes,

and never going to Rome or Paris; even that parallel is too wide, for Pera is not more than a good rifle-shot from the capital.

I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation, they say, does not hurt much; though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. "This is nothing," said my dragoman, observing my attention; "a few days ago a master-baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off: he bore it like a brave one: he said he did not care much about his ears; his turban would hide the marks—but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again." "Poor fellow!" I thought, "that would have puzzled Carpue!"

"It served him right," added my dragoman; "at that time loaves were scarcer than bakers' noses." The Spartan appearance of the bread in the shops was evidence of the scarcity which still reigned: it had been blacker a short time previous, and caused serious disturbances, especially on the part of the women, which the government could only quell by distributing rations.

A regiment of Tacticos was on the ground, exercising under the eye of M. Galliard. Galliard, who had been a serjeant in Napoleon's army, was chief instructor of the Turkish infantry; in other words, drill serjeant: his authority extended no farther; and there lay the difficulty of forming a regular Turkish force, since there was no power to compel the officers to learn. Regular troops, unless they are provided with a good staff and commissariat, skilful leaders, &c. are more unserviceable than irregular troops: the uniformity of the former is no balance for the self-resources of the latter. Regulars look to others for food and clothing; irregulars trust to themselves. There were many other instructors in the army, of all nations, except English. Their situation was very miserable; their salaries were nominal; they were

often reduced to rags and dry bread,—reduced to kiss the hem of a pasha's garment to obtain a backsheish (present.) Mussulman hauteur prevented the Osmanleys from employing Christians as officers, and therefore they ruined their country, for they had not talents to meet the exigencies which arose on the catastrophe of the Janizzaries. Had Peter trusted to Muscovite genius to form and lead the troops which replaced the Strelitzes, Charles XII. would have quartered in the Kremlin. One of the earliest instructors was a Bavarian noble, the Baron Bolley, who died shortly after my arrival, leaving a widow, a young Greek the daughter of his washerwoman, and not enough money to buy a coffin. The baron was known to me by name, by having created a sensation at Malta, where he stopped some days on his way from Marseilles to the East. Having an introduction, and being a polished, well-spoken man, he was received into the first set—at Malta there are several. Either to make an *éclat*, or for some offence, I know not which, he called out a civil officer of the government, Mr. Nugent; but Mr. Nugent, deeming his request *mal-à-propos*, referred it to General Pon-

sonby, who put the baron under arrest. After a day of durance vile, the baron consented to leave the island, exclaiming, though, bitterly against such a violation, as he termed it, of the laws of hospitality, as well as of honour. Little did I then think to find him, in two years, in a back lodging at Pera. A gallant and able French officer, General Count Hulôt, came to Constantinople about the same time I did, and offered his services gratis to lead the Turkish regular army against the Russians. Had they been accepted the scale of the campaign might have been turned, for Diebitch's blunders, lost on the grand vizier, would then have been acted on. The reis effendi offered him—a French general, who had lost an arm at Borodino, an eye elsewhere—the post of instructor. The general smiled, and remained tranquil, the guest of Count Guilleminot, during the disastrous campaign: his talents and agreeable manners made him the charm of every society at Pera.

A little ugly man, with a shining red face and a long white beard, dressed in a hussar uniform, smoking a chibouque at a window of the palace which overlooked the ground, attracted our attention more than the manœuvres. It was

Khosrew, the seraskier pasha (minister of war.) Perceiving we were Franks, he sent an officer to invite us into the shade of his verandah. I afterwards had the advantage of knowing him well. He was an instance of the rapid change of fortune daily witnessed in the East. By birth a Georgian, Khosrew was purchased when a child in the market of that very city in which I then saw him the most influential person. His supple and jestful manners, in his quality of page, gained him the love of Selim III. He retained it in manhood, and after filling minor situations, attained the height of his ambition, the reward of a life of hypocrisy, by being invested with the pashalik of Egypt at the time of its evacuation by the French and English troops. Egypt then offered a fair field for a man of genius to rise to eminence on: that man was there; and though Khosrew was not wanting in talent, especially the talent most necessary to greatness in the East, cunning and cruelty, he succumbed to the fortune of his lieutenant, Mehemet Ali, commanding a corps of Albanians. Selim III. immediately sent the capitan pasha to Alexandria with orders to remove Mehemet Ali, if possible, to another world, if not, to con-

firm him in the pashalik, it being a maxim of the Porte, that it is wiser to leave a rebel in peace, provided he will pay tribute, than to make war on him. Mehemet Ali avoided the snare, gave up Khosrew, and remained pasha.

But though Khosrew had been egregiously outwitted, his talent at treachery was too notorious to be overlooked by Mahmoud II. when he came to the throne, who wanted such men to forward his reform. He made him his capitan pasha, which post Khosrew blackly stained by allowing himself to be exiled (*pro forma*) to cut off a powerful dere bey in the vicinity of Angora. The marked bey gave him a friendly reception, and seeing an infirm old man, invited him to reside in his house till a comfortable one could be prepared for him. An exiled pasha is always treated with honour by the inhabitants of the place of his exile, not out of respect to fallen greatness, but such is the mutation of fortune in Turkey, that in a month he may regain his lost favour, and be able to punish the neglect of provincials. Khosrew's frank and cheerful manners were sufficient to remove suspicions, had any even been entertained. Confidence was soon fully established, and the bey daily visited his

guest unattended by followers. At length, sure of his victim, one day sitting on a sofa together, Khosrew drew from his bosom the fatal firman, and displayed it to the astonished bey, thus requited for his hospitality. Before he could raise his voice, the ready cordon stifled it for ever. His followers were called in to behold their lifeless master; however they might have felt, the sight of the sultan's firman disarmed their resentment. Khosrew seized his wealth, and with his head returned to Constantinople. Such a man was a treasure to Mahmoud II. and almost a solitary instance of a pasha debasing himself to such a deed, unless for the object of attaining the deceased's place.

Khosrew's next exploit of notoriety was taking off Kiatib Oglou, the governor of Smyrna, famed for his amours, and his predilection for Frank customs. As he was the son of a rebel, and had also himself retained the government against the sultan's will, it was not an easy matter to catch him: it required consummate address. After a year's ensnaring, Khosrew succeeded in placing two hundred miles between the head and the body of Kiatib Oglou.

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We next find Khosrew distinguishing himself at Ipsara, the massacre of whose inhabitants, July 2, 1824, he directed as capitan pasha. By singular good luck, he was not capitan pasha in 1822, the year of Canaris' success.

In June, 1826, Khosrew assisted his master in cutting down the Janizzaries. The year following he ought to have sailed, being still capitan pasha, in the ill-fated fleet that went to Navarine; but as the fleet had occasion to go first to Alexandria to be victualled, it was seen that his presence would not be agreeable to Mehemet Ali, whom the Porte was then caressing, especially as in his rank he would be the superior officer (nominally.) Tahir Pasha, therefore, the capitan bey, assumed the command, and Khosrew remained in the capital to nurse a plot.

At the breaking out of the Russian war Khosrew was appointed seraskier pasha, in addition to being anadolu valyci. A more inefficient minister of war could not well have been found: his only merit was personal activity, which was remarkable for seventy-one years of age; on the same day I have seen him inspect the castles on the Bosphorus, and review troops at Ramis Tchiftlik. Avaricious as he is rich,

cruel as he is artful, mean as he is powerful, Khosrew's fortune, in having so long escaped poison or the bowstring, is only equalled by his crimes, which are considered superlative even in a country where such attributes are not held in horror.

When I had had enough of the seraskier and his troops, I went down to the shore, got into a caique, and rowed up and down the beautiful harbour, the very best in the world, always sweet and clean on account of the current, and sheltered from every wind. I then landed at the arsenal, and had the pleasure of seeing the largest ship in the world lying alongside the quay. A fine sixty-gun frigate was on the stocks nearly finished. The constructor of both was a Turk; *élève* of Mr. Le Brun, an architect formerly in the service of Selim III. Like our celebrated builder, Bomam Jumpsatjee, of Bombay, he knew nothing of mathematics—he worked by eye.

While I was admiring these fine specimens of naval architecture, with astonishment at seeing them there, the work of a *barbarian*, the personification of Othello accosted me. His hue was between that of the Arab and the Moor, his

beard was pointed, his vest and trowsers were snow white, connected by an embroidered sash, finished by yellow boots, and a pair of coal-black, bloodshot eyes glowed under a scarlet fez. He was the liman reis bey, (commissioner,) and a very good fellow too. We sat down to smoke, and by means of a few words of various languages established an ambiguous sort of a *lingua franca*, the occupation of our chibouques tending to fill up breaks in the conversation. On a serious question the presence of the narcotic weed is invaluable; it gives time for second thoughts, and a cloud of it veils a perturbation of countenance. To aid our intercourse the bey displayed a talent that not two of his countrymen possessed—that of sketching; true, the animal he drew on a leaf of my pocket-book, intended for a gazelle, so much resembled a pig that he seemed quite ashamed—the unclean animal!

Nothing could equal my surprise, I may say disappointment, for I had strung my nerves for a trial, on going to the Bagnio from his divan to find it by no means a horrible place, but a very quiet, orderly conducted prison. The galley-slaves of Toulon, I positively assert, are one hundred times worse off than the Bagniotes.

Their only point of resemblance is in their food, equally bad in each, consisting of a kind of hog-wash sufficiently nutritious to keep the bones covered, but ill-calculated to create an appetite in hot weather. In all other respects they differ. The galley-slaves are chained in gangs, the Bagniotes in pairs. The former must sleep on boards, the latter may sleep on beds. In Toulon dock-yard no horses or steam are employed in order that the convicts may have harder work; in Constantinople arsenal the number of sailors always on pay, whether the fleet be in commission or not, is so great that the convicts have scarcely any thing to do. The former have not the advantages of religion; in the precincts of the Bagnio is a mosque, a Greek church and a synagogue, for the different castes. In Toulon there are from 4,000 to 5,000 galley-slaves; in the Bagnio the number rarely amount to 100. In Toulon a convict remains fourteen years, or for life, according to the sentence, without a hope of commutation; in the Bagnio prisoners are often released by the capitan pasha.

No capitan pasha did so much for the navy as Kutchuk Husseyin, the favourite, and son-in-law of Selim III., whose disinterestedness and libera-

lity ably seconded his master's projects. Though no sailor, he had common sense to direct him in the pursuit of knowledge: he procured architects from France, with whose aid he resuscitated the arsenals of Constantinople, of Sinope, and of Rhodes, supplying the first with two wet docks, and all other necessaries for the equipment of a large fleet; and in a short time he had twenty sail of the line, built on the newest models, anchored before the windows of his palace. He reformed the Galiondgis, built barracks for them, and encouraged the naval school,—the professor of which, when I was there, was a young Englishman named Redhouse, who had run away from a merchant-ship in the harbour, on board of which he was a cabin-boy, and then apostatized to avoid being retaken. Mustapha, that was his new name, had poor success with his lazy scholars, one of whom, however, whom I knew on board the flag-ship as signal officer, was looked on as a prodigy because he could ascertain noon with the quadrant, never supposing that the instrument was intended to produce a more important result.

After the death of Kutchuk Husseyin, the navy resumed its usual languor. The events of

1821 roused it; but its ill success against the hasty armed merchant-vessels of Greece are notorious, and is stronger proof than words of its wretched condition. Experience, however, was bought by misfortune; officers and crews were formed, who at length discovered that man should trust more to his own exertions on the sea than to the protection of Allah. After five years' struggle for the mastery of the Archipelago they gained it, with sufficient knowledge of maritime affairs to cruize about without running foul of each other every night. With experience they had also acquired confidence, the principal step to improvement. In short, the Turkish navy, in 1827, was in a state of practical efficiency, which it was far from having, even under Kutchuk Husseyin, and which rendered it superior to the Russian fleet in the Euxine, as would have been apparent had not the affair of Navarine intervened. That "untoward event" destroyed the fruit of the preceding five years of toil and disasters, and again paralyzed the Turkish navy. Every effort was made to equip another fleet to meet the Russians on the Black Sea, but instead of appointing the gallant Tahir pasha to the supreme command, the post of capitan pasha was

conferred, successively, on landsmen, who were ill-qualified to impart energy to those under them, or to feel it themselves.

An important personage, however, had just arrived, one day before I did, who expected by his presence to remove all difficulties, and to hold the scales of fate in the ensuing naval campaign. He was on board a large steamer, then anchored off the arsenal: this steamer, (the Hilton Jolliffe,) had come from England to be sold to the sultan, and had eluded the scrutiny of the blockading fleet at the Dardanelles, by hoisting the red ensign at the main, signal of the ambassador (hourly expected) being on board. The Russian admiral, duped by the stratagem, not only allowed her to pass, but shoved off in his barge to compliment his excellency. The steamer did not back water for him, but emitting a denser cloud, left her black pennant miles behind her.

Instead of an ambassador, Captain Hanchet, formerly R.N., came in her to assist the sultan. He modestly offered to command the Turkish fleet for the sum of £20,000, and the rank of vice-admiral. The Osmanleys would have considered his terms rather high had he even been

provided with the burning glasses of Archimedes. They told him that they were very willing to accept his services in their way, particularly as he was a friend of Sydney Smith; but that they would not give him the sum required, nor the post of petrowna bey, (vice-admiral,) he being a Christian. They would, however, give him the pay annexed to the office, £180, and allow him to go to sea with the fleet, to advise on its operations. This was courting honor rather too cheaply, thought the captain. However, he continued negociating some days with the reis effendi, who merely wished to gain an idea from him, and proposed, in the interim, that a fleet of gun-boats should go to the Danube. His object therein was rather vague; no benefit could have arisen from it, since the principal part of the Russian army was known to have already crossed the river, and Silistria, if it still held out, was not in a condition to be succoured by gun-boats. The Osmanleys looked nearer: they met the question in its outset, and pertinently asked how the boats were to reach the Danube, past the enemy's fleet—an obstacle that they considered insurmountable. No valid proposal being made to remove it, the gun-boats remained where they

were, and the ex-captain returned the way he came, astonished that the Sublime Porte was too avaricious to reward unknown merit in prospective. He had apparently taken a leaf out of Lord Cochrane's book, without considering the difference between himself and his lordship, whose services the Greek committee deemed worth purchasing.

He established, or accredited, a report that Lord Cochrane was with the Russian fleet in the Euxine; and, without reflecting on the extreme improbability of the emperor insulting Admiral Greig, covered with his orders, by placing a stranger over him, wrote it as a fact to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, at Smyrna. Sir Pulteney immediately weighed anchor, and came to the Dardanelles with his fleet, in order to pass the strait, should the Russian fleet, as was to be apprehended in that case, make a dash down the Bosphorus, and decide the war by a *coup de main.* The conqueror of Valdivia, and of Callao, had he been there, was capable of undertaking so glorious an enterprise, provided, which is doubtful, the Russian captains would have seconded him. Admiral Greig never dreamed of it. The vicinity of Sir P. Malcolm, at the Dardanelles, allowing he might have taken on himself, or been directed

by Sir R. Gordon, to assist the sultan, at such a crisis, would have been no obstacle; for the north-east gale, which would have brought the Russian fleet down the Bosphorus, would have effectually prevented the English fleet from ascending the Hellespont.*

And though it is not necessary that Constantinople, unfortified as it is, should yield to a fleet which has succeeded in reaching it, since batteries are easily thrown up, and a city, fourteen miles in circumference, can afford delay; yet the sultan's position in 1829 was so very precarious, owing to the disaffection of his subjects, rife with the spirit of janizzaryism, added to the unpopularity of the war, that he would have been compelled to have signed a peace, in order to have prevented revolution.

* It is as well to consider, in the event of another war between Russia and the Porte, that a British fleet, destined to be ready to assist the latter, may be utterly useless, at the mouth of the Hellespont, unless accompanied by a fleet of steamers. The wind might, it is true, favour it; but the chances would be against it, for the north-east wind, against which it is impossible for a ship to work, blows down the Hellespont nine months out of twelve. It blows, at times, two months, even three months, together; and in that time a Russian army may now march to Constantinople, and build a church in the place of every mosque.

CHAPTER V.

Caiques—Bosphorus—Barbarossa's Tomb—Delhi Sultana—Touz Oglou—Castles—Devil'sCurrent—Ypsilanti—Calosso—Sultan's Band.

THE great lion of the East, that is, the sultan, being at Therapia, a village twelve miles up the stream, one fine morning, a week after my arrival, having seen *les eaux douces*, the royal stud, the dancing dervishes, the niches for exhibiting noble heads in, in short, glanced at the minor lions, reserving a closer inspection for cool weather,—having surfeited myself on cabobs, and affronted cholera with iced sherbet, sold—irresistible temptation—in every street, at two paras (one-sixth of a penny) a glass,—I walked through the ordeal of the dogs of Tophana, and got into a caique.

Divide an egg-shell longitudinally, take one half, pinch in its two ends, lengthen them by

slender beaks of wax, gild and paint the whole tastefully, and you have the precise model of the uniquely elegant skiffs that ply on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Europeans, resident at Pera, who have a flattering idea of the value of their persons, seldom venture into one. The sight of a large caique leaving the shore, filled with men and women, involuntarily brings to mind the Noyades of the Loire. You no sooner step into one, than, feeling prescient of a drowning, you endeavour to step out again; the attempt nearly completes the catastrophe. "Sit down;" cry the caiqgis authoritatively, seeing they have to do with a greenhorn. You obey, and place yourself on what appears to be a seat, but so far from gaining steadiness, the bark reels to an inch of the tide each way. "Sit down! down in the bottom of the boat!" again shout the caiqgis, who, half frightened, endeavour to counteract your awkwardness by balancing their supple bodies; "sit quiet, unless you wish the boat to be over you instead of under!" You cast a wishful glance at the beach, with an exclamation at your rashness, as you shove off, doubtful if you may land again. Reader, hast thou rolled, rivalling

a porpoise, on a catamaran through the surf at Madras? hast thou sat on a couple of hides, dancing like Indian-rubber balls on a wooden floor, trembling lest the wind in your body will not suffice to keep them inflated till the last wave pitches you on the beach at Coquimbo?—hast thou, in a wherry, dipped six times into the same hole on the Spit during a south-west gale, visions of capsized wherries swimming before your eyes?—there is yet a sharper nerve-twinger: hoist your sail, and scud down the Bosphorus in a caique; you will have your heart in your mouth one hour, half out each time you gibe, with the satisfaction of hearing "delhi" shouted at you from each caique, and point which you pass in your arrow-like progress. Frail, though, as caiques are, even rowing, thousands daily ascend, or descend, or traverse the Bosphorus, without accident, the absolute necessity of caution being a safeguard; one trial gives confidence, with the knack of getting in and out. Should one overturn, the passengers must be drowned; for, though one hundred caiques may be passing, none can assist, the attempt would be suicidal. The rowers are chiefly Greeks, who find it a gainful trade, and

are one of the handsomest races in Turkey. They wear light garments, of dazzling white, and can row eight, nine, ten miles an hour, according to the number of oars.

A few strokes—we shot into the Bosphorus, and commenced rapidly ascending between shores of unrivalled loveliness, where art and nature, taste and chance, have for once combined to finish pictures worthy of paradise; the deep blue stream flowing between them, reflecting Grecian castle and Turkish kiosk, cypress grove and flower garden; gladdened by the constant flight of birds, the splash of oars, the glitter of fish. Naples fades in the comparison of this celebrated strait; and Rio de Janeiro, the first view of which repays the tedium of an Atlantic voyage, only surpasses it in the splendour of the sea approach. There the rivalry ends: Rio exhibits all at one burst, like a beautiful actress dressed for the stage; but the Bosphorus, like one's own love, has winning charms, which fasten on the memory and tax the imagination: each time we row up it, new beauties, hitherto undiscovered, elicit fresh admiration; every reach appears a highland lake, every vale an Armida's garden, and the faint tracery of the varying perspective

promise of Elysian scenes, veiled, as it were, from direct observation, in order that each may have its due share of admiration ; in the same manner as works of genius are viewed to more advantage, and create more pleasure, when scattered over Europe, than when collected in one gallery, where none gain, but hundreds lose, by comparison, or are not looked at. Neither is this fairy ground unappreciated by its possessors, as is usually imagined, though certainly neglected. They revel in it: their great pleasure consists in gazing on it from the windows of their kiosks and cafenehs, of which the possession of a fine view is the first qualification. Exile from their ghiuzel Istamboul is dreaded nearly as much as death, and their poignant grief at quitting it is only equalled by their joy at returning. The fair sex delight in spreading their shawls on the turf, and enjoying their kief for hours under the shade of cypresses on the banks of the Bosphorus, seated in circles, quiet, demure, sentimental looking groups, their veils half drawn aside to inhale the breeze, listening to a story-teller, or sipping sherbet, or playing with their children: often, turning an angle suddenly, does the stranger cause hasty blushes to mantle cheeks rarely seen

by man, but which are hastily screened from longer view, while a suppressed titter may inform him that modesty is more awake than anger.

Nature, too, has been equally beneficent to the Bosphorus in a more substantial point of view, stocking it with fish of every description, more than sufficient for the daily consumption of the vast population of Constantinople. Among these the sword-fish ranks first. Notwithstanding its size, it is delicate eating, and is moreover very fashionable, as being the favourite dish of Sultan Mahmoud. It is chiefly caught in the Bosphorus and the Propontis, rarely in the Hellespont, and still more rarely in the Euxine or the Archipelago; in the latter of which seas, however, it abounded in 1812, an extensive emigration having taken place, to the alarm of the Constantinople *bons vivans*, who feared that it would never return; and it was, in consequence, seriously proposed in divan to send a vessel down to catch a male and female alive, and tow them up to the Bosphorus; but the voluntary return of the fugitives prevented this project from being carried into effect. When properly dressed, sword pointed, it is a regal looking dish, fit to crown a civic banquet. The

palamithe, a large, and rather coarse fish, is also greatly esteemed. It is an emigrating species, and found in greatest plenty in the sea of Azof: the Cossacks salt great quantities of it. There is also turbot in the Bosphorus, similar to, though not quite so good, as the English turbot. It requires habit to relish it, from its back being covered with scaly carbuncles, considered a dainty by the natives, which offend the sight. There being no want of lobsters, it may be eaten *en règle*. Red mullet, soles, and white-bait, are in profusion; likewise the ink fish, so called from containing a bag of black liquid, perfectly adapted to write with: remove it, and the taste of the fish resembles that of skait; it is, however, generally dressed with it as sauce, and therefore few strangers have the courage to eat it, nor does it, after a trial, tempt a repetition. The Greeks make a great consumption of it in their rigorous fasts, for it does not rank as fish.

Twenty-six villages skirt the shores of the Bosphorus, ten in Asia, sixteen in Europe: the former are scattered; the latter, excepting three, form a continuous street for eight miles, only broken occasionally by royal palaces. Near one of these, Beshik-tach, adjoining the village of the

same name, we observed, in a small cemetery, an elegant octangular building, covered by a dome, the mausoleum of Haired din Pasha, better known by the name of Barbarossa. I was some time in Turkey before I knew to whom it belonged, and few discoveries in that *terrâ ignota* gave me more satisfaction. I say *terra ignota*, for even in Constantinople a stranger may search in vain for an object which he knows exists, or inquire to no purpose about an edifice before his eyes. Few Turks, except the Ulema, are acquainted with other facts than those which are connected with their own lives, and with the majority oblivion dates scarcely a century back. I was at the tomb in question several times before I could ascertain if it was the one for which I was seeking; none of the inhabitants, whom I addressed, had heard of Haired din Pasha—their Nelson. At length, an elderly man of the law satisfied my desire; he had observed me before, and in my last visit, with another gentleman, broke through habitual indifference and came to know our object. We told him, on which he sent a boy for the key, which, from the time it required to be found, and the difficulty in turning the rusty wards of the lock, appeared to be

seldom used, and introduced us to the last dwelling of Andrew Doria's antagonist. It was simple, in accordance with oriental taste in such matters; the floor was covered with an Indian mat, on which rested two coffins, one of which was nine feet long, and proportionately wide.* At the head of it was Barbarossa's caouk, and above it hung his particular banner. The other coffin contained his chiaja. My bearded ciceroni wished to know what gave me such a desire to see Barbarossa's tomb. "Curiosity," I replied. This answer did not satisfy him, nor indeed does it ever satisfy orientals, who cannot understand people taking trouble for pleasure or for curiosity. In consequence, absurd reasons are often assigned for a traveller's motives: if he ride fast he is suspected of being a government agent; if he look about him, of being a spy, and so forth; but mine was a singular case, and therefore required a singular reason. Singular enough was

* The custom of placing celebrated men in gigantic coffins is a trick to make future generations believe that they were mighty in stature as well as in mind. It has the desired effect; no orthodox Turk doubts that sultan this, or sultan that, or Kuprogli, or Hadgi Bektash, or any other popular idol, was of the size of his coffin.

the one assigned; viz. that Barbarossa in one of his voyages to Franguestan, had had an intrigue with a lady from whom I was descended, and that being in Turkey, I very laudably looked for the tomb of my great progenitor. I heard this afterwards from a Greek of my acquaintance, resident in the village, to whom this sapient idea was communicated.

Two beings of the neuter gender, airing themselves before a palace a mile higher up the stream, denoted the vicinity of royalty. It was the residence of the delhi sultana, the sultan's uterine sister, a lady possessing charms of mind and person, and celebrated for gallantries in the wood of Belgrade, which obliged more than one European to make a precipitate retreat from the country. She was married, when young, to Kutchuk Husseyin, the talented, generous, capitan pasha, of whom I have already spoken, and was happy in being one of the few princesses of the house of Othman, who have not been debarred, owing to a barbarous policy, the society of their husbands; the object of marrying them off being only to free them from the restraints of the seraglio, and to give them a separate establishment, which the husband supports from the

proceeds of his government, usually rich and distant, where he resides without daring to profit by the Mohammedan privilege of a plurality of wives, since on the good graces of his royal bride depends his existence. So warm in the East is the affection which children by the same mother have for each other, that the lady in question has been enabled to pass her widowhood as she pleased, and her eccentricities, in consequence, made the Osmanleys call her the delhi sultana, by which name she was universally known. Her chief pastime was riding about in an araba, that is, in a waggon without springs, drawn by oxen ornamented with ribbons; though let it not be supposed that this mode of airing was an effect of eccentricity, for such rude equipage supplies the place of barouche or chariot to the fair of Constantinople, whose diamonded locks and cashmeres present a strange contrast. The delhi sultana particularly liked to frequent the places where Franks resorted, because their unambiguous mode of expressing admiration pleased her, never, woman-like, allowing herself to think that their meaning glances were directed to any of the beautiful damsels who composed her train; and if a Frank at-

tracted her notice, she would not hesitate to speak to him, calling him Hekim, which address varnished the impropriety of her condescending to regard an infidel. One day she honoured me with a salutation, and again, to my surprise, stopped her araba where I was standing; but her guards thinking twice in one day two much familiarity, bade me walk on. A gentleman with me amused himself each time by telegraphing with one of her young attendants in the second araba, who got a sharp scolding from the old duenna, for showing too much of her sweet face. The sultana's suite on these occasions consisted of twelve maidens, among whom we used to remark two very pretty Circassians, about eleven years old, whom she was educating for her brother's harem; and in consequence of their destination, which might lead one of them to be valide sultana, they sat by her side, were profusely ornamented with jewels, were treated in every respect like young princesses of the blood, instead of slaves, purchased in the market a few years since. In short, the delhi sultana was a *rara-avis* in Turkey—a woman with her own free will. She received some European ladies in her harem occasionally, and could she have done

so, would, I make no doubt, have frequented the Pera balls, and, though not dancing, have been amused and witty at the "dancing girls."

The current tired our rowers' brawny arms and bent their ashen blades, yet we cleaved it steadily as far as Arnaoutki, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with coffee and chibouques. Two trees on a hill above the village pointed out the tomb of the unfortunate Armenian brothers, Touz-Oglou, a few years since the first bankers of Stamboul. They abounded in wealth, but, being generous, were not envied; they exhibited vizirial pomp, but, being modest in behaviour, were liked by believers and unbelievers; they were young, but, being rich, could not expect to attain old age; they were directors of the mint, dangerous, though much sought after, post in a country where depreciating the coin is a familiar financial resource. Mahmoud, the reforming, innovating sultan, despising the policy of his predecessors in only gradually reducing the standard of money so as not to produce too sudden a panic, as savouring of prejudice, issued at once a hatti scheriff, commanding his subjects to bring all their gold and silver money to their respective governors, for which they should receive little

more than half the value: pain of death to the refractory. Commotions naturally ensued, and in the capital proved so serious, that to appease them, and throw the odium off the government, the Touz-Oglou, whose only crime was in having literally obeyed their master, were accused of having depreciated the coin of the realm for their own advantage. A victim, no matter whether guilty or innocent, always pacifies a mob, is the Turkish maxim, perhaps applicable in all countries, so the Touz-Oglou, whose innocence was clear to all informed persons, were put to death, their property confiscated, their relations exiled, but their bodies, as a particular mark of the sultan's clemency, were allowed to be interred, instead of being thrown into the sea according to custom.

Thanks to the ignorance which causes the effects of tyranny to be less remotely felt, the less civilized the country, this stroke of the sultan's policy did not distress the nation, or profit the treasury, to the extent apprehended or expected. The difficult art of finance is still in its infancy in Turkey; few other modes of raising money are successfully practised, than the rude and inefficient ones of confiscation and monopoly. In-

stead of obeying the hatti scheriff, the inhabitants, wherever they were able, sold their money, the circulation of which had become illegal, to the Frank merchants, who then resold it to the Porte for sterling value.

Leaving this memento of royal favour behind us, we soon rowed between two ancient castles built on the points where the shores of the Bosphorus nearest approach, within nine hundred yards, six miles from the city. The Asiatic castle was built by Bajazet to control the navigation of the strait; the European castle, by his grandson, Mahomet, to close it, and to give the Greek emperor a forecast of his intentions. The latter has the singularity of representing the name of Mohammed in Arabic characters, at least so it is said, though it probably requires the devotion of a Mussulman to make it out, as much as it does the fancy of an astronomer to trace the figures of certain animals in the heavens. Of late years these castles were solely used as a prison for Janizzaries, and on the execution of one of that body at, or about, the capital, a gun was fired from one of them—a regulation which acted as a strong personal protection to the parties concerned, for the surest,

indeed the only way to restrain tyranny, is to publish its acts: the tyrant who nightly stains his dungeons with blood would shudder if a bell tolled, or a cannon roared for every victim.

Half a mile further up we shot into Scheitan Souyou, (devil's current,) so called from its rapidity and whirlpoolishness. We did not attempt to row through it, but took hold of a rope from one of the men who were waiting on the quay for the purpose of tracking boats.

On turning the next angle of the strait we opened the Bay of Buyukdere, which was then filled with the Ottoman fleet, moored in one line, comprising all rates, from the splendid three-decker to the knowing-looking steamer. It was a gaudy spectacle. The ships were all garish with new paint, and their ensigns, spread out by a fresh breeze from the Euxine, made the hills above the village in the back-ground seem as though carpeted with crimson silk. The shore on our left was of an opposite character, and presented evidences of a melancholy tale in the razed palaces of several Greek nobles, executed at the beginning of the revolt. A little farther on we passed a small kiosk with a guard

of honour by it, containing the sandjack scheriff, which had been placed there in order to be near the sultan, whose temporary palace, a straggling wooden edifice, painted pale yellow, (the royal colour,) was not far distant. His guards were encamped on the low hills above it in green and white bell tents pitched in circles, producing a scenic effect; and from the broad quay before it a crowd of his pages, of all ages from fifteen to thirty, were fishing. We could not help, owing to the current, disturbing their lines with our oars, but they contented themselves by looking invectives, and we rowed close under the windows of the sultan's saloon to the landing-place of Therapia.

This delightful village, then for the first time honoured by the residence of royalty, was the favourite country resort of the Greek nobility and gentry before the revolution. "O," exclaim the Phanariotes, "had you only seen us in those days, how happy we were!—our balls, our promenades in the sweet summer nights!"—"Why then did you revolt?" one naturally asks. And incessantly one feels inclined to ask that question at Constantinople, seeing the comfort and luxury of the Greeks, (surpassing those

of the Osmanleys,) their religious freedom, the riotous festivity of their *fêtes*.

A specimen of the luxury in which the Greek nobles lived is seen at Therapia, in the palace and gardens, unsurpassed by any on the Bosphorus, (scarcely excepting the royal palaces,) belonging to the French embassy, given by Selim III. to Sebastiani, with permission to hoist the French flag on it—a permission never before or since accorded to any ambassador.* The gift, though, cost the monarch nothing. On war breaking out with Russia, in 1807, Prince Ipsilanti (father of the Ipsilantis in the Morea) collected his treasures, or rather his spoils, and retired into Russia; on which the Porte, suspecting an insurrection among the Greeks, arrested his relations at Constantinople, among whom was his brother-in-law, who had just built a palace at Therapia, (the one in question,) and

* In August, 1829, Sir R. Gordon very properly assumed the same right, and hoisted the British ensign on his country house, also at Therapia, to the great satisfaction of all the English, and the astonishment of foreigners, who expected, perhaps hoped, that the sultan would have ordered it to be hauled down.

was going to inhabit it the day the news of the hospodar's defection arrived.

Now this transaction is less a sign of tyranny than of the selfishness of the Greek character, so often similarly exemplified by the hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, many of whom have at different times fled into Austria or Russia with the plunder gained in their governments, although, in so doing, they knew that they exposed their relations at Constantinople (regarded as hostages) to the suspicions of their master. Nor can their conduct be defended—if indeed there be any defence for being base enough to bring evil on one's parents—on the plea that they acted up to nature's first dictate, self-preservation. Their lives were seldom in danger, and if they were, from the just complaints of the boyars being attended to, *they* well knew how to stop the ears of an Ottoman minister. Nearly all the persecutions suffered by the Greeks have arisen from the cowardice or the interestedness of their leading men. The defection of the hospodars has often been occasioned by the Russian cabinet, thereby to strengthen the belief of Europe in the wretched condition of the Greeks; to show that the *virtuous* Greek, who had go-

verned a province with equity and moderation for years, dared not return to Constantinople lest his head should be taken from him. Such is the language which has been long held and believed; but the groans of the Moldavians and Wallachians, the frequent petitions of the boyars to be given any governors rather than the Phanariote nobles, are more redolent of truth.

Therapia had no inn, but I did not feel the want of one, having an invite to the house of Signor Calosso, talimgi of the pages. This gentleman, a Piedmontese by birth, a soldier by profession, a liberal by circumstances, whose hospitality made me feel quite at home, was among those who left Italy in 1821 to travel. During some years he struggled with adversity in England, Spain, and France, oftentimes a prey to biting want and calumny, then tried fortune in that overstocked market for military adventurers, Greece, where he failed, owing to a disagreement with M. Fabvier, and finally brought his talents to Constantinople, at a time when they might be desirable to form the Nizam dgeditt. A recommendation was necessary. He naturally looked for it to the Sardinian ambassador, as half a word from his mouth would

have sufficed; but the ambassador turned his back on him with unworthy meanness. I say with meanness, because, two years afterwards, when the Carbonaro, whom in his distress he had scorned, was held in honourable consideration by the Pera society, was a guest at the tables of the different ambassadors, he changed his view of principles, and made advances to him, which were received as they deserved. Fortunately for our *emigré*, who otherwise might have had his wits taxed even for subsistence, General Count Guilleminot, the constant friend of the oppressed, seeing in him only *un officier d'hussards de la grande armée*, took him by the hand, and introduced him to the seraskier pasha, from whose service he was, fortunately, soon after transferred to the sultan's staff, to instruct the pages in equitation and the principles of cavalry exercise; and so well did he obtain favour, that the sultan one day allowed him to kiss his foot, the honour to a Christian being perfectly unprecedented, and only enjoyed by the Ottoman grandees at the celebration of the Bairam.

Notwithstanding, however, this marked favour, so great was the repugnance of Mussul-

mans to be seen subservient to Christians, that Calosso could obtain no authority in his new vocation, and therefore was not enabled to produce more effect than the other military instructors, over whom the only advantage he possessed was in having a regularly paid salary, and a good house at Pera, given to him by the sultan's order. Though wearing the uniform of the guard, and distinguished by a crescent in diamonds, he never received the slightest respect from the meanest persons of the army, nor could he demand it; but, on the contrary, was often insulted by the soldiers even under the windows of the palace. As he had the appearance of an officer, they seemed determined to show that he was not one; so therefore Calosso, his task over, dressed in plain clothes. But to no Franks do the Turks like to be civil in *public*. The chavasses of the ambassadors, paid by them, never rise when they pass, or evince the slightest respect—a neglect, by the way, which their excellencies should have long since insisted on being remedied. Travellers observe how lordly their Tartars are when in company with other Turks, though when alone, or in situations which do not compromise their supposed dignity, very assiduous

and attentive to their comforts. Many writers have ascribed this feeling to renegades only; it is common with all Mussulmans, and the farther one gets from the cities frequented by Franks the more reserve is manifested—that is, in Turkish company. The surrogee who leads your baggage-horse will not enter a town behind you. If you insist on riding in first, he will stop till you are out of sight, or take another entrance.

In all things, however, which do not mark inferiority before witnesses, Mussulmans are very respectful. Two young Osmanleys, at different periods during my residence in Turkey, offered to follow me to Frank country as my servants; they would sooner have starved than have been my servants in a Mussulman country. The Persians have not got this pride.

We had a very pleasant dinner, in a pleasant apartment, which overlooked the harem of an aged Osmanley, the lattices of which were not always closed, nor its fair inmates insensible to admiration. Signor Gobbi, an *attaché* of the Sardinian embassy, an amateur artist of great promise, who had already taken the portraits of the sultan's children, and was then staying with

Calosso to meet the sultan's whim to take his likeness also, made our third. Presently, the songs of a party of Greek boatmen, which had enlivened our dessert, gave way to the strains of a military band, and, unexpected treat to me on the banks of the Bosphorus, we heard Rossini's music, executed in a manner very creditable to the Professor, Signor Donizetti (Piedmontese.) We rose, and went down to the palace quay, on which the band was playing. I was surprised at the youth of the performers, and the familiarity with which they addressed Calosso, calling him Rustam; and still more surprised on finding that they were the royal pages, thus instructed for the sultan's amusement. Their aptitude in learning, which Donizetti informed me would have been remarkable even in Italy, showed that the Turks are naturally musical; but these young gentlemen had not time to acquire proficiency, for their destinies called them to other pursuits. As the embryo grandees of the empire, after having finished their probationary studies of the *manêge*, the Koran, and music, they were intended to be placed in important situations; and thus, I thought, looking at them, we may in a month see the flute captain of a frigate, the big drum

governor of a fortress, the bugle colonel of a regiment of cavalry; the last-named certainly as well qualified for the task as a favourite black eunuch, who, in 1829, was colonel of a tactico regiment of lancers. I mean to insinuate nothing against the dark gentleman, in whose company I once dined; we have the example of Narses in favour of his unfortunate class. The employment of the pages, who, as destined to set the example in a state said by its chief to be regenerating, should rather have been taught the wisdom, than the trifles, of civilization, gave me at once an insight into the nature of the reform so much vaunted as taking place in Turkey. Parade, dress, and debauchery undisguised replaced, after 1826, the sober, solemn formalities of the seraglio, and came in as a farce to the numerous tragedies acted in Mahmoud's reign—of which in another chapter.

Franks praise him because he neglects the mosque, and drinks wine, and wears boots, and fêtes Christians, (all the while hating them,) and courts their applauses, and imitates their defects. These qualities, they say, show his fitness to be a reformer—of whom?—of Mussulmans. Should an enthusiastic missionary, seeking to convert

them, preach such doctrines, we should not be surprised to hear of his being stoned; we should certainly consider him cracked. Mahmoud began where he should have left off. He imagines himself a second Peter, but he has a more difficult task to perform, with less talents to meet it. The two monarchs may be compared to two architects: Peter, from a rough, uncut rock, hewed a column to his free, unfettered taste; Mahmoud has to remodel a pillar of quaint architecture, already adorned or disfigured by the whims of ages, to a chaster form. They may be compared to two surgeons, one of whom practises on a healthy savage, while the other attempts to cut out a malignant cancer, reaching the vitals, from a pampered sensualist.

CHAPTER VI.

Steam-boat—Selimier—Capitan Pasha—Caique—Black Sea—Supper—Jester—Pilot—Tahir Pasha—Fleet—San Raphael—Russian Brig—Artillery—Comboradgis—Powder Magazine.

About sun-rise of the morning following my arrival at Therapia,—it was, I think, June 5th, 1829, we proceeded to Bujukdere to visit the capitan pasha, who might not have been visible later. We stopped in the way to take a cup of coffee on board the sultan's steamer, with her director, Mr. Kelly,* (formerly a master in

* In February, 1829, the sultan went to Ridosto in the steamer. The weather being very bad, he had occasion to admire the address of her captain, which failed not, at different times, to procure him marks of royal favour; among others, a medal representing, in diamonds, a steam-boat. In May 1829, a Russian steamer appeared off the mouth of the Bosphorus, and remained tauntingly several hours. Mr. Kelly

the navy,) a gentleman who succeeded, by a combination of pleasing manners and spirited conduct, in gaining the entire good will and respect of the Osmanleys. Being perfectly versed on naval subjects, he would have been of invaluable assistance to them, had their pride allowed them to profit by a Christian's counsels.

The steamer being anchored to the south of the fleet, we had occasion to pull up along the whole line to reach the flag-ship, headmost but one. The hulls of the ships, by the help of paint, presented a tolerable appearance; but the rigging indicated that the captains, according to the rule of taste, considered curved lines more graceful than straight ones. The position, also, of the masts and yards showed that they were not so hostile to crosses as usually supposed.

A crowd of boats waiting alongside the Selimier occasioned us delay. She was a noble first-rate without a poop. From her peak a large crimson silk ensign, pierced with three

took it for a challenge, and therefore requested the capitan pasha to give him some men, and to allow him to go out and meet his rival, promising to bring him in. But the pasha would not consent. More the pity, for Kelly would have certainly made a prize had he caught him up.

crescents, trailed in the water, and the pasha's burgee at the main, likewise crescented, spread to a southerly air. Her guns looked out of the ports in all directions: some were laid to strike top-gallant masts, some to sink boats, some to fire on the bows, some to hit the davits. Men in various costumes were seated on the port-sills smoking; the legs of others were dangling over the quarters; nor were the cat heads and bumpkins void of occupants. A steep accommodation ladder reaching from the water to the upper deck, we climbed up it, and then stood a moment on the gangway, butts to curiosity, to observe a novel scene. Achmet Papuchi, capitan-pasha, reclined on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck; he was a sickly-looking man, with an ordinary countenance, solemnized but not dignified by a long grey beard, drest in vest, trowsers, and anteri of orange-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered sash, and a slate-coloured cloth pelisse. He was smoking from the amber-mouthed snake of a porcelain narghiler. A semicircle of well-attired attendants was ranged before him, in ready submission to catch the slightest aspirations from his lips, or to move a limb, or to scratch his head if needful. A secretary was reading papers to him,

he being deficient in that vulgar accomplishment: his Greek dragoman stood obsequious beside him; and a dozen chavasses formed a line apart, armed with pistols, ataghans, and long staves of office, equally prepared at his nod to amputate, or to bastinade. Between the guns, abaft the mizen-mast, and on the forecastle, sailors were sleeping, or playing chess, or breaking their fast on bread and olives, or performing their monotonous devotions: the officers were scarcely distinguishable from them, at first sight, excepting one, an elderly corpulent effendi, (second captain,) who was sitting on the booms, his shirt half off, diligently seeking for the obnoxious disturbers of his morning's nap.

We could have laughed outright at the masquerade; but his excellency perceived us: "Guielsin," he cried, and a passage was immediately cleared that we might approach him. He saluted us with a knowing glance, (peculiarly Osmanleyish,) and permitted my companion, whom he knew, to put his robe to his lips and forehead, an honor which I took care never to avail myself of, with him or any other Osmanley. No Frank should ever submit to it; though only meaning to pay a compliment, his intention is sure to be miscon-

strued. Pride is necessary to ensure respect from the Osmanley, who ascribes even common politeness to submission. It is not uncommon with him, in order to ascertain the quality of a stranger, to drop something, as a handkerchief; if the stranger neglect it he is set down as a person of distinction, who is accustomed to be served, not to serve others; if he pick it up, which is very natural, the contrary is inferred. It is one unpleasantness of being acquainted with Osmanleys, that you must, for your own sake, disregard good breeding in many points. For example, a bey or an aga pays you a visit; you rise to receive him; he attributes the movement to the innate respect of a Christian for a Mussulman. You may go into his room fifty times without receiving the same compliment, though he will pay it to a Mussulman of similar rank. The Frank, in short, in his intercourse with Osmanleys, should never abate one iota of his due as a gentleman; if he do, he is soon regarded in a menial light. Suppose he visit a pasha, and the pasha does not invite him to be seated, he should immediately sit down, unheeding the angry looks of the attendant officers, indignant at his audacity. The next time the

pasha will desire him to sit on the sofa the moment he sees him, not to expose his rank a second time to the slight of any body daring to sit in his presence unbidden. When at the divan of a man of rank, whom you may have occasion to visit again, coffee is brought to you without the chibouque, desire the attendants to bring the latter: it will be brought, although discontent visibly lour on the brow of the master. Never mind; the next time, the chibouque will be presented as a matter of course. I need hardly observe that the pipe is the symbol of social equality; coffee is given to every body, the pipe to few. These little neglects are studiously acted on by Osmanleys; if becomingly resisted they are never repeated, and you are esteemed a person of consideration. It may be deemed presumptuous in a Frank gentleman thus to place himself on a level with the high nobles of the land, but he cannot avoid it, however modest he be, for in the East there is no medium between equality and slavery; the choice, therefore, is not doubtful. I knew Franks in the service of the Porte, lead an unpleasant life, because, with a view of flattery, they yielded on these trifling points. They soon learned their error, but a step thus lost is rarely regained.

The pasha, rising from his couch, invited us to descend into his cabin. Two officers supported him under the arms, and a long train followed us.

The cabin was plain, but elegant and scrupulously clean. The furniture consisted of a sofa, and half a dozen chairs, with gold embroidered suns and moons on the backs. In various frames were suspended the sultan's cypher, sentences of the koran, and two paintings of the ship. A manuscript chart of the Euxine, never used, with compasses and rulers, lay on a small table; and beautifully emblazoned copies of the koran and the sunna were placed on an ottoman. Damascus sabres, French pistols, and two Dollond's telescopes completed the decoration. Piles of lemons were in the windows to impart fragrance to the air, and the rails of the stern-gallery were interwoven with fresh-cut orange-branches.

Pages fanned the flies from us while we were discussing pipes, coffee, and sherbet. Our conversation turned on the respective merits of chairs and sofas, the former of which the pasha said he had got purposely for the accommodation of his Frank visitors. We bowed, but judged that he had them in adroit flattery to the sultan's new tastes. He informed us that he was going that day into the Black Sea to seek the Russian

fleet. The word "seek" surprised me, for his excellency had not the air of a man who would risk his topmasts in chase of an enemy. He remarked on the advantage that he should derive from the counsel of an English officer, and proposed that I should accompany him. Although complimentary, his invitation was not very enticing, considering the odds against us. However, curiosity overcame other considerations, and I cheerfully consented, on the express condition that I should be considered as his friend, in no ways belonging to his service. He agreed; and we left the ship.

It was now half-past seven A. M., and I expected to have time to return to Pera to provide myself with necessaries for the cruise. The boat which brought us on board being still alongside, I jumped into her, and darted down the stream. At nine I reached Pera, and at ten was again in the same caique rowing gallantly up the Bosphorus. We outstripped the porpoises; but in vain. On turning the angle which concealed Buyukdere, I saw to my dismay the fleet under way. It had just cast, and was standing out in a novel style; some ships under their courses, some under stay-sails, some under top-gallant and

royal sails only, making steady way. At any other time it would have been a good sight; as it was I cursed my folly in having returned to Pera, which I feared would be attributed to any motive rather than the right one.

Every moment our distance increased; the wind seemed to rise on purpose to foil us, and the current, while opposing our progress, to aid that of the ships. The scorching sun, added to my vexation, made me burn. Castle after castle successively disappeared behind the passing ships, and by the time that the sternmost frigate clearèd the Symplegades, we were yet four miles from them. My boatmen, whose limbs no longer yielded moisture, now wished to give up the chase, and lay on their oars. "Onward!" I exclaimed, doubling my promises, and again the little skiff dashed aside the rippling foam. The next hour appeared an age, and indented every tree and every cavern of the steep shore beside us in my memory. I regarded them with the fixedness of impatience. At length we reached the Symplegades.* New dilemma. The long swell of the

* These rocks mark the entrance of the Bosphorus; from them to Chalcedonia point, the other extremity, are twenty miles. The average depth is from thirty to forty fathoms, being ten

Euxine, (yet unappeased by the young south-wester,) meeting and recoiling from the jagged

fathoms more than the bottom of the Euxine, immediately outside. The transition on entering the strait is so sudden, that in one cast of the lead you deepen from twenty-six fathoms, which have been the soundings for near two miles, to thirty-six fathoms; thus showing how rapid, in its entire depth, the current must be to have dug for itself such a bed. This invalidates the opinion of Strabo and Polybius, repeated by modern authors, that the Euxine was formerly a lake; for, had it been so, the lake, it is clear, considering its shallowness, being in no part two hundred fathoms, in few places one hundred fathoms deep, and that two large rivers, the Danube and Don, besides smaller ones, flow into it, could not have continued so many years, requiring, as it actually does a large outlet. Its waters must have sensibly deepened, and in a very short time have made for themselves a passage without the aid of an earthquake, according to theory; and that passage would rather have been over the low land twenty or thirty miles to the northward of the Bosphorus. The opposite character, too, of the shores of the Bosphorus (similar to those of the Hellespont) in feature and productiveness, strengthen the idea that they were never nearer related than at present. The rocks are picturesque objects, particularly the one near the European shore; rough, jagged, and worn by the action of the sea, which breaks over it in the north-east gales, with a wild stunning noise, producing, with the view of the fine mountainous coast of Asia, a sublime effect. I have often witnessed it from the divan of my friend, the capitan pasha's, Kiaja, who governed the outer castle within pistol-shot of it. It is considered a necessary feat with travellers to climb to its

base-worn rocks, raised such a turmoil as seriously threatened the equilibrium of our egg-shell bark. The boatmen were alarmed, and began to pray. The fleet was six miles off. I became frantic. At that moment it hauled to the wind, topsails on the caps, larboard broadsides to us, apparently waiting our arrival. "We will yet overtake them!" I exclaimed. The men laughed at me; declaring that they would not row a stroke further—that their boat could not live in the sea. They were winding her. Nothing but the absolute necessity of keeping immovable prevented me from using force, and taking the oars myself. I entreated, I swore; they mocked me. As a last appeal, I threw a handful of dollars into the bottom of the boat, pointing at the same time to my pistols. This *acre-doux* sauce had the effect. We continued our course, but in a state of anxiety, for it was necessary to measure with the greatest nicety the strength to be applied to each

summit, where is the remnant of a column of white marble, six feet high, three feet in circumference, wreathed, and connected to a base, resting without fastenings on the rock. Respecting it are two opinions? 1. That it was a pillar in honour of Pompey; 2. An altar to Apollo. Why not have been dedicated to Neptune?

oar, that the coming wave might not surmount our spoon-like prow; one topple would have immersed us. The men showed admirable skill; and at half-past three we reached the Selimier, having rowed since the morning thirty-eight geographical miles. Here a fresh difficulty presented itself, inasmuch that we could not approach her. The vast fabric was rolling two strakes, imperceptible to those on board, but creating whirlpools for a caique. The men even said that I must return on shore, because the very act of getting out would overturn them. It really appeared so. "Ropes!" we cried: two were thrown; one I made fast to my bag and my cloak—up they went—the other I grasped, and with the descending wave, which allowed the caique to sink quietly from under me, sprung out, and in a minute was on deck. "Afferim!" (bravo) resounded from several voices. I looked back a moment for the caique; she was already a cable's length off, dancing before the sea, the delighted caikgis waving their red caps to me.

The capitan pasha was smoking on the taffrail. "Afferim! capitan," he cheerfully exclaimed, "what kept you above water in that skiff?" "God's mercy," I replied. "God is great,"

he continued; "sit down by me; bring a chibouque."

The captain of the ship now came to him, and kissed his robe. He was a smart little fellow, dressed entirely in white, excepting his red slippers and his fez. He held a formidable cowskin, but did not make much use of it. Having received his orders, he leaped on the bitts, on the guns, and ran on the forecastle. A signal was then hoisted—helm a-port—some hundreds of loose breeched vagabonds seized the fore-tack; tore it down with an impetus which made the sturdy mast shake; ran the topsails up, and away we went nine knots an hour into the Euxine. I felt quite exhilarated; the moment that the gallant ship sprung into her bed of foam, repaid my day's toil. To be thus ploughing the Euxine in a first-rate, was a pleasure I might have thought of but never expected; that sea having been as closed to our ships of war as the Caspian or any other lake.

The Selimier steered like a cutter, and sailed like a frigate. "What a beautiful ship!" I exclaimed to his excellency. "By God's grace," he said, "she is." A poor compliment, I thought, to the architect. "Who built her?"

I asked. "Who knows," was the answer. "She must do your excellency honour," I continued. "Please God," he answered. Alas! I thought, man gets little credit among these people, Allah takes all. I elicited in five minutes' conversation that it would not be his fault if we met the enemy. He had left the Bosphorus in compliance with the sultan's orders; but his private opinion, backed by his officers, was, that it would be madness to engage. However, we talked on business, particularly about the Russians retaining possession of the important post of Sizepolis, which they had taken in February of the same year. "They must be driven from it," I observed; "let us do it." That did not enter into his ideas. "Bakalum," he replied. Bakalum, *(nous verrons,)* was his constant answer to every suggestion, good or bad. I soon learned its value, and the force of Sebastiani's caustic remark to Selim III. "Your majesty bewails destiny, in giving you Russia and England for enemies; you have three enemies yet more powerful." "God forbid," said the sultan; "what do you mean? Greater than the lion of the north, the queen of the seas—impossible!" "Yes," continued the general, "Inshallah—Allah kerim—

and Bakalum are your deadly foes." Discerning Sebastiani! Bakalum is indeed the bane of the Osmanleys. By it they deliberate weeks on a subject which should be decided in a day. The opportunity is lost; the cause should be referred to Bakalum, but they press a higher power, and repeat, "Allah Kerim" (God is wise.)

We had run above twenty miles when the sun set, carpeting the sea, and tapestrying the sky with a rare unison of delicate green and golden hues; small, fantastically shaped clouds in the gorgeous horizon so nearly resembled a fleet, that the signal officer reported one as a sail, and drew the anxious gaze of the pasha. Before we ascertained its fallacy, a real frigate was discerned to the north, and instantly multiplied in hundreds of retinas. "What is she?" asked the pasha of me. "The look-out of the enemy's fleet," I answered, as I supposed; "Admiral Greig must naturally be anxious to avenge the loss of the frigate which you took the last cruize; we may therefore expect to meet him in the morning." He hastily collected the ships, and put their heads in for the shore. I proposed that a frigate should give chase, and offered to go in her myself; but he would not consent, for he ima-

gined that his imperative duty was to keep all his ships—line-of-battle ships, frigates, corvettes and brigs—as near each other as possible. Poor Achmet Papudgi! he knew he was unfit for his situation. Originally a papudgi (shoemaker) he was an instance of the rapid change of fortune, so often witnessed in the East. Only two years before I knew him, he was in the service of Izzet Mehemet Pasha, who procured for him the situation of waivode of Galata. He made an excellent police officer, therefore the sultan thought he would make an excellent admiral—watch the seas as well as watch the streets.

The night set in balmy. I was standing on the gangway watching the gleaming tracks of fish, and musing on the probable issue of the engagement, to be expected next day, when the melodious words—"Allahou ekber; eshedou inne la illahe illa Allah; eshedou inné Mouhammed resoul Allah, hœya aless-œlat, haya œlel fellah; Allahou ekber la illahe illa Allah,"*

* God is great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet—come to pray—come to the garden† of prayer. God is great, &c.

† The early Mussulmans prayed in gardens for want of mosques; hence the expression.

filled the air as from the voices of invisible spirits. They came from the mizen rigging of each ship, whence Imams were calling the faithful to prayers. Everywhere this appeal is beautiful; but thus on the sea, responding from ship to ship, it was divine.

The summons was promptly obeyed; every deck was covered with the prostrating crew, each man on his own capote, the officers on carpets spread under the half-deck, each person having previously washed his hands and feet. The pasha was equally devout in his cabin, and on the whole it was a most impressive sight, even to a Christian.

The ceremony being concluded, his excellency and myself prepared to sup, for which task the Black Sea air had given me a keen appetite. A small carpet was spread between two guns, on the main deck outside his cabin. It was not skreened off. On it we sat down, cross-legged opposite to each other. Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with

four saucers, containing as many kinds of conserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manœuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawney hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying, "Eat." I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers

on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, "Do at Rome as Rome does." Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb drest in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise. About twelve dishes, of which, in compliment, I was obliged to eat more than my inclination prompted, rendered still more irksome by the absence of wine, had been shifted with great dispatch, and a pause ensuing, I began to breathe, thinking my repletory task over, when, to my utter dismay, a huge platter of pilaff, the standing last dish, was placed between us. Never having liked rice since I was at school,

the sight of the pressed greasy mess before me was positively revolting. However there it was, and had I only been required to eat a pound of it, I might have esteemed myself happy. A much severer trial awaited me. The pasha immersing his fingers deep into it, drew forth a tolerable quantity, with which he amused himself some minutes, rolling it into a ball, while I stared, simply supposing that the delicate morsel, when it should have received the last touch, was destined for *his* throat. It was lucky that I did not foresee its right destination, or the bare thought would infallibly have made me forget myself, which would have grieved me before so many witnesses, not to mention the insult of the restitution. When fairly reduced to the substance of a grape-shot, the pasha stretched his lean hand over the tray; I involuntarily shrunk back; he stretched further, and inserted it—O nausea!—into my mouth. I swallowed it with an effort of despair, but know not what power of nerves kept it down. The attendants arched the brows of wonder: a capitan pasha bestow such an exceeding mark of distinction on a stranger! Had there been then a gazette in Stamboul the circumstance would have been published, at our

return, as the most notable event of the cruize. I was delighted to find that the honour was too great to be repeated.

The appetizers which came on with the tray were removed, and replaced by a bowl of koshub, a sweet liquid, composed of various preserved fruits, perfumed with rose; two tortoise-shell spoons were in it. This was very good, especially as we were not reduced to lap it up with the palms of our hands, as I might have reasonably expected after what had passed. A glass of sherbet assisted our deglutition, and chibouques, with coffee, assured its efficacy: while enjoying the latter, an Albanian bagpipe, harsher, if possible, than a Scotch one, supplied the absence of conversation.

I then went on deck, and, wrapping my cloak round me, lay down to rest on the planks, surrounded by snorers. There were no beds, not even one for the pasha; his excellency slept in a box, resembling a dog kennel in size and shape, placed abaft the mizen mast. I could not sleep much for the singing, or rather moaning, of some sailors, as monotonous and annoying as the buzzing of mosquitoes; and twice, at twelve and at four, I was startled out of a doze by a din loud enough to raise

the dead—a dozen drummers were parading the decks fore and aft, beating with all their might to rouse the watch.

In the morning we were close off the Bosphorus, nearly becalmed. Not a strange sail was in sight, a void marvellously consoling to the crew, among whom I perceived a sad spirit of apprehension. I am not vain enough to say I did not share it, (the mere circumstance of there being no surgeon on board was discouraging,) but at any rate I did not show it, and being fairly in for the worst, determined to make the best of it. I considered the trial of our strength only deferred. My principal aim was to encourage the chief, and, therefore, having first breakfasted on coffee thick as chocolate, without sugar, bread and honey, I repaired to him. He was undergoing the operation of having his head shaved, and looked very dismal: that done, he performed his minor ablutions, and said his prayers, I all the while smoking his narghiler on the divan. "What can I do?" the pasha despondingly said, "with such men, such means? they know nothing." "Nor do you," I thought; and replied, "Let us do our best; allow me to exercise the guns, it will give the men confidence:

if we do meet the enemy, let us not die like dogs!" He scarcely heeded me at the moment, for his attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a boat coming off. He hoped it contained his jester and his pilot, who had missed their passage the day before, and whose absence considerably annoyed him. He was disappointed; it brought an order from the seraskier pasha to steer out to sea again. His countenance fell; and we were about to fill the maintop sail, when a merchantman's boat was seen emerging from the shade of the canal's high banks. We distinguished in it a Frank and an Osmanley, the objects of the pasha's solicitude.

The jester skipped on deck with the confidence of one who knew that his presence would excuse his absence. He was gaily attired in scarlet and gold, and his fez was bound by a silver band. He was dumpy in stature, but active in limb; and his countenance displayed more archness than folly. He saw the suppressed smile of the officers, and at once ran up to the pasha, who affected to look stern, and, making a somerset, took hold of the hem of his robe, saying, "Thus will the Russian admiral reel before your potent thunder, and thus will I salute him," making a

sign with his foot. "Pezaveng," said the old man, taking him good-humouredly by the ear, "I will nail this to my cabin-door." "The fool will then hear the wise man's secrets," replied the other, "and you will have to sew his mouth up. What would you do without his tongue? Talk to him," he added, pointing to the pilot, who stood at the gangway, doubting what to do; "without his boat your highness's Tom Fool must have come off on a porpoise's back, for the Pezaveng caikgis will not take jests for piastres." This acknowledgment, which included a sarcasm on his slender emoluments, secured his companion's grace; and with this invaluable addition we made sail. He had originally been a dervish, (a jester's profession after all,) and was much liked by all the crew, for whom he was always ready to exert his influence. The pilot was a Ragusan, extremely well acquainted with the Euxine. His office was no sinecure, since every thing relating to the navigation, heaving the log, &c. depended on him. He had been pilot of Tahir Pasha's frigate at Navarine. He described it as warm work; and said that, excepting himself and the pasha, not a man was left standing on the upper deck. Above three hundred men

were killed in her. He told me an odd anecdote of Tahir Pasha, while commanding that fleet :— One day, out at sea, two of his corvettes were slow in obeying signals, on which he hove to, and made signal for their captains and their signal officers. When they came on board, he placed the latter under the canes of the chavasses, and, arming himself and his captain with rattans, administered an equal number of blows to the former. Tahir acted thus in person through a sense of propriety, for he considered it derogatory to the service, that captains should be corporally corrected by any person beneath their own rank. "The example," added the pilot, "produced an excellent effect; the two corvettes, in future, set an example of activity to the whole fleet."

Our fleet consisted of one three-decker, five two-deckers, three frigates, five corvettes, and three brigs;* bearing, in addition to the capitan pasha's flag, the flags of the capitan, petrowna, and reala beys (full, vice, and rear admiral.) The two former had commanded ships at Navarine. They were courageous men, and not des-

* The Russian fleet, on the Euxine, in 1829, consisted of two three-deckers, nine two-deckers, eight frigates, (three of which bearing sixty guns,) and twelve corvettes or brigs.

picable seamen. I often conversed with them. They could not mention the name of Mouharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian division at Navarine, with patience. They informed me that he not only commanded his own frigate not to fire, (in fact she did not,) but also landed at the commencement of the action, and stopped the firing from the castle, which would otherwise have damaged the rear squadron while entering. This accounts for the silence of the castle, and for the personal safety of the traitor Mouharem, when his frigate was sunk, notwithstanding her neutrality, by the Asia's fire.

One of our frigates was the St. Raphael, which had been captured about three weeks previous. Not an idea being entertained that the Ottoman fleet would venture out to sea, the Russian captain, cruizing off the coast of Anatolia, took it at night-time for his own fleet. He made no signals, and joined company; but to his surprise, in the morning, found himself surrounded by strangers. Even then, a bold manœuvre, and a couple of broadsides, would have secured his retreat from so inexperienced a foe; had he only hoisted Turkish colours, he would have gained

sufficient time to have extricated himself; for so ignorant were the officers of the Selimier of the features of their own vessels, that to make out the supernumerary, they were obliged to wait till every ship had shown her colours. The Russian, imbecile like, showed the blue cross, until a shot from the pasha made him lower it. He was quietly taken possession of, and the pasha, equally astonished with himself at the unexpected encounter, and attributing it to Allah, changed the name of the prize to "Gift of Heaven." A pine-apple was substituted for the angel, her figure-head. The sultan visited her, and regarded with attention the portraits of the emperor and the empress suspended in the cabin. He demanded of the prisoners if they were likenesses; and being answered in the affirmative, his courtiers insinuated that they augured the capture of the originals. Mahmoud was pleased; but I cannot suppose that he expected that consummation any more than he expected that the emperor's general would occupy his palace at Adrianople within three months.

The frigate was not without a witness to her disgraceful submission: a brig was in company; but, fortunately, to leeward of the enemy, instead

of being surrounded. Without hesitating, she put before the wind in a noble manner, crowded sail, plied her sweeps, and escaped from under the ill-directed fire of the capitan bey, receiving little damage.* The capitan bey foamed when he related to me the circumstance. "The taouchan (hare) was in my clutches, but my dogs were afraid of their own noise; when a shot came amongst them, they fled from their quarters. Alas! our bravest fell at Navarin. Tchorbans (shepherds) are now our sailors, who smell the sea and gunpowder for the first time." He spoke the truth.

I went on board the "Gift of Heaven," the second day we were at sea, to draw from her an approximate idea of the condition of the Russian fleet. A short inspection convinced me that it was not much superior to the Turkish. Her rigging de-

* The conduct of the commanders of the frigate and the brig met with fitting notice. The captain was degraded to serve before the mast, the commander received two steps and the cross of St. George; his officers one step each, and a decoration; and the brig the distinction of Saint George's ensign in perpetuity. The former was hung in effigy, and his wife solicited the emperor's leave to change his name. She was an English woman, and English blood flowed in her children's veins.

noted the lubber. She was very dirty—but that would not impede fighting. Her powder was much superior to the Turkish; but that gave me no great concern, for I reasonably judged that any action between the fleets would be carried on within point blank, for the mutual accommodation of bad gunnery, when the inferior powder would have the advantage. It is true that the charge of good powder may be diminished according to the range, but this point is scarcely attended to even in the English navy. The principal superiority in the equipment of the Russian lay in the shot; the Turkish shot being so extremely bad that nearly all, in the trials which I made, broke by the concussion in the bore. On the whole, I had reason to be satisfied, and I assured the officers who accompanied me, that their rivals had no real advantage over them; but they chose to believe the contrary by way of varnishing their lukewarmness, insisting on every thing they saw, whether understood or not, being perfection; and had not the organ of non-combativeness been so very prominent throughout the fleet, I should no longer have had much apprehension as to the result of an engagement with equal numbers;

our numerous crews would have given us a decided advantage in boarding. The presence of an English officer, it is true, in some measure encouraged the crew of the Selimier, but that influence did not extend beyond her. Even the Selimier would have been an easy prize to an English frigate in twenty minutes.

I shall not attempt to describe the rare confusion among fourteen hundred men of twenty different tongues, the first time that I exercised them at quarters. They were amused and riotous, but withal perfectly civil. The topchi bashi (master gunner, second in rank to the captain) ably seconded me, and liberally applied the rattan to the stupid. I thought this a bad plan, likely to defeat my object; I therefore begged him to spare his arm and employ his tongue in explaining to them my motive in making them work,—for their good, not mine. I flattered them by appealing to their judgment on the details of the exercise, instead of exacting brute acquiescence. The next day they cheerfully followed my wishes, and expressed satisfaction at my being on board. I took care not to give a suspicion that I assumed the slightest authority, although the pasha gave me full

power: I was aware of Mussulman jealousy in that respect. But their willingness was so borne down by their laziness, that any long continuance at one time was impossible, or oftener than once a day. They could run in and out pretty well, could load too without putting the shot before the cartridge; but they never thought of stopping the vent; and although I made them comprehend the danger in the neglect, my caution would not have been attended to in action, simply because the man, whose duty it was, could not have suffered by his negligence. "Every man for himself and God for us all." What would it have signified to those at the breech whether the loader's arm was blown off or not. This was a trifle—which I did not insist on—compared with the main object of the exercise, levelling the guns, at which their incapacity was marvellous. Never having seen, or had an idea of, a crew of absolute landsmen, I at first attributed it to wilfulness: the only aim of the captains of the guns was to keep clear of the recoil. Exercising without powder it was the same. I would tell them to point at the hull of a ship a-beam—a good wide mark: they would take evident pains for five or ten minutes to be

correct, calling to me successively to come and examine, when, out of a whole broadside, I often found not one gun any way near the object: one would be directed to the royal yards, another depressed to half the range, and so on. I thought there was a general defect of optics. It was, however, natural. We are all like children at their a, b, c, when we commence a new art in the opinion of those who understand it, and who forget that they themselves were once as awkward.

The Selimier's artillery consisted of thirty-sixes, twenty-sixes, twenties, with long twelves and nines on the upper-deck, in all one hundred and twenty (French calibres.) The quarters were magnificent, with all the requisite appurtenances, except match-tubs. The matches were fastened to spiked sticks, and stuck about the decks, ready to burn any combustible article which might come in their way,--cartridges or fingers. The guns had no sights, not even notches, and were yet more defective in the quoins, which, instead of being finely-sloped wedges, were clumps of wood of nearly equal thickness at both ends; in consequence, it was difficult to lay a gun horizontal; and when in

that position it was liable to fall down in the bed at each recoil, where, I plainly saw, it would remain during an action, as no one would think of replacing it. So wedded were the officers to old customs, or jealous of a Christian's interference, that I could not persuade the pasha to have others made of a more approved form.*

In addition to the calibres above-mentioned, there were on the middle deck four guns carrying granite balls of seventy-five pounds; and on the lower deck, four others with one hundred and ten pound granite balls. Iron balls of similar size would have weighed upwards of three hundred pounds. A party of Comboradgis was embarked to serve these enormous pieces, or rather to look at them, as I shall show. Wishing to see one of them fired, I came down on the lower deck for that purpose, which created instant commotion among the smokers and sleepers. Every man jumped on his legs. "What is the matter?" I said; but, getting no answer, passed on. Having ascertained that the

* The Turkish quoin has a handle whereby it is easily adjusted with one hand. The after-trucks of the long guns on the upper deck are inside the carriage, giving more room and pleasing the eye. Both these plans might be imitated.

piece was properly charged, I was retiring, to allow a Comboradgi to fire it, whilst I should observe the effect from the foremost port. No Comboradgi was there, nor indeed any one else within twelve yards; "Mashallah," some voices shouted to my inquiry, "that gun has never been fired." —"Is that a reason why it should not be fired now?" I asked. "It is very old," was the reply, "and will burst." It was certainly antiquated, and this warning made it appear infinitely worse than it really was. But I was in for it. "Will no one fire it?" I asked; "then I will," brandishing the match in a mortal fright, (cowardice is so infectious.) "Delhi, delhi, Allah kerim! bakalum!" Away the rascals ran, holding their breeches up with one hand, their pipes with the other, up the ladders, and left me alone on the deck with the topchi bashi, who did not quite desert me, but remained on the opposite side peeping at me from behind the pumps. His head only was visible, and that, too, I dare say, he drew in when I touched the priming—but this he would not confess. I dropped the match, and hastily ran forward to escape the dreaded explosion. Our fear was unfounded. The ball broke in three or four pieces, and flew along a

shower of grape, of which two of the pieces *recochéed.* We tried another with a reduced charge, and had the satisfaction of seeing the ball fly, whole, fully as far. The second time I had no occasion to fire the gun.*

This experiment affected the capitan pasha's nerves, so that when I asked his permission the following morning to have the principal magazine opened for my inspection, he refused. He happened to be very much shook that morning with a violent fit of coughing. "Capitan," he said, "you shall see it if we come to action." "Effendi, that will be too late; you will then require me on deck—what fear?—God is great." "Bakalum," was his reply; then, after some minutes' consideration, "well, you may go, but touch nothing—leave every thing—powder is a dangerous thing." He left off smoking, and began twirling his comboloyo rapidly. The appearance of the magazine, solely accessible by the gun-room hatch, fully

* Might not the system of having such large pieces of ordnance on board ships of war be worthy of adoption? Holes thus made between wind and water would prove extremely embarrassing: but I should prefer using shells to balls; they make the same aperture with the additional advantage of a bursting chance.

justified the old man's apprehensions. The powder lay about on shelves or in boxes, partly filled and partly not, and so exposed that I would fain have taken off my shoes lest their nails should raise a spark. The topchi bashi accompanied me with four mates, each carrying a lanthorn, and as if the presence of so many lanthorns, not in the soundest condition, were not sufficient to make me feel, as it were, in a vapour bath, he wished to take the candles out that I might the better admire his arrangements. My reputation in this case was an evil; for, owing to trifling knowledge being esteemed wonderful by those who possess less, the gunner and his mates thought that where I was nothing could go wrong. I thought, on the contrary, that we might very easily go in the air, and never felt, I own, much more uncomfortable than while in this depôt of destruction, more apparent to me than to anybody else on board, from having been accustomed to the positive absence of danger in an English ship's magazine. There were no fire-skreens any where, and how, handing powder up a large hatchway along decks covered with burning matches, without cartridge boxes, the powder escaping through the ill-sewed

seams, the Turkish ships avoided blowing up, appeared to me extraordinary. Against accidental fire there were sufficient precautions: the Selimier had four English engines, and the other ships were proportionately supplied.

CHAPTER VII.

Chess—Cossacks — Renegades—Devotions —Manœuvres — Sydney Smith—Cochrane—Religion—Ghiaour—Nourrey Bey—Capitan Pasha—Music—Games—Kiuchuck Mehemet — Zante—Squall—Chase—Clear for action—Retreat—Bosphorus—Sariery.

Our crew consisted of one thousand four hundred persons with little discipline, though, as they were naturally docile, things went on smoothly, and order grew from the elements of disorder. They pleased themselves without much surveillance on the part of the officers. Their principal restraint was being required to live and sleep at their respective guns, in order that the ship might be always ready for action. The crew of each gun composed a mess, which spread a little carpet on the deck, and passed the time very contentedly, smoking and drinking coffee,

for preparing which, two cafenès were on each deck, and were never idle day nor night. The men frequently amused themselves at drafts or chess: at the latter game they displayed considerable skill, making a temporary board with chalk lines, and taking bits of wood or pebbles for the pieces, were enabled to remember throughout the game their separate names. The majority of the crew were Mussulmans; a few were Greeks; a few Franks; and there were sixty Cossacks, remarkable by their fair hair and sheepskin caps, who had left the Danube on the approach of the Russian army, and come to Constantinople to obtain employment. They were tall, stout, quiet men, and lived apart from the others abaft the mizen-mast, where they ate olives, bread, and rice, twice a day with apparent content. They were much pleased at my being amongst them; two of them only spoke Turkish.

The decks were brilliantly illuminated at night. I remonstrated against the practice, as it was calculated to show us too clearly to the enemy; but the captain told me it was absolutely necessary, to prevent the men from engaging in a certain Oriental pastime which, if allowed to extend, rendered them quite unsub-

servient. He viewed it only in this light, by no means as a vice.

I soon found myself perfectly at home, and received gratifying and amusing attention. All —the green coifed descendant of the prophet, the white-bearded veteran, the slashing youth who took an hour to curl his moustaches— would, as I strolled about the decks, offer me the friendly pipe, and welcome me to a corner of the carpet. More than one poor fellow was offended because I would not put him to the expense of treating me to coffee, which I generally refused on the plea of dislike, unfeigned, for the want of sugar. A trifling practice that I had of washing my hands and feet two or three times a day, on account of the heat, was a singular recommendation. They were greatly edified by it, and considered me half a Mussulman in principle; for cleanliness is a constituent part of their faith. The only incivility that I experienced on board came from two renegades (Sciotes.) Had they been native Mussulmans I should not have much cared, but *they* raised my bile. One of them was very annoying: I bore him, however, patiently till one morning, that I was sleeping under the half deck, he laid down beside

me, placing his head on the same cushion next to mine. Jumping up, I kicked him off the carpet, and then dragged him to the other side of the deck, where the captain was smoking. The captain took down his rattan and gave him a sound licking, nor did one person sympathize with the apostate; on the contrary, all were offended that their guest should have been insulted.

It may readily be supposed that I was an object of great curiosity to them. They knew not what to make of me. The circumstance of a man cruizing on the fena Kara Deniz (bad Black Sea) for pleasure, without one apparent prospect than that of receiving a quietus, was past their conception. This was natural, for extreme indolence is the prominent feature of the oriental character. My quarter-deck walk excited their amusement, as it often did mine to find myself the only person among so many hundreds who made a free use of his legs; but when they one day beheld me go to the topmast head to observe a Russian frigate, they sat me down for a delhi. The whole crew came on deck to see a man go aloft for amusement. However, delhi or not, they took care to turn my walking propensity to a good account. Whenever I began to pace at

night-time, officers and look-out men invariably, and sometimes the helmsman, fell asleep, and left the ship to me.

The only systematic duty on board, incumbent on all, was prayers, which were acted, I may say, at all hours and every hour. The muezzins summoned them three times a day, at dawn, at noon, and after twilight. Between these stated hours the scrupulous performed additionally, thus completing the prescribed five times. When the fit seized a devotee, down he went on his marrow-bones, regardless where he was, in whose presence he was, or what was doing. Nothing then disturbed him; a man jostling him, a block falling from aloft, or a sail splitting; and as these, to me ludicrous, scenes often occurred in the midst of working ship, I should have suspected skulking, had I not clearly seen that no task in ordinary life of twenty minutes' duration, is so fatiguing as a Mussulman's devotions. They consist of seven adorations, each comprising three prostrations; in all touching the ground with the head twenty-one times. Aged or infirm people are often so exhausted by it in hot weather, that they remain stretched on the ground unable to rise; nor is it uncommon to see one faint.

Our manner of working ship was respectable; but in reefing we were awkward; more the fault of the sails than of the men, the captains of the tops having to descend on the leeches each time to reeve the ear-rings, which operation was rendered yet more difficult by there being no thimbles in the cringles. I had made up my mind not to remark on trifles, seeing that it gave umbrage, but this was a serious fault, at the same time so easily amended; and I thought to enforce my request by saying that any accident (such as a flaw of wind, or the ship falling off) would cause the best laid sail to flap, whereby the man on the leech might easily be shook overboard. Vain words: they had hitherto reefed that way, why should they not continue to do so?—a triumphant interrogatory in their opinion, to which I could make no valid reply. The Ragusan pilot, who often smiled at my earnestness, and who knew from experience the besotted prejudices of old Turks, told me afterwards that I had used the wrong argument. A man falling overboard—"bah!"—what of that?

The general movements of the fleet were not so happy as the individual ones. We always tacked and wore in succession, whereby at night

some of the vessels were sure to get foul of each other, although, it being generally fine, no great injury ensued, except on one occasion to two corvettes, which were obliged to return into port, and being seen running down the Bosphorus in a dismantled state, gave rise to a report that we had all been taken or sunk. The pasha was seriously annoyed at the repetition of these accidents, and asked me for a remedy. Performing the evolution in question there was of course none, with such officers as were in the different ships; but I proposed the simple expedient of tacking together at night-time. He liked it at first sight, and allowed me to add the necessary signal to the code. Two hours afterwards, however, having well pondered over it, he sent for me again to tell me that he could not follow *my* plan. I assured him that it was not *mine*, and begged to know his reason. "Because," he said, "on one tack the fleet will not be in one line." I could not dispute that view of the case, and there the matter rested; for I might have argued till doomsday before shaking his favourite prepossession that the whole mystery of naval tactics lay in keeping one line, stem and stern, the devil catch the hindmost.

Besides the fourteen hundred men which comprised the crew, the pasha had a private suite on board, consisting of more than one hundred persons, officers, and domestics, the former of whom were distinct from the ship's officers, and superior to them. They occupied the ward-room, where they spread their carpets, and lived and slept with as much discomfort as the foremast men: sick or not, no one had a bed. They were unbounded in their endeavours to entertain me, and make me feel the truth of the proverb, (extremely applicable to Turkey,) "the eye of the master fattens the horse," although I must do them the justice to say, that during the whole time I remained in the country, I received the most friendly attentions from them. They took pleasure in inquiring about my country. They knew the name of Sydney Smith, and spoke of him with esteem as *buyuk adam* (great man.) They also knew the name of Cochrane, but held his lordship light because they interpreted his inactivity, while with the Greeks, into a fear of them.*

* I was in the Archipelago when Cochrane arrived, and witnessed the panic that his name caused among the Turkish fleet, which hastily retired into port. Such was the terror then of his reputation, that I am convinced the capitan pasha would have fled before him in a schooner.

They often questioned me about the naval power of England, and when I described to them its magnitude, would lift up the fingers of incredulity. The bare tale of Britain's power on the ocean is scarcely credited by civilized continental Europeans; I could not, therefore, be surprised if the Osmanleys gave me credit for using the traveller's privilege. My religion, too, came in for a share of their curiosity, and caused me amusement, for I had no occasion to act the hypocrite. One old gentleman very gravely demanded, among other things, if I did not believe that all Mussulmans went to heaven. "By no means," I frankly replied; "as with the followers of other religions, it depends on their good works." After stroking his beard some time, and musing on this unorthodox opinion, which would have caused a true believer to be stoned, he answered, "pekey" (very good;) then asked whether I thought that good Christians went to the same place as good Mussulmans. To this question, not wishing to bring on a discussion, I returned an ambiguous answer, which pleased old Hassan, as it allowed his vanity to suppose that I too might might think that no place was so bright as Mohammed's para-

dise. He expatiated at length on the rivers of milk and wine, on the Tüba tree, on the pearl dwellings of the faithful; but not a word about the houris.

"Now tell me," I asked in return, "is it a part of your creed that Mussulmans are pulled into heaven by the solitary lock they preserve with such care?" He lifted his fez, and pointing to his bald pate, laughingly said, "How am I ever to get there if that be the case? it is an error entertained by the vulgar, but which has no foundation in our holy books."

On various other occasions, I experienced the reasonableness of this odd people, so much misunderstood. One day the pasha's mignon, a spoilt, handsome boy, called me, in a pet, ghiaour. I did not heed the word, coming from that quarter; but, for experiment, said to old Hassan Bey, who was smoking with half-a-dozen other effendis, "Have you heard what the young ghiaour says?" That obnoxious term, in allusion to a Mussulman, sounded strange and harsh to their ears; but, far from being angry, thinking I had some meaning, they good-humouredly formed a court of inquiry, to ascertain on what grounds I could apply an expression which, in this case,

prefacing by a compliment to my understanding, they averred was perfectly absurd. I accepted the trial, and said, "By your own argument I use it: does not the word ghiaour mean infidel?" "Confessedly." "Then," I added, "we agree: I am an infidel in regard of your faith, it is true; but you are also infidels in regard of my faith;"—they nodded;—"consequently, the term ghiaour is as applicable to you from me, as from you to me." This novel exposition required some little consideration; but was so unanswerable, that in a few moments *pekey, pekey,* resounded from all within hearing, and I never afterwards was insulted by the name; on the contrary, when they wished to plague me, they would call me Mussulman. One name was, of course, as indifferent to me as the other. Some of the young men would say to me, "La illahe illa Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah," and ask me to repeat the declaration. I unhesitatingly did, to enjoy the rapture with which they would clap their hands, and exclaim, "You are a Mussulman!" The elders always supported me, and rebuked the levity of their young companions. "They spoke in jest," I would say, "and I took it in jest: a few words do not constitute faith."

The conversion of a Frank is never accepted, unless an infringement of certain laws render it imperative, without giving him ample time to reflect. In Constantinople, they send, in the first place, to the ambassador of his nation, that it may be satisfactorily known that no force or artifice has been adopted with the convert. Pronouncing the profession of faith is simply indicative of a desire to embrace the religion, by no means conclusive.

A word on the term *ghiàour*, so often misconceived. Many epithets, originally contemptuous, become in time, if not creditable, harmless. Thus many well-disposed Turks, talking of Christians, call them *ghiaours*, without the slightest allusion to its real sense: they know no other name by which to express a Christian, and consider it proper. This, however, does not hold good in the great trading cities, where Franks abound, and where we have a right to be offended if it be applied to us; since our proper appellation, Frank, being known, it must be intended slightingly. But in parts where we are rarely seen, a Frank would do both parties wrong to catch offence at being called ghiaour. The insult of the name is lost in its antiquity and its familiarity.

Even Christians, in many provinces of Turkey, have the same idea, ignorant of its real signification, infidel. Meet an Albanian or a Bulgarian peasant on his hills, and ask him whether he is a Mussulman. To your astonishment he answers, "I am a ghiaour;" and to your heightened astonishment, at hearing it from a Christian's mouth, adds, "Are you a ghiaour?" In like manner, a poor Osmanley, who receives a *sobriquet* in youth, in allusion to some defect or trick, preserves it, as a distinction, if he become a pasha. The common name of a Jew, in Turkey, Yahoudi, (beloved of God,) farther shows how fallacious are the readings of denominations in the East. Mussulmans hold Yahoudis in absolute contempt, and neglect no mode of expressing it. If they in general knew the literal meaning of Yahoudi, they would discontinue its use, and adopt *cheefoot*, a name sometimes applied to Jews, and hateful to them. The Jews have sufficient tact to conceal their feelings on the subject, or they would never escape it.

The sixth morning of our cruize found us becalmed seventy miles from the land, to the terror of our crew, who feared that the enemy would get between us and the Bosphorus, and their ap-

prehension was increased by not seeing the look-out frigate, which had hitherto kept within ten miles of us. Being then ignorant of the deficiency of the Russian fleet in skill and energy, I thought the same, and accordingly counselled the pasha to go, in the first place, to Sizepolis and Varna, and even to Sevastopol; do all possible mischief to the shipping left there; then return and force a passage. The former part of this scheme would have been accomplished in a few days, before our destination was known; and the latter part, an action off the Bosphorus, would have been to our advantage, since our disabled ships would have had a port under their lee to run into; whereas the Russian disabled ships would have had difficulty in getting off shore against the indraft of the strait. Admiral Greig appears to have been impressed with this idea. His inactivity caused me a feeling of shame: the Osmanleys knew that he was an Englishman.

A light breeze springing up at north-east, a corvette was sent a-head to reconnoitre, and the principal officers of the fleet were summoned on board to consider on what I had proposed. The capitan, petrowna, and reala beys salaamed their

chief with the submission of slaves, putting his robe to their lips and head. He invited them to sit, but not on the same couch, and treated them with pipes and coffee. Nourrey Bey, capitan of the Scheriff Rezan, a fifty gun-frigate, came with them; being also khasnadar (treasurer) of the pasha, he could not sit in his presence; he stood first of his suite, and presented him the chibouque.

By virtue of his office, Nourrey was captain of the finest frigate in the navy, notwithstanding that only six months previous had seen him a royal page. He was a pleasant looking man, fair, good-humoured, and polite, twenty-eight years old; his beard denoted in him a certain spirit of independence at a time when nearly every body connected with the sultan, shaved his chin in flattery to his reforming ideas.

My plan was rejected, the council broke up, and I accompanied Nourrey Bey to dine with him on board his frigate. He treated me with distinction, but overbalanced his politeness by giving me the trouble of visiting every corner of the ship. She was very clean, as were, I must say, all the ships; the Selimier's decks, for example, were washed every morning, and as

orientals never spit about, looked cleaner than the generality of Christian ships.

Nourrey spoke very sensibly on the absurd custom of placing landsmen in command of ships. He felt in a great dilemma. "I can manage a horse and a sabre," he said, "and use the bow, but as for a ship, I never was in one before." It was true that he had officers under him, somewhat versed in maritime affairs; but they could not remove the responsibility from his shoulders, or the consequent anxiety, or the restless desire of interference so natural to the captain of a ship (in all services.) The commander of an Ottoman ship-of-war, whatever duty is performing, sits on his bench on the quarter-deck, leaving the second captain to carry on the war. By the time that his chibouque wants replenishing, something may happen to disturb him; if a squall, a sail splits; if an action, the shot come in. In either case he gets nervous, and imagines faults in his subordinates. He jumps into his slippers and gives orders that cannot be understood; seizes a speaking-trumpet, knocks down the second captain; runs forward on the forecastle, repeats the same operation on the boatswain; then returns to smoke another pipe, exclaiming, "Mashallah."

I have hitherto said little on the habits of the capitan pasha, those of most Ottoman grandees. He led a life of absolute ennui. He could neither read nor write, nor was there any body to read to him, had he wished it. He did not play at chess, therefore had an enjoyment less than the sailors; neither had he any person to converse with, an advantage possessed by every body else on board. Between a master and his slaves there can be no conversation, since the latter must assent and smile *en regle*. His legs seemed made for no other pupose than to bend under him; his hands to run over his comboloyo, (rosary.) A narghiler was never from his lips, except while he ate, or prayed, or slept: how he performed the first of these offices I have described; suffice for his meals, that they took place twice a day at unsetttled hours. Officers continually stood before him, arms crossed, eyes cast down—a painful apprentissage which every Osmanley goes through before arriving at power—and anticipated every desire with surprising dexterity. If he wished to rise, he was lifted on his legs; if he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he walked, he was supported by the arms; if an ignorant fly alighted

on his brow, officious fans warned the intruder not to return; even when he spat, which was not rare, he being asthmatic, there was never wanting one to hold his handkerchief for the precious token. Such servility—though perfectly natural from the effect of early education, therefore not abstractedly servile—was disgusting to witness, performed, too, by men who in their own homes exacted the same from their inferiors, and thus made themselves amends for their own humiliation. From the top to the bottom of the ladder is a gradation of similar servitude. The grand vizir kisses the sultan's foot; he bows to Mohammed. The pasha kisses the grand vizir's foot; the bey, the pasha's; the aga, the bey's; and so on. No Mussulman subject is so high but what he has a master, and none so low as not to have a slave; the son is slave to the father. I often saw the capitan pasha's son, a royal page, with him; but the youth never sat or tasted food in his presence.

With all his deficiencies, Achmet Papuchgi was a good-natured man, a complete contrast to his predecessors during the last twenty years, who were all remarkable for cruelty. The quality seemed inherent to the office.

In the middle of the day he crept into the kennel abaft the mizen-mast, and reposed for some hours, his example being duly followed by the officers, stretched out on the quarter-deck, and covered by flags to keep off the sun. On awaking, coffee and chibouques were served. Water was then brought, with a complete change of garments, and in the same narrow box, six feet by three, by two high, he washed and dressed; then came out and enjoyed the cool of the evening on his quarter-deck, couch always doing me the honour to place me beside him with a chibouque, and no doubt it was a droll sight to the crew, who all gathered round, the pasha and me thus cheek by jowl. His band, consisting of as many drums and cymbals as could be collected, with two clarionets and one fife, usually made a noise for our benefit. It played the hunter's chorus in Freischuts, Zitti zitti, and Malbrook, over and over till I fairly wished it at the bottom of the sea. I not only could not stop my ears, but was obliged to applaud liberally. Thinking, one evening, that its style was more adapted to Turkish music, at the same time intending a compliment, I asked the pasha whether it could perform any Turkish airs. "Turkish

airs!" he repeated with astonishment; "Mashallah! have you not been listening to them these two hours?" I bowed, and took refuge in ignorance.

He asked me one evening if I would like to see his regular soldiers; I had never heard of any being on board. Presently six scare-crows marched aft, preceded by a drum and fife, each carrying a musket, and wearing a shabby tactico uniform. A first-rate's marines! I could scarce refrain from laughing out at the idea, although a thousand eyes were fixed on me to observe my admiration. The pasha told them seriously to do their best, for a judge of military performances was by. Accordingly they went through the manual exercise, and the same was rendered exceeding amusing by the drollery of the jester, who, shouldering a long chibouque, acted as fugelman, to the roars of both spectators and soldiers. I warmly applauded, and the pasha in delight gave the corporal a piece of gold, which was contested by the jester, who swore that without him the troop would have been disgraced.

The chief entertainment of every evening was provided by the crew, who, when our orchestra

closed, commenced acting gross buffoonery, such as ducking in tubs of water for money, when many a poor fellow half-drowned himself in vain attempts to take with his lips the thin bit of silver, shining at the bottom; or playing at bear and monkey, when both the bear and monkey well deserved the piastres their beating gained them; or blind man's buff. This last game was capital. The blind man, provided with a stick, was at liberty to hit every body within reach, only subject to the inconvenience of tripping over the bodies of his prostrate fellows, or over the comings down a hatchway. The pasha's attendants received sundry blows in keeping him off the presence, and as he readily found his way amongst them, I supposed that he was purposely allowed a peep-hole, especially as his excellency enjoyed it much. A game also of men hanging in pairs to the spanker-boom, till one turned senseless or cried quarter, afforded infinite amusement. Each exhibition the deck was convulsed at the writhings of the actors; the pasha, forgetting his hauteur, would join in the laugh, and rapidly combing his beard with his fingers, throw pieces of gold at the victor.

"Well," he said to me one evening that I was

more than usually tired of this foolery, "does your capitan pasha amuse himself in this way?" I could not for the life of me flatter him; I simply answered that the English capitan pasha had always something else to do. A dead silence, and mutual looks of surprise, ensued.

Such were the occupations of the third man of the empire; of one of the chiefs on whom depended the fate of Turkey. If, I thought, her others resemble him, faint indeed are her hopes. His followers were alike degenerate. Not one felt as he should have felt, except Kiuchuk Mehemet, the captain, who bitterly lamented the want of energy in his chief. We conceived a regard for each other that lasted during my stay in the East. He had commanded a ship at Navarine, and could show eleven scars, gained partly there, and partly in the war against the Greeks, with six of whose vessels he sustained, in 1822, a severe conflict, which ended by his running his brig ashore in Kieri bay, near the town of Zante, to avoid being captured. I was at Zante at the time, in the Seringapatam frigate, and perfectly recollected the circumstance. The Zantiotes flocked to the beach, with the base intention of putting the Turkish crew to death, and were only re-

strained by a party of English soldiers, on whom they fired in rage, wounding the officer and killing one or two men, which barbarous act gave Sir T. Maitland a reasonable pretext for disarming the inhabitants of the island. Kiuchuk Mehemet was placed in the hospital, where, after lying six months, he recovered, and then returned to his country, retaining a lively sense of gratitude to the English, without whose kindness, as he expressed it, he should have died. He was a native of Trebizonde, which place he left eighteen years since, and in that time had only heard once of his relations. There is a slight want of post-office arrangement in Turkey.

Excepting him, no officers on board knew any thing of a ship; and as officers of the watch, they kept me in a constant state of excitement, on account of our lower deck ports being kept up at night, an excess of incaution which I could not overcome by citing a thousand and one precedents of accidents in consequence. One morning at two o'clock I awoke and looked over the side. Every soul was asleep, the yards were any way, the royals set; a squall was rapidly forming on the lee bow. Rousing the officer of the watch, I bade him look to his sails and to the

weather. "How should I know what to do?" he yawned out, rubbing his eyes. How should he indeed, poor man, considering that he was not bred to the trade? There was no time to be lost in being angry, so therefore, hastily collecting a few Greek and Frank sailors about the decks, I trimmed and shortened sail. We were just in time; the squall came with violence, paid us off before it, and threw the fleet into great disorder. I then repaired to the pasha, who was crawling out of his kennel in a state of nervous agitation, and told him that if more care were not observed, the ship would go to the bottom some night without his knowledge. This put him into a great rage, and he ordered the guilty officer to be thrown forthwith into the sea. They were seizing him; in another minute would have made him (in a literal sense) that which he was condemned for not being—a *seaman*, but I interposed, aghast at the prompt notice taken of my complaint, and begged him off: in consequence of which the fellow, who never liked me afterwards, escaped without any punishment, though certainly meriting a severe one, for neglect that might have caused the death of fifteen hundred persons. When punishments de-

pend on the breath of one man, there is often no medium between death and immunity : it is so easy to say " kill," or " pardon." For the credit of humanity we may hope that many an arbitrary chief regrets, when too late, the hasty obedience of his followers,—would rejoice, would they give him occasionally breathing time to recover from passion, or afford him a plausible pretext, so as to save his pride, for contradicting himself. I make no doubt, but that if Savary had not been in such a hurry, had only waited till Bonaparte rose, to take a final order, the Duc d'Enghien's life would have been spared. Napoleon himself said so. Why should he not have spoken truth? The greatest minds often waver about an important act, so that the slightest breath will turn the balance, especially if it come from an unexpected quarter.

It is now time to close this log. The few days that I was on board had sufficient variety to render them agreeable. Russian frigates were generally in sight, but the fleet never made its appearance. Why, I know not ; it thereby lost a brilliant opportunity of bringing the Ottoman fleet to action, and destroying it.

At length on the tenth morning of our voyage,

the pasha yielded to my entreaties, and gave chase to a frigate and a corvette. They crowded sail for Sizepolis. We followed with the wind fresh at east-north-east; the Selimier under easy sail that the dull sailors might keep up. No persuasion could induce the pasha to make sail on his own noble ship, which would have caught the fugitives in three hours. We were all excitement, in expectation of an affair with the enemy's fleet; the captain and topchi bashi busied themselves like brave men, and I endeavoured to encourage the officers by decrying Muscovite courage, and by holding out the rewards that the padischah would heap on them, and the glory they would acquire with the world. To little purpose; the Osmanleys have an hereditary fear of the Russians, and as for rewards, my listeners thought they would be sweeter without fighting for them.

Before sun-set, the chasees were rounding the southern point of the gulf of Bourgas, while we were still nine miles from it, and at that moment the wind unfortunately headed us. The pasha, therefore, tacked his fleet, head to the eastward, under easy sail, and expressed his intention to me of meeting the enemy, who would not fail, if

in force, of getting out the same night; if not in force, we should be far enough to windward by the morning to fetch in on the other tack, and engage him at anchor. In either case, he said, he should entrust me with the command of the ship, to which arrangement, the little captain, who was present, assented with a noble absence of petty feeling.

That evening there was no music, no buffoonery, the muezzins called louder than usual, and the men were more devout in their prayers.

Our line was incomplete, the riala bey being far to leeward. He had been culpably negligent all day in not carrying sail, but for which we should have saved the wind, perhaps have caught the Russian corvette, and at the present moment was edging away with his mainsail off. I almost wished, for his sake, that our pasha resembled his predecessor, Izzet Mehemet, who treated heads like onions. Night set in hazy and squally, and it became a serious question on our quarter-deck whether we should bear up and form the line on him, or heave to till he gained his station, which he might find difficult to do, or might find convenient to avoid. The evolution was hazardous, lest some of the ships might

fall on board each other. However, it was requisite to act, and a dozen voices spoke all differently. The jester sarcastically said that if we bore up, none of the ships would stop again. Prophetic fool! The chief butler opined that it was too dark to see to do any thing. The purveyor of tobacco insinuated that the rain would affect his highness's health. His highness was already dripping, and what was worse bewildered: he ran from gangway to gangway, a glass in one hand, and a speaking-trumpet in the other, two officers holding up the skirts of his robes. It would not have been safe then for any one to have trod on his toe: he might have said, "Chuck him overboard," and overboard the treader would have gone. I never saw a stranger scene than that which an occasional flash of lightning disclosed on our quarter deck. One personage only was wanting to complete its incongruity—that personage was the cook; and presently *he* came up, and thrusting into the throng, fairly gave his advice on what ought to be done, as though he were marshalling a train of dishes. I had not patience to learn what the fellow said, but, taking him by the shoulders, pushed him away with

"d—n your impudence." The jester laughed outright, the captain squeezed my arm, some stifled, others drew back, while the offended artist swore loudly at the infidel. The pasha took on himself to appease him,* and in so doing, had time to collect his thoughts. A tender was then sent down with peremptory orders to the absent ship, and by half-past ten o'clock the fleet was collected in close order, each ship carrying a light at the peak, the small craft forming a line to leeward. The pasha still remained on deck, continually directing his glass round the horizon, and often mistaking a phosphoric curl on the water, or a rising star, for a ship's light. The consequent agitation affected his nerves. Towards midnight the squalls violently increased: he became very anxious, and begged me to go round the decks once more to see that all was right. I obeyed. Below was a noble sight. The three decks were perfectly clear, and brilliantly illuminated; every thing was in its place, and at the large stone shot guns were picked crews, whom I expressly ordered to reserve their fire till within twenty yards of their opponent. No-

* Where poisoning is a trade, the cook becomes of necessity a highly privileged personage.

thing was wanting, save courage: officers and men gathered round me, and begged that I would advise a retreat. I never imagined such a panic. An English fleet could not have prayed more earnestly to meet an enemy, than this did to avoid one.

I assured the pasha that he could not fail of success: then having nothing to do for the present, and being very tired, I laid down in his cabin. I had not long closed my eyes, when the noise of water rushing past awoke me. I guessed the cause; I hastened on deck, and found the fleet running twelve knots off the wind. The chief, as though relieved of a great burthen, was seated joking with his officers. What could I say?—not what I thought;—for the first time since our acquaintance he did not invite me to join him. I went aft. The brave little captain was there: he sighed when he saw me.

We ran our distance by the morning; but the haze scarcely permitted us to distinguish the Faro before we dashed into the Bosphorus. We swept by the castles with foaming velocity, and in twenty minutes from passing the Symplegades dropped our best bower at Buyukderé. Had we been a Russian fleet we should not have

received twenty shot from the twelve powerful batteries which garnish the first four miles of the strait. Our ships took up their stations admirably, dropping their best bowers exactly corresponding to their small bowers planted on the quay. The Selimier's small bower cable was bent round a large plane-tree which shaded a fashionable cafené, in the village of Sariery, ad joining Buyukderé. A first-rate tied to a tree! thus realizing the nobleman's idea, who asked Lord Anson if he tied his ship to a tree at night.

I immediately went on board Captain Kelly's steamer, where I enjoyed a good English breakfast and a laugh at the expense of Ottoman tactics; but before quitting him the capitan pasha, with flattering expressions, offered me a handful of gold, according to Eastern custom. I expressed astonishment. He then begged me to accept any present from him that I might choose—as arms or a horse; I refused all, on the plea that having accompanied him as a friend I could not accept of a remuneration. He was rather offended, and much astonished; for I believe he was the first Turk who had ever had presents refused. Seeing, however, that he was willing to oblige me, I spoke to him in behalf

of four Greek slaves on board, natives of Samothraki, who had been taken in 1826.

He invited me to accompany him in his next voyage: I consented on condition that he would have brulôts ready, and proceed to Sizepolis, or wherever else the enemy might be. He agreed, and actually prepared four brulôts, but the fleet never left the Bosphorus during the remainder of the war.

It is evident that had the Ottoman fleet been commanded by a man of energy it would have changed the fate of the war: bad as it was, had it in the first cruise that it made -an event quite unexpected, as the capture of a Russian frigate proved—gone straight to Sizepolis and to Varna, the ships there might have been destroyed in detail. Without the co-operation of their fleet, the Russian army could not have advanced. In the second cruize it was still so much despised, that, although watched, it was deemed unnecessary to collect a force to drive it in. In Sizepolis harbour, when we were off it, were only three line of battle ships and two frigates, in consternation, expecting an attack in the morning. I learned this after the peace from Russian officers, who could not account for

our sudden retreat: it surprised them as much as our appearance had done, and which they attributed to certain information on our part of their weak force. Unaccountable as it may appear, we never, during the whole campaign, had any idea of the Russian force in the Gulf of Bourgas; although the shores of the Gulf, excepting Sizepolis, were in possession of the Osmanleys until the passage of the Balkans. The fact is, that the capitan pasha did not wish to ascertain it, that he might not thereby be obliged to act on the offensive. What he had done—going off Sizepolis—he magnified to the sultan as a wonderful exploit, boasting that he had chased the enemy into port, and remained master of the Black Sea. On this laurel he resolved to rest.

The sultan knew of my excursion. He expressed his approbation of it and inclination to see me, and his secretary intimated to me that I should have the honour of a private audience. But pressing affairs intervened to disappoint me.

CHAPTER VIII.

Character of Sultan Mahmoud—His crimes—His despotism—His views of Reform—The Dere-beys—The Ayans—The Ulema—The Muderis—Judicial Education—Power and Abuses of a Mollah—Services of the Ulema—Russian War—Impolitic Peace—Comparison of Turks and Egyptians—Progress of the Greeks in Prosperity—Their dawn of Freedom—Accelerating Causes—Grave Error of the Porte concerning the Greeks—Their Insurrection—Execution of the Greek Patriarch—Death of Khalet Effendi—Ali Pasha's Head.

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative of the events which distinguished Constantinople in 1829, I will give a brief outline of Sultan Mahmoud, and of his reign.

The personal appearance of Sultan Mahmoud is favourable, giving no index of his heart. His eyes are saturnine; his complexion dark; his countenance, hedged by a fine black beard, open, at times mild, its form oval; his hands are small;

his body remarkably long; his stature five feet eight inches. He is temperate as regards women, a reproach, however, rather than a merit, in a man who keeps a well-stocked harem. He is greatly influenced by the favourites of the day, who enjoy his intimacy in a degree unwitnessed in western courts since the reign of Henry III. of France. It would be incorrect to characterize him by adducing his love of blood, for it is doubtful whether cruelty can be said to be a crime with a sovereign of Turkey, who is taught to believe that he may cut off as many as fourteen heads a day without any other motive than that of divine inspiration. Neither can his ingratitude, through which no services find merit with him when no longer wanted, or save their author from a bowstring, be deemed a peculiar shade, since that vice has long been considered to be instinctive in oriental kings. But what particularly characterizes him is unbending obstinacy. Nothing diverts him from the view he takes of an object: no laws, contracts, or dangers, swerve him from the path which leads to it. This disposition—firmness in a man of genius, idiocy in an ordinary mind—has gained him (temporarily) the end of his labours, an increase

of personal power, and an extension of personal enjoyment; but has accelerated the decline of his empire more than the actions of five of his predecessors, an assertion which is corroborated by the history of his reign. He is also remarkable for avarice, a quality every where odious, but particularly so in the eyes of a nation among whom it is the custom, from the highest to the lowest, to give and take,—to measure love by liberality. The petty economy and unostentation which he affects would be becoming in him as the ruler of an enlightened people who would know he were only a man, but are impolitic among Mussulmans, who regard him as the vicegerent of the prophet—as being superior to the ordinary race of mortals. In their estimation, generosity and splendour belong to his station, more than ever necessary, since that he has need of popularity to make his reforms palatable. Selim III. had more tact. He did not make war on trifles, or deem it necessary, in order to effect reform, to wound every prejudice of his subjects, to let them see that he considered their ancient usages absurd, and their ancestors imbeciles for having observed them. He humoured their foibles while introducing changes.

He often amused them with magnificent shows, and flattered their pride by the pomp of his appearance in public. The fine ships, the palaces he built, the manufactories (now in ruins) he established, were all calculated to blind them to his real ends: even the presses which he set up gave no great offence, when it was understood that the Koran should not be submitted to the unholy practice of squeezing. His regular troops, few in number, were looked on as a handsome toy, and Osmanleys willingly enrolled themselves, allured by the pay and appointments. In short, by these means a wholesome reform was began without alarming the Janizzaries, whom it was Selim's object to overawe rather than destroy, since he had the sense to perceive the dangers that the empire would run from internal, as well as external, foes—Greeks and Russians—as has since been proved, should a sudden prostration of military power ensue. But this unexpected want of opposition deceived him, and made him draw aside the veil too soon. In an evil hour he indulged his architectural mania, and built vast barracks about Constantinople capable of containing twenty thousand men. This enlightened the Janizzaries, and clearly showed them to where

tended Selim's views—to the formation of a large new army. They resolved to prevent him, and in so doing brought to an untimely end the monarch who might have reformed Turkey. They gave the sabre of Othman to his cousin Mustapha, from whose feeble hands, stained with the blood of Selim, it soon passed into the stern grasp of his brother Mahmoud, then twenty-four years old, July, 1808. The same month saw *him* a fratricide; and that he might longer ensure the inviolability which that crime, by leaving him the last scion of the house of Othman,* had obtained for him, two of his brother's women who proved with child were consigned to the deep. The fate of preceding sultans was not lost on him, and showed him the necessity of curbing the power of the Janizzaries, which had lately caused such fearful tragedies. He bent his energies to that point, ren-

* To prevent a sultan from obtaining this protection, the Janizzaries often insisted on having the young princes of the blood placed under their surveillance; in which case they were lodged in the Eski Saray. Mahmoud II., the present sultan, is accused of having caused the death of his first-born son. His family, in 1830, consisted of three sons, the eldest nine years old, and three daughters, the eldest eighteen.

dered the prosperity of his empire tributary to it, and at length, after a long circuit, reached it.

Revolt, when he took the reins of government, was up from one end of Turkey to the other. The pashas of Bagdat, of Yanina, of Egypt, of St. Jean d'Acre, with others inferior, were independent; that is, they refused to yield their posts, though they paid the tribute, and over, in order to be unmolested. This proceeding had satisfied most sultans, they little caring who paid the tribute, so as it was paid, knowing that no rebel would (in fact none ever did) aspire to the throne, the line of Othman reigning, in the eyes of all classes of Mussulmans, by divine right. But Mahmoud resolved that there should be no power which did not emanate from, and depend on, his will. It is needless to enumerate the schemes he adopted to crush these powerful subjects: many succeeded. The pasha of Bagdat was poisoned, in 1812, by the agency of the celebrated Khalet Effendi, who thereby gained the first place in his master's graces: the fall of Ali Pasha of Yanina is historical: Abdallah Pasha of Acre, and Mehemet Ali of Egypt, two notorious tyrants, escaped him. Among the numerous traps which were laid to catch Mehemet

Ali, the most curious was in the person of a young Circassian, sent by the sultan as a present to his trust-worthy cousin and pasha. Before leaving the seraglio, she was given a *charmed* lozenge, which she was told would have the effect of attaching her new master to her for life, provided she let it drop unseen into a glass of sherbet that he was about to drink. She arrived safe at Cairo; but Mehemet Ali, whose heart, in addition to age and satiety, was iced by distrust, would not look on her; he gave her to one of his officers. To be thus disparaged, was a cruel stroke for a beauty just from the imperial seraglio; but, nevertheless, submitting with a good grace to the decree of fate, she resolved to try whether her charm would not have the same effect on a bey's heart as on a pasha's. She dissolved her love philtre; the bey drank it off, was seized with death pains, and shortly after expired.

Mahmoud exercised an undoubted right in opposing the usurpations of the begler beys, (great pashas,) men who usually sprung from insignificance, owing their elevation to baseness, supporting it by tyranny—sycophants in the capital, tyrants in the provinces; and had he rested there, replacing them by men of integrity, if such

could have been found, he would have given a solid proof of an enlarged understanding; but their reduction formed a small part only of his plan, embracing the entire subversion of the liberties of his subjects, which he narrow-sightedly supposed to be creative of the arrogance of the Janizzaries. Liberties of the subject — so strange an expression, when relating to Turkey, that to explain it I will digress, and state how the people came to possess checks against the tyranny which seemed to meet it at every turn.

These checks lay—first, in the dere beys; secondly, in the ayans; thirdly, in the ulema.

The dere beys, literally lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission, and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and

he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the dere beys therefore became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert: their owners had more than a life interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a pashalick, the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the dere beys was great: at a whistle, the Car'osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Ellezar-Oglous,* (the principal Asiatic families that

* The possessions of the Car'osman-Oglous are chiefly about Magnesia; they comprehend several cities, among them the greater part of Smyrna.

Tchapan-Oglou's estates are in the neighbourhood of Erze-

survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The dére beys have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The pashas invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The dere bey was sure of keeping his possessions by right; the pasha of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.*

roum; his distance from the capital renders him more independent. He is a very old man, and has forty sons, one of whom served in the late war as pasha of Rudschuk.

Ellezar-Oglou lives near Scala Nuova. This family is not to be compared with the two former, but is the third in hereditary importance. It suffered greatly in the civil war, principally from the Turkish army, which assembled at Scala Nuova, for the invasion of Samos, which however did not take place.

* This feudal system was increased by the Timariots, instituted by Amurath II., feudatories, or possessors of conquered lands in Europe, on condition of attending the sovereign in war, with their followers armed and mounted, under the immediate command of their respective pashas. The number of the Ti-

These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of twenty-four sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.: they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The dere beys—unlike the seraglio dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman-Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employments, forced on him during several

mariots, however, rapidly diminished, from an obvious cause: not being exempt from personal service, they were exposed to the extortions of the sultan and his viziers, and to the bowstring. In the former case their tenants were racked for money; in the latter case, the sultan was their heir, their children were attainted in blood, and their property became wasted. Hence the reason of the desolate state of great part of Roumelia. The Timariots, however, of Bosnia and Albania, commonly called beys, still exist in number and power, but are very disaffected.

years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the seraglio resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. His peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas.

In conjunction with subverting the dere beys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of ayans (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of rayas, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman, (the lawgiver,) and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word.

Their crime, that of the dere beys, was being possessed of authority not emanating from the sultan.

Had Mahmoud II. entrusted the government of the provinces to the dere beys, and strengthened the authority of the ayans, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant.

The ulema, or Mussulman hierarchy, is a most powerful body, its existence, founded on religion, being cemented by the respect of the nation. It is the peerage of Turkey, sole intermedium now existing between tyranny and slavery, and as such merits a short notice concerning it.

It might easily be supposed that as law and religion are synonymous with Mussulmans, both being derived from the koran, that the priests and the jurists were the same. So they were intended to be by Mohammed; and as long as the occupation of his followers consisted in con-

quering, with the sabre in one hand, the *book* in the other, slaying or converting for the honour of God, the union of the two professions was not incompatible with convenience; but when they sat down in large social societies, the discrepance between the peaceful adoration of the Almighty, and the management of human disputes, became so obvious that a corresponding distinction arose in the officers of each, and their qualifications. Still the ground-work remained; the scheik islam, (pontiff,) acting for the sultan, is the immediate head of church and bar, the last appeal from either. From him descend two lines, the muphtis, imams, &c. (bishops, &c.;) the mollahs, kadis, &c., (judges, &c.) In each of the Turkish cities reside a muphti and a mollah. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the medressehs, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years probation in a medresseh, the student becomes of the class of muderis, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the mollahs, comprehended under the name of ulema. Students

who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the ulema.

The ulema is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the cazi-askers, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the Stamboul effendisi, (mayor of Constantinople;) the mollahs qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the mollahs qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is entrusted to cadis, who are nominated by the cazi-askers in their respective jurisdictions, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers. The cazi-asker of Roumelia is the superior; he particularly directs all causes relating to the army. From the cazi-askers the scheik islam is usually taken, although the sultan may appoint any member of the first class of ulema, to which the muderis arrive by seniority, to the office. The khodja bashi, (preceptor to the heir-apparent;) the hunkiar imams, (sultan's chaplains;)

the hekim bashi, (sultan's physician ;) are chosen from the first class of the ulema.

When Sultan Solyman settled his code, he gave the mollahs a fixed salary, five hundred aspers daily, (then worth twenty shillings, now reduced to one,) and that justice might be administered, he ordained that causes should first be taken before the muphti, who, receiving a fee of ten paras, was to give a fetwa (opinion) by which the mollah should be guided. This arrangement was good in theory, but in practice it was soon apparent—and it is surprising that so wise a man as Solyman did not foresee it—that the muphti, who was not required to know much, was ill qualified to direct the mollah, who had passed so many years in the study of the intricacies of Mussulman theology,* and who, with the subtilty of law, could render nugatory any honest meant fetwa, unless it by chance coincided with his

* Of nearly equal esteem with the Koran is the Sunna, or sayings of the prophet, collected after his death. The commentaries on these two volumes by the four first caliphs are also sacred. Then there is a fourth book, containing the canonical decisions of the principal caliphs of the early ages.

These are the four orthodox codes of Turkish jurisprudence ; a perfect chaos. To facilitate their attainment, a mollah, in the

own opinion. The muphtis felt their inferiority, and quietly yielded; they confined themselves to the care of the mosques, and thus the grave authority of the one, intended to check abuses open to the other, soon dwindled to a name. The position of the muphti to the mollah throughout the empire, was intended to be, relatively, as that of the scheik-islam to the sultan, —a check. But in the former case the order is reversed, while in the latter, knowlege balances power. Long study, acknowledged experience, and consummate hypocrisy, and deep practice in the ways of man, belong to the scheik-islam, with sanctity; and thus armed, he can often direct, for good or ill, the power of the sovereign. The muphti, on the contrary, has little more than the sanctity of his office to command respect.

reign of Bajazet II., reduced them to one code, called, for excellence, the *Pearl* (indju.) Another mollah improved and augmented with notes the *Pearl*, which was afterwards subdivided into five divisions, religious, civil, military, criminal, political. Besides being acquainted with all this mass of laws and commentaries, the muderis must know the fetwas that have been issued by the different scheiks-islam, which alone form a large collection.

The mollah of a city has real power; it may be said equal to that of a pasha, excepting that he has not the prerogative of cutting off heads without going through the forms of justice; even then the execution of the sentence depends on the pasha. His legal perquisites consist in a tenth of the personal effects of every Mussulman that dies in his jurisdiction, after his debts are paid: this, however, is trifling, for Mussulmans rarely leave money. His illegal profits are according to the scale of his corruption, exhibited as follows. On taking office, he fixes the price of provisions, as he should, in reference to the wants of the poor; but this not tallying with the expectant profits of trade, the butchers, the bakers, the chandlers—the three great purveyors of human wants—each depute a member to wait on the mollah. Having made his salaam, the deputy retires a few feet, and respectfully stands until the inquiring nod tells him to announce his errand. This expressive sign, which contains a volume, is always delayed some minutes, since it would ill become a man of the law to show impatience; it is more significant than speech, and so studied by the privileged order, that by it, a member of it cannot be mis-

taken, even though not otherwise distinguished. "Effendi," commences the deputy; "long life! —God is great!—it is for the happiness of this city that thou art come to administer justice. Verily, effendi is a well of learning, a mirror of discrimination. Please God, we shall recover from the distress to which unprincipled extortioners" (meaning preceding mollahs) "have reduced us." To these complimentary phrases the mollah answers by another expressive sign, as much as to say, this is all a, b, c—to the point. The deputy goes on to explain that although God is great, and the sultan victorious, and the effendi wise, yet if the low prices of bread, or meat, or any other article be enforced, ruin must ensue to the trades. "Ah, rascal!" now replies the mollah; "is this why thou art come—to seduce me? No; I know my duty. The poor are beloved of the prophet—are my sacred charge; if thou art devoid of conscience, I am not;—go." The deputy now produces the touchstone; he lays a purse at the mollah's feet. "Effendi, we know our duty: see, we have not delayed in expressing it." The mollah scarcely notices the gift, though his practised eye, at half a glance, scans its approximate value. "Ah! I am glad

that thou knowest the respect due to my rank. Go; I am thy friend." The next day the prices of provisions are raised, and an intimation given at the same time that a similar purse is expected every month. Should the mollah be an honest man, or, which is the same thing, sufficiently rich to render an octroi no object, the trades make up the deficiency in part by using false weights-and measures, running the risk of being found out by the mollah in casual visits of inspection; the consequence of detection being the bastinado, or nailing by the ear to the door-post; in flagrant repeated cases, amputation of the nose. To avoid such admonitions, the confidential officers of the mollah are bribed to inform the tradespeople when their master is about to make them a visit, when, of course, true weights and measures only are exhibited, though this safeguard is not always effectual, because an Osmanley being by education very suspicious, the mollah in his perambulations, often steps into a shop without having said a word of his intention to his chiaja: instant punishment falls on the luckless rogue of a shopman.

A valuable branch of a mollah's income may also be found under the head of false justice. If

a man have a bad cause he engages two witnesses, which every where abound in Turkey at all prices, according to the responsibility; he then bribes the mollah, who admits their testimony without reference to their character, which is perfectly well known, and gives judgment accordingly. It is true that from time to time an upright judge appears on the stage, and makes a terrible example of such perjurers, but it no ways checks the practice; corruption is so general in the east; and for one man who will not take a bribe, there are ten thousand that will.

In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pashas. The cadis, however, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the "serpent that crawls in the dust."

The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solyman—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations,

or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoliation, they were enabled to leave their riches to their children, who were brought up to the same carêer, and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of muderi, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: woe to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey-

known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount; free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, who, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union.

It is strange that many Franks in Turkey hope that Sultan Mahmoud may succeed in overturning the ulema, as he has done the Janizzaries. They appear to think that no permanent reformation can take place while one of the ancient institutions exist. Who, when the machine is entirely disorganized, is to remodel it,—when every element of discontent is loosened, is to allay them,—when the fabric of centuries is violently shaken, is to consolidate it? A man who till his twenty-fourth year lived with eunuchs, since with slaves! In a country like France, where all alike are alive to one impulse, quiver to one note—*la gloire nationale*, were all existing institutions to be overturned, a talented individual might restore order shortly,

for he would be aided by men of talent and by the general knowledge diffused among the community: but in Turkey, whose inhabitants are classified by separate laws, religions, and languages—by all that constitutes diversity, and whose only sentiment in common is, mutual hatred, where is the man who can even suggest a mode that shall be new and acceptable? Where is the statesman, above temptation, to grapple with the universal corruption? Where is the press to persuade the people that it is well to abandon ancient forms connected with religion, for novel and unholy usages? Or, if there be a man in the empire—a modern Kuprogli—qualified to undertake the task, is it likely that he will be found among the ministers of Mahmoud II., who are, four-fifths of them, bought slaves from Circassia, or from Georgia,—whose recommendation was a pretty face,—whose chief merit, a prostitution to the worst of vices,—whose schedule of services, successful agency in forwarding their master's treacherous schemes against his subjects?

Suppose, now, the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollahships, like the pashalicks, would then

be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the seraglio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion.

The vacouf (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being free from arbitrary taxation. The mektebs (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Kōran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The medressehs, imarets, (hospitals,) fountains, &c. are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepultures, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled, by its power and its union, to resist royal cupidity. Without it, where would be the establishments above-mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfal. Mahomet IV. after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir,

Cara Mustapha, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulema would have shown a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans. In fine, rapid as has been the decline of the Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been ten-fold more rapid but for the privileged orders—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity —the Janizzaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

Mahmoud's reign was early marked by a Russian war, in which, his innovations not being yet sufficiently broached to create disgust, he collected one hundred and fifty thousand men in Bulgaria. He might have turned this war to his permanent advantage, but he listened to England, allowed himself to be won by some trifling advantages, conceded by Russia, and concluded peace at a time when an alliance with

Napoleon, marching on Moscow, would have effectually disembarrassed his empire of a constant foe. By the peace of Bucharest he was confirmed (conditionally) in the possession of Moldavia and Wallachia—who has them now? and eighty thousand Russians were set free to act on the flank of the French army. He was too much occupied by internal reform to heed foreign politics. He took Mehemet Ali for his guide, and the rule of Mehemet Ali was to extort money from every source, by any means; to render himself sole proprietor of Egypt. An enlarged view of things, joined to unparalleled cruelty and duplicity, with a perfect knowledge of the evil ways of mankind in the East, gained during the various phazes of his life, (he has been a cavedgi, a tobacco merchant, a chavass, a klephte, a bim bashi, a pasha,) enabled him to succeed. Excepting cruelty, Mahmoud had none of these advantages; truth never found the way to his ear, and he always saw with others' eyes—the natural consequences of his station. He thought that the other owed his success entirely to having overturned existing institutions, and he flattered himself, when he should have accomplished the same, to be able to rule Turkey and to till it.

But he had different materials to work on. The Fellahs had always been slaves, and therefore Mehemet Ali found no difficulty in retaining them slaves,—to labour and perish as he willed. The Turks, on the contrary, had never been slaves, nor would they slave patiently. In virtue of this difference of character, Egypt is a hundred-fold more productive than it was previous to the destruction of the Mamelukes, (March 1st, 1811,) at the same time a hundred-fold deeper plunged in misery. Turkey every year becomes more desolate. Mehemet Ali, with all his craft, might have failed in the latter country; Mahmoud might have succeeded in the former.

While intent on depriving his Mussulman subjects of their freedom, Mahmoud did not perceive that his Grecian subjects were silently, but rapidly, extending theirs.

Since forty years the condition of the Greeks had been sensibly ameliorating. The islanders, it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The wars attendant on the French revolution gave them the carrying trade of the

Mediterranean: on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent. *ad valorem*, to the sultan's custom-houses. The great demand of the English merchants for Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tarsus, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen, in consequence, numerously frequenting the fairs at Leipsic. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Selim III.; principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra, and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Eu-

rope for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires. But the general rule, applicable to nations as well as to individuals, that an object, however ardently aspired after, when attained is chiefly valued as a stepping-stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them farther prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—showed them, in a word, the vista of independence. Were they right in going towards it? The means which enabled them to do so had been obtained by an accumulation of advantages enjoyed peaceably through the favour or remissness (the same thing) of the sultan. Should they have repaid them by revolt? On the general question, strangers may differ in opinion; but the people interested cannot. It can never admit that it owes gratitude for any other boon than the freedom which it considers

as unjustly withheld—scarcely then: all benefits, short of that one, are received as part payment only of an old debt, and are considered rightful arms to second the noblest impulse of the human mind. Yet, this well-known generous sentiment unhappily warns a politic sovereign of such a people to hold it in stern bondage until it be completely amalgamated with his orthodox subjects; to which end no semblance of a separate existence—as mock parliaments, universities, national guards—should be permitted to it; for such foster the seeds of cherished recollections—the spirit of national individuality—which must ever be ready to germinate, and by which every citizen feels it a sacred duty to oppose the foreign yoke, however light it be, though lighter than the one he bore under his native princes. This feeling is an heir-loom, and no oaths or contracts, in opposition to it, are considered binding; nor should their infraction be regarded as a stigma.

It is painful to behold oppression in any shape, but, considering the world as it is, and the principle that every man is justified in keeping his own, I do not understand how a sovereign, who inherits a province that was formerly

independent, can be accused of tyranny in employing severe measures, consistent with humanity, to retain the allegiance of its inhabitants. He may have the warmest wishes, the most enlightened views in their behalf, but the history of nations is an imperious lesson: it teaches him that his generosity will be construed into weakness; that every imprudent concession will become a weapon against him. As long, therefore, as civilized Europe permits ambitious sovereigns to annex small states to their empires, it is inconsistent to expect that their spoliated inhabitants can be allowed the privileges of freemen.

The fall of Napoleon, while it assured the bondage of Poland, and established an imperial inquisition, gave the Greeks facilities for developing their ideas of independence. Many French and Italians were by this event thrown on their wits; men of talents and enterprize, equally ready to support a military despot, or to preach the doctrines of liberty. Turning their eyes towards Greece, as to a theatre where profit and glory might be reaped, they saw that her sons only wanted an impulse to start on the career of revolution, and they gave it by mixing with

those who were on the continent for pleasure or study. The youthful Greeks thus incited, inflamed each other, and all to whom they spoke on the inspiring subject; Greek mercantile houses gave substantial support, and many influential persons throughout Europe, added weight by their approbation to the plot against the sultan. As early as 1815, a secret society, which had been gradually extending its opinions since 1812, was organized. It ramified over the Ottoman dominions, and had correspondents in most of the capitals of Europe. Its agents were established at Constantinople, and the principal cities of European Turkey. The entire Greek population, clergy, nobles, and people, was canvassed. Still the Porte had not an idea of its operations, and, when at length warned by some of the Frank ambassadors, refused credence to them. Its authorities throughout Greece were equally ignorant of what was preparing, excepting Ali Pasha, who was in correspondence with the chiefs of the society; he began to dread the vengeance of Mahmoud, which was bearing towards him, and he hoped, by joining his name to the cause of liberty, to become king of Greece. He reckoned on the attachment of the Armatolis, who had

been long under his command while Dervendji Bashi, (guardian of the roads,) but he did not take into account the unpopularity which his excessive cruelty, during twenty years, had procured for him.

The state of Turkey during the hatching of the conspiracy was singularly favourable to its success. The obnoxious policy of the sultan, in monopolizing the trade in corn, and on other subjects, caused a general rising throughout Asia Minor in 1816. The ministers, as usual, were charged with the responsibility; that year the grand vizir was changed four times. In 1818, Georgia openly revolted and entered into relations with Russia, which relations greatly tended to Paskewitch's success in 1828-29. In 1819 Constantinople was a prey to fire, pestilence, and a sedition of the Janizzaries.

The explosion of the Greek mine was fixed for the spring of 1822, but circumstances anticipated it by a year. Sultan Mahmoud, although he apparently love, never forgives a rebel; although he load him with favours, and bestow governments on his sons, they are only lures to draw him to ruin. In the summer of 1820, he declared Ali Pasha at the ban of the empire, and

charged Kourschid, begler bey of the Morea, with his reduction. Kourschid immediately marched with the greater part of the troops belonging to his government, leaving his caimacan as his deputy at Tripolitza. The stupid anger of Mahmoud against Ali made him thus commit the irreparable fault of ungarrisoning the Morea when he was beginning to be conscious of an extensive plan of insurrection among its inhabitants. Suspecting, however, that Ali was leagued with it, he thought, perhaps, by crushing him, to paralyze the other. He had yet to learn that the cunning tyrant of Epirus, who had so long made tools of others, was now a tool himself. He had always seen a rebel province submit when its chief was taken off; he had never had occasion to consider the people as worthy of attention, and therefore his blind policy, supposing Ali the chief of the Hellenists, was somewhat excusable. The education of Ottoman princes is ill-calculated to give an idea of the strength of a people, though slaves, when united for a common cause. Kourschid's unexpected prompt success at Yanina, gave, however, the sultan an opportunity of retrieving his error, or rather of making it appear as the opening of a brilliant

plan of campaign, but his apprehension of all that had been under Ali Pasha's direct rule, joined to the mistaken idea he had of that rebel's connexion with the Hellenists, prevailed, and instead of ordering back Kourschid to the Morea, he directed him to employ his victorious troops in subduing the Souliotes with other Albanian tribes, which the death of Ali had set free; and shortly afterwards, when those troops were thinned by desertions and disorganized, he sent to the caimacan at Tripolitza a firman—a firman which should have had a strong army to back it —to disarm the Moreotes. No measure could have been so propitious for them. The most important, and involving consideration in a well-schemed insurrection, is that its irruption be simultaneous. Previous arrangements are inadequate to effect this desideratum, from the clashing interests to be consulted, the many objections, as to time and place, to be overcome. It is therefore earnestly to be desired by the chiefs of the plot, that the government may commit an act of rigour calculated to affect every individual, to act as a touchstone on the passions of all. Such was this order to the caimacan; from the bishop to the priest, from the noble to

the peasant it was resented, and created unanimity on one point—resistance; which resistance, passive at first, in consequence of the prestige attached to Ottoman prowess, soon, through the vacillating policy of the Porte, too proud or ignorant to conciliate, too contemptuous of the Greeks to act with timely vigour, became active.

Germanos, bishop of Patrass, first raised the cross at Kalavryta, March 1821. Patrass followed the example. The flame spread, or rather, flew. Mavromichali, Colocótroni, (Klephte chiefs,) Mavrocordato, Demetrius Ipsilanti, (Fanariote nobles,) took the lead. Before June the Osmanleys were everywhere driven from the field, and before October of the same year, the half of their fortresses were compelled to yield for want of provisions. Simultaneously with Germanos' movement, Alexander Ipsilanti crossed the Pruth, March 7, with the sacred battalion. He called on the Christians to take up arms against their Turkish oppressors, promising the support of Russia; but without success, the Moldavians having suffered too long and too bitterly from the oppression of the Hospodars to feel sympathy with the cause of their countrymen. The sacred battalion, therefore, after performing prodigies

of valour at Dragheshan, was cut in pieces by a body of Delhis; Ipsilanti then retreated into Austria, where he was quietly immured.

The news of the insurrection was received at Constantinople with rage on the part of the Osmanleys, with apprehension on the part of the Greeks. The Fanariote nobles and the clergy trembled, and with reason, for they were all acquainted with the plot, although they might hope to escape detection. Their denouncer was at hand. Khalet Effendi was still Mahmoud's favourite. This man, in the early part of his life, had been ambassador at Paris above a year, whence he returned tinctured with infidelity and liberalism, which made him entertain ideas, (as many enlightened Osmanleys have,) on the propriety of placing the Greeks on a level with Mussulmans. By his intimacy with the Greeks of the capital he obtained a half knowledge of the designs of the Hellenists, but did not betray them, because he was led to believe that they coincided with his views, which no ways tended to separate Greece from the empire. He seconded them by procuring the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia for prince Michael Soutzo and prince Caradjak, the latter of

whom, on the breaking out of the revolution, fled into Austria, while the former joined Ipsilanti. This defection struck Mahmoud; he remembered the interest that his favourite had exerted for them, and he taxed him with treachery. In Turkey there is no great shade of distinction between accusation and proof; nor is it considered necessary to wait for the latter to execute punishment. Khalet Effendi knew this, and judged that the only way to save his life was to show as great hatred to the Greeks as he was supposed to have friendship. He spared no person, but by his allegations fanned the flame of his master's rage, which was also ably seconded by the Janizzaries. Easter-day, April 22, 1821, was disgraced by the murder of the patriarch Gregory; he was seized at the altar, and hung in his robes at the door of the Metropolitan church.* Above twenty bishops

* The corpse, after being dragged by Jews through the streets of the Phanar, was thrown into the Propontis, where the stones which sunk it becoming detached, it floated to the surface. The captain of a Russo-greco vessel, passing at the time, was attracted by the venerable white beard. Recognizing the body, he took it on board, embalmed it, and conveyed it to Odessa. It was there laid in state, dressed in rich patriarchal vestments, sent ex-

were also hung in and about Constantinople, with a crowd of nobles and inferior clergy; and the populace seconded their sovereign by slaying the unfortunate Greeks who ventured into the streets. Orders were sent to the principal cities to repeat the same scenes for the honour of God and the prophet.

This horrible butchery was not only a foul crime, but a deep political fault. The sultan's apologists—(he has some, Christians too, even on this point, as well as a Christian precedent, in the murder of the Archbishop of Arles, the Bishops of Beauvais and of Saintes, and of two hundred and fifty priests at Paris, September 2nd, 1792)—gloss it over, and term it a political stroke, to ascertain, at once, the extent of the insurrection, and where to act. It fully succeeded. The wind, that bore the sad news to

pressly by the Emperor Alexander, and then interred with every possible honour. It was Gregory's third time of being patriarch. The first was marked by the hostile arrival of the English fleet, on which occasion, for the zeal he displayed in animating the labourers employed in throwing up ramparts, he received a pelisse of honour from the hands of Selim III. The second he passed in wordy warfare with his intriguing bishops, who obtained his deposition. The third gained him the crown of martyrdom.

the Archipelago, dispersed all traces of lingering allegiance. The islands which had determined to remain neuter joined the sacred cause, and every Greek saw that his only refuge lay in arms. The timid imagined their fate in that of their patriarch, in case they fell into the tyrant's gripe; the brave swore to avenge his death; and the senate, assembling at Calamata, proclaimed these sentiments.

In the midst of this tragedy, Abdallah Pasha alone, of the Ottoman grandees, had the courage to approach the sultan. He told him that his head was his, but, till he deprived him of it, it was his duty to counsel him for his honour, and the honour of the empire. He declared the heinous fault of driving the Greeks to desperation; he accused Khalet Effendi of having deceived them for his individual profit, denounced him as a traitor in having counselled the executions, and demanded his immediate expulsion from the capital. He was supported by the Scheik Islam, and by the principal members of the ulema, who showed, by their conduct throughout this affair, that they were worthy of being ministers of a milder religion. Mahmoud yielded. The following day he created Abdallah grand vizir,

and banished Khalet Effendi to Cogni; but before taking leave of his favourite, he gave him a written protection for his life, assuring him, that whatever might ulteriorly happen, it should avail. Khalet embraced his kind master's feet, and, depending on his talisman, quitted Stamboul, with the hope of again seeing its minarets. Vain hope! He was yet two days from the place of his exile, when a capidgi bashi overtook him. Khalet, with a slight misgiving, showed his protection, and observed there was some mistake. "There is," replied the capidgi: "see, the date of my order is later than the date of yours, which is thereby useless." Khalet still insisted that it was a mistake, that the sultan could not have contradicted himself, in a few days, on so essential a point, (in Khalet's opinion,) and he begged the capidgi to return to Constantinople, and assure himself. "God is great!" rejoined the capidgi; "thou speakest nonsense; dost think that I am tired of wearing my head? Thy paper, I tell thee, is of no use; submit with grace, and bless our lord, the sultan, who, in condemning thee, assures thee of the joys of paradise." This was cruel mockery to Khalet, who doubted very much the efficacy of such a recipe

for reaching heaven. However there was no remedy. He laid down his last pipe,—(he was sitting on the divan of a village aga,)—and was twisted into eternity by the cordon of his own sabre. Thus perished the minister of Mahmoud's vices for nearly ten years. He, perhaps, thought with Wolsey, "Had I but served my God," &c. without more reason, since both, in serving their sovereign, only thought of serving themselves. His name is held in horror by the Greeks; if one of them wish to describe a monster of iniquity, Khalet Effendi is the model.

The sultan had a certain mode of crushing the insurrection in its egg, which was by pitting Ali Pasha against *it*, instead of outlawing *him*. The crafty tyrant, when he found himself blockaded in his castle, and the dupe of the Hellenists, came, though too late, to a sense of his error. To a natural wish to save his head, whitened by eighty-three winters, was joined a desire to wreak vengeance on a people whom he despised; and he would have deemed his sanguinary life well terminated, had he employed its last months in massacreing the Greeks, renewing with an army of Albanians the scenes of 1770. He made propositions for pardon, offering to abort the

revolt. Nor did he assume what he could not perform. His former relations with the Hellenists gave him a secret power against them: he was intimately acquainted with the Klephte chiefs, who had most of them been his creatures, and whom he had never found insensible to the charms of gold: his possession of Kiapha castle* insured the neutrality of the Suliotes; and he was the hero of the Albanians, theme of their songs, loved by them for his valour in spite of his tyranny, with an influence over them which no one since Scanderbeg had obtained, so that he would have had no difficulty in making them march under him to the Morea, or to any other place, for plunder. They deserted him in his extremity, partly from a reluctance to oppose the sultan, but principally from the defection, owing to his avarice, of some of their chiefs, particularly Omer Bey, Ali's trusted follower, who

* When Ali Pasha had subdued the Suliotes, after seventeen years war, he built the castle of Kiapha in the centre of their fastnesses. In his extremity he gave it up to them as the price of their co-operation. This should have secured their independence after his death; but, owing to their dissensions, the Osmanleys took it from them. They then bade adieu to their hills, and retired to the Ionian isles.

opened the passes of Pindus to the Ottoman force under Ismael Pasha.

Supposing, however, that Mahmoud had calculated the extent of the insurrection, had known that it was independent of Ali, still it is not probable, considering his character, that he would have suffered the policy of accepting his offer to weigh against the desire of being revenged, now that he had the power, on a subject, who, for twelve years, had walked on the edge of the gulf of rebellion. He satiated his vengeance by cutting off every branch of so sturdy a tree, even to an innocent boy, twelve years old, Ali's youngest grandson. The Tartar, who bore the head to Constantinople, was surrounded by crowds, in the towns where he stopped, who could scarcely credit that it was the terrible Ali's; and the brave mountaineers wept, for they remembered the feats of his youth. Its exposition at the seraglio gate filled the Constantinopolitans with astonishment, and the sultan with joy. Short-sighted man! That head was the head of the Hercules, who might have crushed the hydra, Revolt. Time in a few years would have laid it in the dust; what time will sear the full-grown necks of liberty?

CHAPTER IX.

Beys of Albania—Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea—Revolt and slaughter of the Janizzaries — Peter the Great and the Strelitzes—Mahmoud and Amurath—The Nizam Dgeditt and the Janizzaries—Turkish prejudices—Erroneous policy of the Sultan—A parallel of civilized and uncivilized states—Consternation at Constantinople on the battle of Navarine—Reflections on the Greek question—Departure of the ambassadors—Alarm of the Merchants—Exile of the Catholic Armenians—Emperor of Russia's Manifest—The Sultan's Answer—Advance of the Russian army—Sultan's preparations for War.

It is foreign to my purpose to follow the progress of the Grecian war—the blunders, the barbarities, the cavillings, on both sides—it has been detailed in many tomes. But it is curious to observe how Mahmoud, notwithstanding its distraction, perseveringly followed the grand object of his life—the destruction of the Janizzaries, and the abasement of the powerful chieftains. With Machiavelian policy he designed the civil war as an instrument.

Mustapha Pasha, hereditary bey of Scutari, was pre-eminent in Upper Albania. The vicinity and power of Ali Pasha had caused him to be previously unnoticed; but on the death of the latter, Mahmoud perceived the youthful bey, then twenty-five years old, guilty of ancestral rights. He recollected his father,* the notorious rebel, and he knew the influence of his family with the warlike beys of Bosnia. To weaken him, therefore, he commanded him to raise and maintain twenty thousand men, for the war in western Greece, and to command them in person, under the seraskier pasha, who had also an army of Albanians. Mustapha obeyed, as far as raising the army, but took care to effect nothing. He marched twice from his capital to the Gulf of Lepanto, and back again. In one of these ex-

* Cara Mahmoud, shut up with eighty men in his castle at Scutari, resisted twenty thousand of the sultan's troops, whom at length he caused to be dispersed or massacred, by fomenting an insurrection among the Guegues. The sultan then confirmed him in his honours. But Cara Mahmoud did not long survive the triumph. In a war with the Montenegrins, 1795, he was taken prisoner in the pass of Cettigni, by his implacable foe, the bishop of Montenegro, who cut off his head, and placed it in his own chamber, in the convent of Cettigni, where it may still be seen.

cursions, while encamped near Carpenisi, Marco Botzaris attacked him at midnight, with a band of devoted followers; penetrating to the horse-tailed tent, he was on the point of doing the sultan a great favour, when the pasha awaking, escaped by cutting an aperture in the canvass with his ataghan. The heroic Greek was then surrounded, and received death and immortality at the same moment.

Mehemet Ali was also requested to expose some of his disciplined troops to the chances of war, in the Morea. He hesitated; but, at length, being hard pressed by threats and promises, also rather intimidated by the fall of the powerful Ali Pasha, thereby attributing greater power to the sultan than he really possessed, sent his son, Ibrahim Pasha, to Modon, with ten thousand men, February, 1825. The jealousies of the Greeks were then at such a pitch, paralyzing energy and patriotism, that had Ibrahim pleased, he would have conquered the Morea that year. He marched through its defiles without encountering opposition; looked at Napoli di Romania, on the possession of which hung the fate of Greece; burnt the ruins of Tripolitza, and then returned to the west coast, and cantoned his troops. Ibrahim has been generally accused of stupidity

in not taking more advantage, that campaign, of the prostrate condition of the enemy. I suspect, however, that the true cause lay in his father's instructions. Mehemet Ali was too much alive to his own interests, to wish to forward the sultan's views. He did not feel sufficiently powerful to resist openly; but, while co-operating with an efficient army, he probably commanded his son to husband his resources, by being a spectator, rather than an actor. Ibrahim's career, until his expulsion in 1828, supports this opinion. The only important affair he engaged in was the siege of Missolonghi. There he fairly assisted Redschid Pasha; but at Navarine his fleet as fairly betrayed Tahir Pasha. The promise of annexing the Morea to his government was a poor bait to Mehemet Ali, who was not deterred by the difficulty of the conquest, which he would have accomplished by means of gold—an arm against which, well handled, the Greeks are truly impotent; but he foresaw, that to keep a country of bold and hardy brigands under, and render it productive, would occasion a drain of Egyptian troops and treasure, which would, in the sequel, leave him defenceless, an easy prey to sultan Mahmoud, who, he was perfectly aware, only wanted the opportunity to crush him.

Warned by the example of others, these two chiefs thus avoided the snares spread for them. The Janizzaries were less fortunate. Each campaign a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople when, May 30, 1826, the sultan issued a hatti scheriff concerning the formation of "a new victorious army." This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janizzaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece: they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived: they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15 following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Husseyin, the aga of the Janizzaries was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiondgis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sandjack scheriff was

displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, no ways daunted, the Janizzaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Husseyin, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them in the name of the prophet, to submit to the sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted, favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Husseyin repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. "Now or never," he replied to the sultan, "is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too care-

fully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janizzaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me." Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Husseyin, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a

passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last.*

The bonfire of their bones and barracks still smoked, when Husseyin repaired to the sultan, and told him that the terrible Janizzaries were destroyed—all excepting their chief;—"I am that chief, and offer thee his head." Mahmoud embraced him, and named him on the spot superior to all pashas, by the title of aga pasha. The next day a hatti scheriff was read in the mosques declaring the Janizzaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This event was so unexpected, as well as extraordinary, that Europe almost unanimously voted Mahmoud the title of "great," and prophesied that Turkey would resume her place among powerful nations. The illusion has not

* The after and more disagreeable task of hunting out the fugitive Janizzaries, and their warm partizans, was entrusted to Khosrew Pasha, who kept open the shambles several months. Five thousand fell under the grand blow, and in the whole, twenty or twenty-five thousand are supposed to have perished throughout the empire.

entirely ceased; nor should it cease could one argument be brought forward to justify it. Posterity awards the distinction of "great" to few men, since, at its tribunal, splendid actions are judged by their motives. Peter of Russia has incontestably the clearest right to it; for he voluntarily sacrificed *pro tempore*, power and wealth, and descended to the level of mankind, that he might reform himself before attempting to reform others; a lesson which an ordinary mind could not have submitted to learn. It is not his fault, that on the foundation he laid, his successors' have raised a superstructure of astounding despotism, and converted an honourable profession—the army—into a vehicle for galling slavery. After destroying the Strelitzes, he did not apply the arbitrary power thus gained to subverting the ancient institutions of the Muscovites, but to the enforcement of rational principles, and he used his superior knowledge with as little selfishness as was compatible with human nature. Mahmoud's policy, on the contrary, in increasing his power, was alien to the happiness of his subjects. "Oh!" exclaim his admirers, which consist of the Frank and Raya population of Constantinople; "he put down the Janiz-

zaries, that cancer of Turkey!" It is not sufficient that the weights before a prison door be removed, unless the spring that opens it be also touched; that the presumed obstacles to all improvement be set aside, unless an impulse be given to make improvement flow. The pernicious system of selling the governments to the highest bidders, partly attributed to the influence of the Janizzaries, has been more acted on by Mahmoud, than by any other sultan, since, in addition to the nomination pashalicks, he puts up the (formerly) hereditary beyliks to auction, and will also the mollahships, should he succeed in his designs against the ulema. Let us see, however, whether the Janizzaries were the cancer of Turkey. No; the real cancer that eats her up is corruption, universal corruption, commencing with the ministers of state, and multiplied through every department, even to the fakirs. That they were a cancer to Constantinople I will not deny, a plague spot to the seraglio. But what is Constantinople to Turkey? does it exercise the mental controul over the provinces which other great capitals respectively possess? does public opinion flow from it? So perfectly distinct are the manners and sentiments of its inhabi-

tants from those of the mass of the nation, that it may be compared to an island in a sea. In the former view, therefore, the Janizzaries were only a particular evil, repeated with less malignancy in two or three great provincial cities; and in their latter shape—a bar to the free will of the sultan—it is doubtful whether, whatever may be supposed, their influence materially affected the empire; the elements of its decay being deeper seated. Strikingly does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the nizam dgeditt, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janizzaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available,

instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditionary whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musquet and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans.

It is not my wish, in what I have said, to defend this race of fanatic ruffians. Lords of the day, they ruled with uncontrolled insolence in Constantinople, their appearance pourtraying the excess of libertinism; their foul language, their gross behaviour, their enormous turbans, their open vests, their bulky sashes filled with arms, their weighty sticks, rendering them objects of fear and of disgust. Like moving columns they thrust every body from their paths, without regard of sex or age, frequently bestowing durable marks of anger or contempt; and during the bairam, the report of pistols, let off in sport, or intoxication, often followed by a shriek, every where denoted their presence. No man who was not of them, no property that was not theirs, was safe; and habituated to lawless ex-

cess, they knew no crime but what aimed at their privileges. Deposed sultans, and a long list of headless vizirs, attest this truth. It may be truly said that there was scarcely a person of consideration in the empire who was not glad of their downfall, for they had long separated themselves from the nation. If left alone after the catastrophe of June 16, 1826, the remnant would have died a natural death, and the name only would have remained, a glorious recollection interwoven with the brightest era of Ottoman history.

But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c. were connected with the janizzaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbad the turban,—that valued,

darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janizzarism was only a branch grafted on a wide spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries; a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration. Some people excuse this conduct, and say that the repugnance attending it would have passed away with the generation, and that the next would not have thought more of turbans and shulwars, than the Highlanders think of bonnets and kilts. I doubt that: the Highlanders were part, part only of the body; the Turks compose the body. At all events, *supposing* the regulations politic, they should have been deferred until the

sultan had power to enforce them. His own language has a proverb applicable—"Do not take a man by the beard unless you can cut off his head." I verily believe that an effendi of Bagdad, or of Aleppo, or of Damascus, who still believes that the Ottomans are invulnerable, and that his padischah invests the krals of Christendom with their crowns, would rather lose his right hand than appear abroad without his turban, and consent sooner to lose his head, than to shave his beloved beard, which grew with his strength, the solacer of his ennui, the rival of his comboloyo in employing his fingers. I readily believe the story told of Dom ——, governor of Goa, that he obtained a large sum of money on the security of his whiskers. To Englishmen, the impolicy of altering the dress of a half civilized military nation is more apparent than to other Franks, since it is known that a similar determination, relating to the Anglo-Indian army, led to the mutiny at Vellore, 1806. The governor-general would be ill advised, who ordered the native troops to shave their moustaches.

If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step

was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janizzaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janizzarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land-tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste.* Articles

* In 1829-30, they were obliged to send to Smyrna from the interior of Asia Minor for corn—an unprecedented circumstance, for Smyrna had hitherto drawn her supplies from the interior, instead of importing foreign corn.

of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation;* and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere-beys, and of the Janizzaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing.

The result must be, if the sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery.

Travellers are apt to laud Mehemet Ali: but let them consider the condition of his subjects—let them recollect, what they must have seen, the multitudes labouring naked in the cotton and rice grounds, goaded on by overseers, the numbers perishing on the banks of the canal, or in the towns,—the only bar between life and death, of those who survive a few years, black bread and the water of the Nile, their only enjoyment—shared with animals, as transitorily and as soullessly—multiplying their wretched species,—they will not wish his doctrines to be extended to Turkey. If the attributes of civilization,—armies, fleets, canals, roads, palaces,—can only be obtained by similar means, humanity would decline them. We admire the pyramids for their grandeur, and their antiquity, and their astronomical position; but our admiration would be mingled with disgust at the tyrants who founded them, were the thousands, sacrificed in

toil for their mighty whims, engraved on the bases.

Civilization, forced, is as inimical to a people's happiness as is a constitution abruptly presented. That deprives them of their liberties; this of their judgment: the shackles of the former are felt, before the corresponding silken bands are fitted to disguise the iron; the condescension of the latter is abused before its beauty is respected: the one sharpens the sword of state; the other puts clubs in the hands of the mob. For the former hypothesis look at Russia; for the latter observe France.

When a nation, comparatively barbarous, copies the finished experience of a highly civilized state, without going through the intermediate stages of advancement, the few are strengthened against the many, the powerful armed against the weak. The sovereign, who before found his power (despotic in name) circumscribed, because with all the will, he had not the real art of oppressing, by the aid of science finds himself a giant— his mace exchanged for a sword. In scanning over the riches of civilization, spread out before him for acceptance, he contemptuously rejects those calculated to benefit his

people, and chooses the modern scientific governing machine, result of ages of experiments, with its patent screws for extracting blood and treasure,—conscription and taxation. He hires foreign engineers to work it, and waits the promised result—absolute power. His subjects, who before had a thousand modes of avoiding his tyranny, have not now a loop-hole to escape by: the operations of the uncorroding engine meet them at every turn, and, to increase their despair, its movement accelerates with use, and winds closer their chains. A people thus taken by surprise, and thrown off their guard, will be centuries before they acquire sufficient knowledge—every beam of which is carefully hid from them by the clouds of despotism—to compare their situation with that of their neighbours —(who, although ruled by the same means, have advantages to counterbalance its weight)— to assert human rights, and to dare to say "we are men." In the mean time, they are dispersed, or collected, or worked, as cattle; suffered to perish of disease, or starve, as things of no import; compelled to march like puppets from zone to zone, for the caprice of one man— to slaughter and be slaughtered for his pleasure;

and if any one, using his reason, pronounce such proceedings against the eternal fitness of things, he is denounced as revolutionary, an enemy of order, little short of mad, and unfit to live. Such are the fruits which civilization, so called, has produced in one country. Newspapers act as oil to the engine, are, under such auspices, the direst enemies of freedom and rational reform, simply because they dare only espouse one side of a question, the side which suits the powers that are. Even supposing, which is not probable, the editors to have any thing dearer at heart than their own profits, they dare not expose corruption in the heads of departments, and therefore, as a *juste milieu* is seldom the part of a newspaper, they applaud their measures, however tyrannical, the more particularly if they receive money for so doing. It is a long time in any state before the press acquires sufficient respectability, as well as independence, to expose abuses; until that time it only serves to abet them. The Smyrna Gazette, or Courier d'Orient, for an apposite example, is edited by a Frenchman, M. Blaque: M. Blaque is a clever man, and, when his subject is France, or England, or Russia, a violent liberal, a scoffer of kings, a declaimer against

tyranny; but, at the same time, there is not a warmer defender than M. Blaque of the arbitrary proceedings of Sultan Mahmoud and his officers, as the columns of his paper bear testimony. We have read in them a palliation of that most cruel and unjust act of the sultan, banishing the Armenians from the capital, in 1828. We have read in them apologies for Abdallah, pasha of St. Jean d'Acre, the veriest tyrant, on a small scale, that ever breathed. We have read in them panegyrics on the talents and ministerial qualities of Mustapha effendi, the sultan's secretary and Ganymede, the most empty-headed coxcomb that ever rolled a turban or presented a chibouque. And we have read in them article after article on the courage and devotion of the Ottoman troops in 1829, at the time that those troops were fleeing from before the Cossacks without having waited to be seen by them. I cannot suppose that M. Blaque had the option of being silent, not to mention severe, on such men and such measures, which would, had they related to any other country, have dipped his pen in gall: his line of conduct, therefore, shows that the establishment of gazettes in Turkey, though exceedingly captivating in sound, quite

refreshing to the ears of liberals, a harbinger of freedom, is in fact very anti-liberal, a corruption promoter, an ægis for the greatly wicked.

It is curious to observe the similarity of advantages which are enjoyed by nations in opposite spheres of knowledge, and separated by perfectly distinct manners and religion. Hitherto the Osmanley has enjoyed by custom some of the dearest privileges of freemen, for which Christian nations have so long struggled. He paid nothing to the government beyond a moderate land-tax, although liable, it is true, to extortions, which might be classed with assessed taxes. He paid no tithes, the vacouf sufficing for the maintenance of the ministers of Islamism. He travelled where he pleased without passports; no custom-house officer intruded his eyes and dirty fingers among his baggage; no police watched his motions, or listened for his words. His house was sacred. His sons were never taken from his side to be soldiers, unless war called them. His views of ambition were not restricted by the barriers of birth and wealth; from the lowest origin he might aspire without presumption to the rank of pasha; if he could

read, to that of grand vizir; and this consciousness, instilled and supported, by numberless precedents, ennobled his mind, and enabled him to enter on the duties of high office without embarrassment. Is not this the advantage so prized by free nations? Did not the exclusion of the people from posts of honour tend to the French revolution? I might infinitely extend the parallel existing between nations removed by ages of knowledge. One more example, rather burlesque, however, than correct. The Janizzaries of Constantinople somewhat resembled a chamber of deputies, for they often compelled their sovereign to change his ministers, and any talented, factious member among them, with the art of inflaming men's passions, was sure to obtain a good employment in order to appease him.

For this freedom, this capability of realizing the wildest wishes, what equivalent does the sultan offer? It may be said none. I do not think that the Osmanleys would have objected to a uniform system of government with the burthen of a standing army, which would have defended their honour, provided their liberties had been respected. But instead of engrafting

his plans on the old system, which—embracing a respected hierarchy, an hereditary noblesse, and a provincial magistracy—offered such facilities, with a studious care not to shock prejudices, idle but sanctified; to make it appear that he aimed at rendering European subservient to Asiatic, rather than Asiatic to European, manners, he rejected all subterfuge, and prematurely disclosed his schemes of self-aggrandizement and appropriation which disgusted his subjects, and changed their respect for him into something less than horror.

I will now return to the affairs of Greece, which form so important an episode in the reign of Mahmoud II.

The scheme to which he had made the civil war subservient, viz. the destruction of the Janizzaries, having succeeded, he prepared to show the world that he had the power, though delayed, of reducing his revolted subjects, and to which he was warmly impelled, by their having rejected his offers, twice repeated, of amnesty. The success attending his arms immediately afterwards seemed to promise a speedy termination to the war. The middle of August, 1826, Athens surrendered to the Seraskier, Redschid

Pasha, who was ably seconded in his operations by Omer* Pasha of the Negroponte. In the Morea, also Ibrahim Pasha, whose father was alarmed at the power the sultan had displayed, showed greater activity; he established himself on the borders of Maina, and made several attempts to reduce its hardy inhabitants, though without success. The northern shore of the Gulf of Lepanto was cleared by the Albanian mercenaries in the service of the Porte; and the most efficient weapon was everywhere ably employed—money. The most influential of the patriots were bought; letters intercepted proved the defection of the Grievos family, then in possession of the Palamithe castle, and the sultan showed his determination on the subject by rejecting the intervention of the ambassadors of France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, June 1827. The net was fairly

* This person, the greatest proprietor of the island, lived as a private individual till the breaking out of the revolution, when he exerted himself as a true Osmanley, by raising his peasantry and preserving order among the Greek inhabitants, by whom he was much esteemed. Colonel Fabvier, with his tacticos, attacked him, but was completely routed, and barely escaped. He never troubled him again.

spread. The end of that year would have seen the Moreotes again under the sabre, had not the battle of Navarine interposed. Could not a better mode have been adopted for saving Greece? In my opinion the treaty of the 6th of July, with all due deference to its framers, betrayed an utter ignorance of the Turkish character. It was supposing too much that, when on the point of re-occupying a province, the sultan would yield it to a few threats, which, as inculcated by Austria, were not intended to lead to any thing serious; it appearing improbable that England would assist Russia in her designs against Turkey. Moreover, the Turks do not comprehend threats; they require facts, and, being themselves scrupulous in observing the laws of nations, they thought that hostilities would be preceded by the usual formalities of declaring war, and by the departure of the ambassadors. Had the latter course been adopted, the result would have been much more satisfactory. The sultan would have protested against the injustice of the allies, but would never have affronted the gigantic odds. His fleet would have remained in port, his pashas have stayed their march, and the Morea would have been

occupied, to the great disappointment of the Russian cabinet, without firing a gun. Its pacification and settlement, with its adjuncts, Attica, &c.; not settled four years after, would have immediately followed as a matter of course; for, though the Mussulmans pretend that their religion does not allow them to give their possessions to infidels, they make no scruple of yielding them on the compulsion of war, and the treaty once signed, the subject is soon forgotten.

No colours can paint the dismay at Constantinople when the news of the "untoward" event arrived. The Franks of all denominations trembled for their lives. Well for them that the Janizzaries no longer existed, or no consideration would have saved them! The English ambassador first heard of it over land from Smyrna. The following day the dragomans of the French and English embassies repaired to the reis effendi, and imparted the disaster, concealing, however, its extent, and imputing the entire blame to the Turkish fleet, an adroit representation, which, backed by others to the same purport, by the ambassadors in person, had the desired effect. It warded the indignation of the Mussulmans from the Franks, but it placed the

head of poor Tahir Pasha in a jeopardy. No insurance-office would then have given him a fortnight's purchase. Fortunately contrary winds detained him twenty days *en voyage* from Navarine, in which time the Porte had time to digest its loss, and be somewhat reconciled to the decrees of hismet, (destiny,) though I believe that this doctrine was never more unwillingly bowed to than at that moment.

Tahir's anchor was scarcely dropped in the Golden Horn, when a capidji bashi boarded him to conduct him to the sultan. His interrogatory was not long. He briefly told *his* tale, which very naturally, if not justly, contradicted the other. He then stood resigned, waiting the signal of death or life; for, though conscious of innocence, of not having disobeyed his master's orders, he had been unfortunate, and the annals of Ottoman history tell us that no crime is more severely punished. After a terrible pause, he was told to return on board his ship.*

The smothered anger of the sultan now burst into fury. Tahir Pasha's version of the affair soon circulated through the city; the populace

* Tahir Pasha, I believe, was strangled the beginning of April, 1831. He was, or was supposed to be, implicated in a conspiracy.

deeply murmured, and for three days a massacre of the Franks was apprehended. It is even said that the sultan was on the point of authorizing it; but his ministers, in cooler blood, among whom was foremost Khosrew Pasha, threw themselves at his feet, and besought him to pause, to consider the inevitable consequences of such a proceeding.

Greece, after this, was a sore subject to the sultan, and it would have been wise to have deferred renewing the discussion of it for some months, giving him time to cool. The object of the treaty of London--the safety of the Greeks—was virtually accomplished, for hostilities had ceased between them and their opponents. But the ambassadors of France, Russia, and England, thought it was best to strike while the iron was hot, and therefore addressed note after note to the reis effendi demanding the fulfilment of the treaty, accompanied by threats in case of evasion. It is not surprising that the sultan, still smarting under the wound which his pride had received from the sovereigns of those same envoys, refused to accede to their request; but it is a matter of regret and astonishment that the French and English ambassadors, at a time

when their exertions were doubly required to prevent the impending aggression of the Emperor of Russia, foreseen by every one from the time that the Turkish fleet was destroyed, should have chosen to consider this obstinacy as an insult, which made their longer stay at Constantinople impracticable. The fact is, they had threatened so long, and so high to go, in case they were not satisfied, that they became ashamed, when they found their threats unheeded, to remain. It was rather undiplomatic to let idle, angry words escape, by which they felt obliged to govern themselves, hardly excused by the contempt they entertained for Turkish understanding, which caused the error. A better acquaintance with the Turkish character would have made them more circumspect, and not have given a cause of triumph to the Russian ambassador.

They demanded their firmans. The sultan refused them, saying that he was not at war with their masters: however, they were at liberty; if they chose to remain, they should enjoy protection; if they chose to depart, they should meet no obstacle. Unfortunately, the latter course was adopted, to the regret of all, of whatever nation or sect, at Constantinople, ex-

cepting the Russian ambassador. Up to the hour of their embarking, they were requested to remain by some of the Ottoman ministers, who assured them that the sultan would see his danger, if allowed time for reflection, and consent to sign the treaty. It was well worth the experiment: but I suppose they had reasons, which those not in the secret cannot guess, for not making it, and thereby, if successful, undoing the knot that was cut, twenty months later, at Adrianople.

They sailed down the Hellespont, accompanied by their consuls and dragomans, leaving their countrymen, and the vessels and property of their countrymen, to the uncertain protection of the Dutch minister. By the law of nations the sultan would have been authorized in laying an embargo on them. The merchants alarmed, as well they might be, considering the past, the present, and the probable future, in the horizon of a few months, proposed to leave their business and follow. But the grand vizir re-assured them. He told them that the government had the power to protect them from the people, and would be answerable for their safety; and in order that their affairs should suffer no impediment, he recom-

mended that the merchants of each nation should appoint one of their members to act as consuls, with whom the government would treat on all subjects within the sphere of commerce, or of personal safety; at the same time, he peremptorily ordered that all Franks, who had no stated business in the capital, should leave it; and, freighting two vessels, he caused them to embark at a day's notice. This harsh measure was excused on the plea of their being dangerous as spies.

In regard to the intervention in favour of Greece, the reis effendi said, after the departure of the ambassadors, "If other powers admit of intervention in their internal affairs, that is no rule for the Porte. The Porte should be regarded by them as an exception, because its political existence is founded on its religion, which admits of no foreign intervention."

From the moment of the departure of the ambassadors, the sultan considered war inevitable; and no longer concealing his feelings, issued the celebrated hatti scheriff to the Mussulmans, calling them all to arms in defence of their religion, and exciting them by violent reproaches against the Christian nations, "leagued to overthrow the

Ottoman empire." It stated that the Porte only accepted forced treaties to break them on occasions, had only dissimulated the repeated insults it had received, to gain time; and that in regard of the Morea and the Cyclades, it would perish rather than recognize their independence, "because such a step would encourage the other rayas to revolt, and would reduce Islamism under the dominion of infidels."

To prepare for war, money was requisite; and therefore a few weeks after the publication of the above violent and impolitic address, the sultan issued another firman, by which he banished from the capital to distant towns of Asia Minor, all the Catholic Armenians. To explain this wanton act of barbarity, it is necessary to say a few words on the condition of the Armenians in Turkey.

About the sixth century, they separated from the Greek church to follow the opinions of Eutyches. They have four patriarchs, of whom the principal resides at the monastery of Etzchmiazin, near Erivan; two others reside in Asia Minor, one of whom at Cesarieh, and the fourth at Shirvan (formerly a Persian, but since 1813 a Russian, province.) Under these patriarchs are

several archbishops, one of whom resides at Constantinople, with the honorary title of patriarch, and, as regards the Porte, may be considered as the head of the church. The Armenian religion is not sanctioned by a charter, as that given to the Greeks by the conqueror of Constantinople; nevertheless it enjoys equal toleration, and its clergy has the same power, in administering justice to its flock, that the Greek clergy has.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a great number of Armenians united themselves voluntarily to the Catholic church, still retaining some of their ancient rites. They are principally numerous in the province and city of Angora. The Porte never formalized their union with Rome, nor granted them, at least in Constantinople, the privilege of having churches; but treated them constantly as dependents of the orthodox Armenian patriarch, alone acknowledged, allowing them, at the same time, unlimited tolerance, which was never disturbed, except through the means of an hostile or ill-disposed patriarch, as happened in 1781 and in 1819. Constantinople is, as it ever has been, the theatre of religious dissensions; and but for the constant protection of the French ambassador, the united

Armenians (as the Catholics are called) would have suffered severely from the persecutions of their schismatic brethren.

At this juncture, the Porte, influenced by the wealth of the parties, chose to see in their mutual hostility machinations against the state, and accused the patriarch accordingly; adding, as a proof, the emigration of his countrymen that took place into the province of Erivan, become Russian, where the patriarch of Etzchmiazin resided, as a Russian vassal. The patriarch refuted the accusation, as directed against the nation in general, by a heavy donation; but centred it in the Catholic Armenians, supporting it by oath, and refusing to answer for their allegiance, as he did for that of the orthodox.

This was sufficient for the sultan, although he must have known its falsity. The firman commanded the Armenians of Angora (Catholics) to leave the capital in the space of ten days, and to return to their province. The motive alleged in the preamble is curious. It stated that the ancient law of the empire forbid the rayas of the provinces to change their residence at will, above all, to establish themselves at Constantinople; but the government having, from time to time, shut its

eyes on this subject, a multitude of provincials had come to crowd the capital, which occasioned great disorders; that at present there were a great mass of Armenians of Angora—priests, bankers, merchants, &c.—to which were added, numbers of vagabonds, of whom the most part infringed the laws, and neglected their duty as subjects of the Sublime Porte—actions which it could no longer tolerate; and as, in consequence of the great number of these Armenians (thirty thousand) in Constantinople, the innocent could not be discerned from the guilty, all were involved in the same measure, all condemned to exile. "The capital is henceforth shut to these Armenians; let them follow commerce and agriculture in their own country, in order to live; at the same time, let them recollect the punishment to which they will be exposed, if, at the expiration of the delay granted them, (ten days,) they shall not have commenced their journey."

The cruelty of the sentence was only equalled by its immediate execution. Upwards of twenty thousand were expelled from a city which they had enriched by their industry, by those who never could accuse their fidelity. At the intercession of the Austrian internonce, exceptions were

made in favour of Septuagenarians, of the blind, of women seven months gone with child, and of all that would abandon the Catholic faith for the Armenian, and acknowledge the supremacy of the patriarch. Few remained at the latter price, which was set by the patriarch alone; for the Porte openly declared that it was far from wishing to persecute any body on account of his belief, and that it had been moved to the measure of exile by considerations solely political.

The victims begged for a respite till the spring; in vain. The 20th of January, 1828, all—bankers and merchants, artizans who were identified with the bazaars, ladies whose cheeks seldom felt the breeze, their infants swathed in cashmeres—were turned into the plains of Asia, then covered with snow, to struggle as they might, assisted by the few conveniences which a carriageless, roadless, thinly populated country affords. Many died on the first days of their sad pilgrimage. The governors of some of the towns treated them kindly; and one, the mousselim of Brussa, had the courage, when he wrote to the Porte, to ask what was their crime. Calumny could not invent one, unless it were their riches. Their fellow-Christians in Constantinople, separated only by a few

idle dogmas, rejoiced at their *religious* victory, and the Osmanleys exulted in the possession of their confiscated wealth.* "They who profit by crime," says Alfieri, "are alone guilty of it;"

* All their property was not directly confiscated. In their short respite, they were permitted to sell as much as was not sequestrated to the sultan's use. Of course they were not able to sell much, or for much. One of the best houses in Pera, built of stone, was purchased by an Osmanley for £570. It is let since for £270 a year to the Prussian embassy. A certain Italian marquis proposed to one of the exiles to make him a present of his house, which his diplomatic situation would enable him to keep. The Armenian offered to sell it for a moderate price. The other declined the bargain, and said that he might as well give it to him for nothing, or for a trifling sum, as let it fall into the hands of an Osmanley. The owner was so vexed at seeing a Frank of rank endeavouring to take advantage of his misfortune, that he told him that sooner than consent to his proposition, he would leave it to be confiscated. He did so. In the beginning of 1830, the exiles were recalled through the exertions of Count Guilleminot and Sir R. Gordon, but they returned, the most, poor. Something was said about restoring their property; but, independent of a want of will to do that justice, it would have been difficult, considering how it was dispersed. One house in Pera, for example, was given by the sultan to M. Calosso—another, at Therapia, to the English embassy. An order, however, was issued to oblige the orthodox Armenians, who had purchased some of the possessions of the Catholics at the period of their sentence, to restore them at the prices

but this maxim cannot excuse the Armenian patriarch. Among the exiles were the widow and daughter of a banker, who died ten years since, leaving millions of piastres to the sultan. They were not exempted, and their house at Therapia was converted into a royal residence. It is worthy of remark, that a few months previous to this, shortly after the catastrophe of the Janizzaries, the sultan issued a firman, abolishing confiscation. He has a knack—similar to Napoleon's at bulletinizing—of giving firmans, breathing equity and moderation, thereby to deceive Europeans, never intending to act by them.

At the same time that the sultan thus persecuted the most faithful portion of his Christian subjects, he sent, the third time, offers of amnesty to the Moreotes, if they would re-enter under his dominion.

Their unqualified refusal no doubt stung him; but he had not leisure to dwell on it, for the most momentous period of Turkish history, since Tamerlane defeated Bajazet on the plains of Angora, was approaching. Russia was in no

they had given. Whether it was complied with, I know not. It was not before I left Constantinople. Probably the patriarch had sufficient influence to prevent so just a restitution.

want of pretexts to her own taste, to make war on Turkey, but she wanted a plausible one to show to the world. The ill-advised hatti scherif, above mentioned, gave it. In addition to its bad faith, she insisted that the violent reproaches contained in it, although addressed to all Christendom, were levelled particularly at her. In reality they were only intended to stimulate the ardour of all branches of Mussulmans, who were called upon to act by their hatred of infidels. The Emperor of Russia would not view it in that light. At the time of its promulgation, however, he took no notice of it, being then engaged with Persia, but on the peace of Tourkmantchai being published at Petersburgh, signed at the village of Tourkmantchai, February 22nd, 1828,* he answered it by a manifest, and a declaration of war. These documents are curious, as showing with what ease despots can pervert facts, and invoke the most solemn names to aid their injustice.

* By this peace Russia gained an indemnity of three millions sterling, and the provinces of Erivan and of Nakhitchevan, with a military frontier that renders Persia defenceless; in return, she guaranteed the possession of the throne of Persia to Abbas Mirza.

The emperor's manifest concluded with these words—" But all longanimity has its limits: the honour of the Russian name, the dignity of the empire, the inviolability of its rights, and that of our national glory, have marked them. It is not till after having maturely weighed our duty, founded on an imperious necessity, and being penetrated with the most sincere conviction of the justice of our cause, that we have commanded our armies to march, with the aid of God, against an enemy who constantly violates the rights of nations and the most sacred engagements.

" We are convinced that our faithful subjects will join their most ardent vows to our prayers for the success of our enterprise, and that they will invoke the Almighty to clothe our soldiers with his grace, and to shower his celestial benedictions on our arms which are destined to *defend* our holy and dear country.

" Petersburgh, April 26, 1828."

In the declaration that accompanied this manifest are remarkable the following passages:—

" All the endeavours of Russia to remain at peace with a neighbouring empire have been in

vain. Constrained, notwithstanding long patience and costly sacrifices, to confide the protection of her rights to the care of her arms, she will develope the just and imperious motives which impose on her the painful necessity of such a determination."

After a long list of pretended wrongs and insults—"The sacrifices which Russia has constantly imposed on herself, with the view of assuring a lasting peace to the world, since the ever memorable epoch which saw dethroned at the same time military despotism and the genius of revolutions; these sacrifices, dictated by a generous policy, and as spontaneous as they are numerous, are known by the whole universe—the history of late years attests them, and Turkey herself, although little disposed to appreciate them, has experienced the preservative effects of them."

After enumerating instances of Russian magnanimity—"Such complete moderation was not understood; during five years the Divan opposed obstinately the conciliatory overtures of the Emperor Alexander, and occupied itself in exhausting his longanimity, in contesting his rights, in doubting of his good intentions, in braving

even the power of Russia, chained only by the desire of prolonging the general tranquillity.

"And yet a war with Turkey involved Russia in no difficulty with her principal allies. No pact, no political exigency attached the destinies of the Ottoman empire to the reparative stipulations of 1814 and 1815, in the shadow of which Christian and civilized Europe breathed after her long discords, and saw her different governments united by the remembrance of a common glory, and by a happy identity of principles."

After another long recapitulation of Russian wrongs and Russian policy—"In having recourse to arms, Russia, far from yielding, as the Divan accuses her, to sentiments of hate against the Ottoman power, or of meditating its overthrow, has furnished convincing proofs that if it entered into her policy to overturn it, she would have seized former occasions of war, which her relations with the Porte have never ceased to offer.

"Russia is equally far from nourishing ambitious projects. Enough of countries and of people acknowledge her laws; enough of cares are attached to the extent of her dominions.

"The emperor will not lay down his arms until he has obtained the results indicated in the present declaration; and he expects them from the blessings of Him, whom justice and a pure conscience have never yet vainly implored."

Before this declaration reached Constantinople, (May 15,) the Russian army (May 7) crossed the Pruth at Skouleuy, at Faltschi, at Vodotsky, without meeting resistance, a Te Deum having been first chaunted at the head of each brigade.

On the injustice, or justice, of Nicolas in making this war, and on the folly or ignorance of Mahmoud, in regard to his resources in accepting it, I will not discuss; they are of no consequence in the general issue, but it is a subject of regret that the former should have been allowed to take advantage, thus wantonly, of the embarrassed situation of the latter.

In reply to the emperor's declaration, the sultan returned one equally long, which was read in all the mosques. Some passages are remarkable: it began with—

"All wise and clear-sighted men know that, according to the maxims of practical wisdom, and of theoretical demonstrations, the good un-

derstanding existing between sovereigns to whom Providence has entrusted the absolute government of nations is the principal point on which depends the duration of universal order and of general tranquillity; that the maintenance of this order depends also on the equal and uniform observation of treaties concluded between empires; that, thanks to God, the sublime Ottoman Porte, since the dawning of its happy existence, has always followed more exactly than others this political system and this praiseworthy conduct."

The charges of the emperor are refuted one by one; the Greek revolution is dwelt on.

"The refugee, Ipsilanti, then quitted Russia to invade publicly Moldavia. Soon, at the head of a troop of rebels, he diffused trouble and disorders in the two provinces. Animated by the chimerical desire of establishing a pretended government in Greece, he raised all the Greek nation, subject tributary of the Ottoman empire from father to son; he misled it by his cursed proclamations, spread every where, and excited it to despise the authority of the Sublime Porte."

* * * * *

" At length, the fatal event of Navarine,—an event unheard of and without example in the history of nations,—in no ways changed the friendly sentiments of the Sublime Porte: but, not content with the concessions that the Sublime Porte might, in consideration for the three powers, and without ulterior augmentation, grant to its revolted provinces, the envoy of Russia left Constantinople without rhyme or reason."

* * * * *

" Russia has constantly made use of the pretexts, *interest* and *protection*, in favour of the unhappy inhabitants of Moldavia and of Wallachia, to raise discussions with the Sublime Porte. To be convinced that her true object was, not to protect them, but to seek a quarrel with us, we have only to consider the evils that have caused them, and which will cause them, the former causeless attempt of Ipsilanti, and the present unjust invasion by the Russian army. These are the people whom Russia pretends to protect. It is, on the contrary, to Russia that they will owe their ruin."

* * * * *

" In a word, the Sublime Porte makes this

present declaration, in all sincerity, in order that no one may reproach her; in order that the injustice of Russia and the wrongs of the Sublime Porte, which are as clear as the sun, may be weighed in the scales of equity and truth; in order, finally, that exempt from all responsibility on the measures of defence that the Mussulman nation may use, aided by Divine aid, according to the holy law, the Sublime Porte may totally discharge its conscience of an event which will cause, now and hereafter, the misery of so many beings, and perhaps disturb the tranquillity of the whole world."

A homer truth was never said than that above, that Russia pretended to commiserate the Greeks as a pretext for attacking Turkey, and in regard of the rest of the firman, it may be observed, that, if not much freer from falsehoods than the emperor's, it is at least free from the blasphemy of the latter; since nothing can be more blasphemous than the manner in which the Russian cabinet constantly calls on God to sanction its enterprizes.

The sultan had already given orders relating to defence, and on the news of the passage of the Pruth, which arrived at the same time as the

declaration of war, sent Tartars all over the empire with pressing orders to the pashas and beys to furnish contingents. These orders were ill obeyed, and could the truth have reached the sultan's ears, it would have shown him the impolicy of having weakened the dere beys: in consequence, for the first time, a Turkish army took the field almost unaccompanied by cavalry.

From Bosnia, a province filled with a robust and warlike Mussulman population, the sultan expected efficacious succour, and showed it by ordering Abdurrahman Pasha, its governor, to march with forty thousand men towards the Drina, in order to observe the Servians, who, under Prince Milosch, were suspected of intentions favourable to Russia. But in Bosnia the spirit of Janissarism, or the desire of preserving ancient institutions, prevailed, insomuch that the pasha, afraid of the result, deputed a bim bashi in his place, to accompany the mollah to the camp to read the firman. Having heard it, the troops burst out into murmurs, which soon increased to violence. The bim bashi and the mollah were shot dead, and the new uniforms, which had been brought to dress them in, were piled on the spot and burnt. These troubles the

Porte tranquillized by changing the pasha, sending in the room of Abdurrahman, the pasha of Phillippopolis, a sensible mild man, notwithstanding which, no aid was received from Bosnia during the whole campaign; on the contrary, there was great difficulty in preventing the Bosniaks that were in the fortresses of the Danube from deserting.

The sultan, however, in default of the usual means of prosecuting a war, had an army of regular troops, that is, an army of conscript boys, the most part under eighteen, hastily raised, rawly instructed, without efficient officers; but they were armed with the musket and bayonet, the only real superiority, in his opinion, of European over Asiatic troops, and with them he flattered himself to be able to resist the legions of the North; and perhaps the ill-placed confidence in his nizam dgeditt was the true cause of his accepting the war.

At the same time that prayers were offered up in the mosques for the success of the Mussulman arms, the Greek clergy voluntarily prayed for the same end—quere hypocrisy?

CHAPTER X.

Confidence in the Capital—Prejudice of Schumla—Arrival of the Ambassadors—Great expectations thereon—Question of Greece—Presentation of the English Ambassador—Sultan—French and English Frigates—Dr. Capponi—Hekim Bashi—Surgical School—Turkish Widower.

YET, at the period of my arrival at Constantinople, there was no visible indication that Turkey was engaged in war; a war, to judge from the sultan's haughty words—"I will lose sabre in hand, what my ancestors with the sabre won"—that might decide his fate. Perfect inactivity and apparent confidence prevailed among all classes. The sultan daily amused himself with archery, and his guards were listlessly encamped, forgetting what they might have learned of their exercise. I had at least expected to find, as was currently reported in

the gazettes of Europe, Constantinople a vast arsenal; to have seen the sultan busied in the formation of new regiments, reviewing others, and taking measures to fortify his capital. Nothing like this. The few troops that were in the city were idle; and as for fortifications, Constantinople, with the exception of a fascine battery before Ramis Tchiftlik, was in the state it had been four centuries back.

It was easy to observe that this calmness rose, —in the multitude from apathy, occasioned by a continuation of disasters, and impatience under the sultan's tyranny, rather than from reliance on their own force,—in the chiefs, from an overwhelming confidence in the virtue of Schumla, through which only, they persuaded themselves, could an enemy reach Constantinople. In Schumla they centred their hopes, and considered it a talisman on which depended the fate of the empire, and thus fascinated, refused to see danger from any other quarter: indeed, had Schumla been garrisoned, as was believed, it might have answered their expectations. "Go," said the sultan to Redschid Pasha, grand vizier; "at Schumla you will find one hundred and fifty thousand men. Go, and with them drive the infidels beyond the Pruth." When Redschid arrived

there, he found scarcely ten thousand men, and at no period was he able to collect above thirty-five thousand.

Other reasons gave rise to confidence. 1. The assertions published all over Europe, that because Russia had effected so little in the first campaign she would be as unsuccessful in the second. 2. Her delay in opening the campaign of 1829, of which no news arrived until June; then favourable. 3. The arrival of the French and English ambassadors June 18, which filled the sultan with golden hopes, and banished any ideas that he might have had of making overtures to Russia, as counselled by some of the envoys at Pera.

When it is considered that one year previous the French and English ambassadors, then residing at Corfu, replied to the reis effendi, who had invited them in the name of the Sublime Porte *to return to Pera, and terminate by amicable conferences and sincerity the affairs pending, assuring them that they should be received with every distinction,* that the dignity of their respective courts would not permit them to return to Constantinople unless the sultan first notified his adhesion to the treaty of July 6,

1827, it is not surprising that the sultan, seeing them resume their official duties at his court, notwithstanding that declaration, he not having subscribed to one article of the treaty, supposed that they were impelled by the paramount interest of France and England to aid him. If such was their interest, and that it was (of England) no one can doubt, it was folly to sacrifice it for the question of the Morea, on which Mahmoud showed unshaken obstinacy until Diebitch gave him weighty arguments at Adrianople, without which it is difficult to say how the affairs of Greece would have been patched up.

The having left Constantinople at all, letting the sultan, blinded by rage, throw himself into the grasp of Russia, because he would not sign away the Morea at a week's notice, was a grave political fault in the English ambassador, only to be excused on the supposition that the sultan, alarmed at being abandoned by his ally, would recall him. The not returning when a friendly overture to that effect was made, because he would not preliminarily sign away the Morea, was a duplicate of that fault, with the supplement of not having a similar excuse; it not being likely that the sultan would stoop lower to obtain

his acquiescence, and it being certain that, whether solicited or not, an ambassador would have to go to Pera, if only to meet the Russians. If it be considered ambassadorial tact, when an obstacle presents itself which cannot be disposed of off hand in one particular way, to wait quietly until it disappears, or till some one else removes it, any body may make an ambassador, in the same manner as any body may be an engineer if he be allowed to stop short, in a line of road he is making, at the first mountain he cannot carry it straight over. A Xerxes, unable to double a promontory, may cut through its isthmus; an ambassador of Russia, unable to mystify the sultan out of a province, may demand his passports. In the opinion of many well-informed persons at Constantinople, had Mr. (now Sir) Stratford Canning duly considered the importance to his country of impeding the conquesto-mania of Russia,—had he not chosen to see in the pardonable irritation of a monarch, stung in a monarch's weakest point, his pride, a want of consideration for himself, the Greek question would have been settled in the spring of 1828, and England have been enabled to intervene with efficacy between Russia and Turkey; though, as I before

said, since the Morea was virtually free, not to have intervened on account of a signature, for the sake of a mere formality to have given Russia a moral power equal to one hundred thousand men, was sad policy. For—may I be a false prophet!—every blow received by Turkey from Russia will be felt by England. The freer Russia is from interruption on her southern frontier, the freer will she be to colonize Persia, and to adapt it to her ulterior views. Those views—what are they? If not the overthrow of our Indian empire, at least the power to hold us in check by being able to march an army to the aid of the independent rajas (already too powerful) in the north of India. Let no one view the presence of the Russians in India in the nineteenth century as visionary, or think it is not necessary to commence at once raising a barrier against them. Russia has not yet made one retrograde step. On every side her frontier has receded. Warsaw is one of her provincial cities, the Caspian is one of her lakes, the Caucasus is one of her ridges, and the Danube (the best part of it) may be called one of her rivers.

The multitude thought with their sovereign; and every Constantinopolitan (Mussulman or

Christian) believed that the Blonde, which bore the English ambassador, was the precursor of the English fleet on its way to Sevastopol;—would that she had been!—and her having been allowed to pass the Dardanelles with her guns, (though masked,) strengthened the belief. The capitan pasha felt so persuaded of this grateful anticipation that he was vexed with me for telling him that it certainly would not enter the Hellespont. He did not believe me until the peace, when, recollecting our conversation, he complimented me on, what he was pleased to term, my sagacity. The compliment was unmerited, since my opinion had only been that, (with regret,) of every Englishman at Pera; our neutral policy was too evident, and, what was worse, too unexplicitly declared. The sultan was equally sanguine, and, on being informed by his selictar of the fine condition of the frigate, said, "I am glad. The English ships are my friends: they will accompany mine into the Black Sea."

The arrival of the ambassadors infused joy into the Christian population of Constantinople. Count Guilleminot was already well known and highly esteemed. Sir Robert Gordon was new, but being the representative of Great Britain, in

the opinion of Orientals the most powerful nation among those that adore Jesus, rendered him an object of greater attraction. The populace expected that provisions would in consequence become plentiful; the merchants that commerce would resume its course; and the divan that his presence would at once promote an honourable peace. Never had so much been expected from one man. Nothing was omitted that might do him honour. The customary presents were doubled, among which the horses were, for the first time, worth something; his preparatory interview with the caimacan, (pro grand vizir,) was flattering; and he was received in public by the sultan with marks of distinction never before accorded.

This ceremony, which formerly had been observed in the dark precincts of the seraglio, took place on the plain of Buyukderè (calos agros) where, under the shade of two renowned, wide-spreading sycamores, the imperial tent was pitched; it was vast and simple; hung with cashmeres, and provided with a silver couch covered with a cloth of pearls. Near it were reposing tents; on either side tents for the accommodation of the members of the divan, of the European envoys, and larger ones for ban-

quetting. Alleys of flowers, interlaced with scarfs, connected them. About two thousand nizam dgeditt occupied the ground in segments from the tents to the landing-place, near which were stationed the royal musicians and the chamberlains. The space outside the military was densely covered with the Christian population of the capital, come up in their gayest attire; and the muzzles of a nine-pound battery overlooked the scene to enliven it with their notes.

In the forenoon the ambassador landed from the Blonde, which had anchored for the occasion within musket-shot of the plain, accompanied by a numerous suite of officers and gentlemen, forming altogether the most respectable Frank show ever exhibited to the Osmanleys. He mounted a richly caparisoned horse, and escorted by the marines of the frigate, her band playing before him, proceeded to the second tent, where sat the caimacan with the cazi-askers of Europe and of Asia, the latter of whom were interesting to look on, considering that, as the chief judges of Turkey, they could be excelled by none in duplicity. The caimacan relaxed his unmeaning countenance as his guest approached, and motioned to a low stool; but the ambassador disregarding this little

assumption of superiority, so consistent with Ottoman etiquette, placed himself on the divan beside him. No notice was taken; the important stool was quietly removed; the dragomans knelt on the carpet beside their respective masters, and the usual insipid string of compliments ensued. The Blonde's band performed lively airs, and her fine body of marines drew up quarter facing the imperial tent, affording, in our eyes, a gratifying contrast to the slouching, short, ill-dressed nizam dgeditt.

A banquet followed the preliminaries of pipes and coffee. A silver tray was placed between the caimacan and the ambassador, and four other trays of inferior metal were arranged round the tent for the suite. They were covered with the refinements of the Ottoman kitchen; in less than half an hour twenty dishes were brought on each in rapid succession, and, what was more surprising, cleared,—with our fingers too, to the amusement of the numerous spectators who gathered round to see how awkward Franks were at eating. Gold embroidered napkins, and tortoiseshell spoons inlaid with pearl were the only costly articles at this royal entertainment, which concluded with coffee and chibouques.

We were then conducted to another tent to be

clothed. "Feed and clothe the infidels" is the ancient expression; the custom remains, but it must be considered an honour in the present day rather than an insult, as formerly. Our clothing consisted of Spanish mantles, made of inferior cloth, of scarlet, red, or yellow, according to the wearer's rank. They gave us a grotesque appearance, increased by our hats which, there being several military and fancy uniforms among us, were extremely varied in shape.

Presently tremendous firing and cheering from the Turkish fleet, which manned yards in the bay, announced the sultan's departure from Therapia. In six minutes his twelve-oared caique, distinguished by a gold eagle in the prow, traversed the mile between the palace and the plain. He then mounted a superb Arabian whose trappings were covered with jewels, (not so loose, as some sultans have fancied, as to fall out for the benefit of the crowd,) and advanced slowly to his tent, pages walking on either side with high peacock plumes to conceal his resplendent visage from profane eyes. The troops salaamed to the ground as he passed along, and drowned the notes of the bands with cries of "Live a thousand years!"

He reposed an unreasonable time considering

that the embassy was waiting, ready "clothed and fed." At length, a capidgi informed us that he was ready. On our entering the audience tent, a remnant of ancient prejudice in regard of Christians was displayed in an equal number of dismounted cavalry mingling with our ranks by way of precaution; yet, so quietly was the manœuvre performed that, had not the cause been present to our minds, it would scarcely have attracted notice. It is to be remarked that the whole party wore swords, an honour which no Christian, except general Sebastiani, to whom Selim III. accorded it, has enjoyed since Amurath I. was stabbed in his tent by a Servian after the battle of Cossova; since when ambassadors have always been disarmed and held while in the presence.

The sultan received the embassy with great simplicity; his selictar and his serrkiatib were the only individuals present. In person he was equally divested of sultanic pomp. Instead of robes of golden tissue, and a cashmere turban concealed by precious stones, he wore a plain blue military cloak and trowsers, with no other ornaments than a diamond chelengk in his fez, and steel spurs on his Wellington boots.

The dragoman translated the ambassador's speech, after it had been spoken in English, and the sultan replied in person, expressing satisfaction at the judicious and sensible choice of a representative made by the English king. I think it was Mr. Adair who, on a similar occasion, having forgotten his speech, repeated the Lord's Prayer. The gift of étiquette, most important of his credentials, since without it he would not have been welcome, presented at the same time by Sir R. Gordon, consisted of diamonds worth about three thousand pounds. The sultan then desired that the captain of the English frigate might be pointed out to him. He said nothing, but sent an aid-de-camp to him in the course of the day to know if he were sensible of the honour conferred on him by his having deigned to cast eyes on him. He was in high spirits, and remained talking with his favourites, after the ceremony was over, apparently to let us admire him. One of our party, however, who was short-sighted, forgetting the decorum due to the presence, soon brought a change over his countenance by eying him through a glass as though he had been a *lion* every way; observing which, the sultan

rose, and retired in a huff, leaning on his favourites, to whom he had remarked in the course of the interview, as a matter of great consequence as well as surprise, that the officiating dragoman of the embassy still wore his moustaches drooping *à la Janizzaire*. This little observation was remarkable, as showing his abhorrence of that race, carried to such a degree that he could not endure the slightest point of coincidence with them: in consequence of which, long moustaches were entirely out of favour at Constantinople, and many courtiers found it prudent to sacrifice a cherished curl, the growth of years.

The sultan was so pleased with the unwearied attention of the Blonde to him, in manning yards and cheering whenever he passed within sight, on shore or on the water, that he sent fifteen thousand piastres (£220) to her crew, and a cashmere shawl to her captain, sending one at the same time to Captain Hugon of the French frigate, *l'Armide*, although the latter had not, from political motives, testified the same desire to do him honour. Count Guilleminot did not wish that any conclusion of receiving assistance from France should be drawn by the Osmanleys from the frigate's actions; she was, therefore,

nominally considered as a merchant ship, neither showing her guns or pennant, and her officers wore plain clothes. The English frigate acted more openly, and gained an object, affecting all nations. From time immemorial no foreign ships of war have been allowed to lie in the waters about Constantinople unless, apparently, disarmed. Her captain considered it a good opportunity to do away with this distrust, which would be more pointed in his case as his stay was likely to be long. Too sudden a display would have defeated his intention; so he made the brig under his orders show her guns first, then, when the excitement occasioned by it subsided, ran his own out by degrees, and finally showed his ship as she should be, in conscious strength, but incapable of abusing confidence. By this proceeding a right was obtained, a precedent for other ships, to the satistion of the sultan who saw in a manner usurped what he might have been embarrassed to grant. The fact is, that he was eager to conciliate the English in any way. On board the Turkish fleet, however, pride took alarm. On the day that the brig mounted her guns, some of the superior officers expressed their surprise to me

at her insolence in so doing without the sultan's permission. "Why not?" I said, taking the matter as a joke; "surely you are not afraid of a brig." They said no more. They soon heard them; for in his visit of ceremony, a few days afterwards, to the frigate the capitan pasha was received with a lord high admiral's salute, nineteen guns. As a pasha is always accompanied by his own pipe and coffee-bearers, there was no difficulty in entertaining him on board in a proper manner. He made himself perfectly at home, took possession of the arm-chair in the cabin, smoked his hookah, sipped coffee, and, stretching a point, drank some sweet wine; then visited every part of the ship with visible pleasure. In the hold he took off his pelisse with the intention of getting into one of the tanks, the first he had ever seen, but desisted on its being intimated that he might find some difficulty in getting out of it again. A capitan pasha in an iron box! what an interesting object he would have been in a menagerie! The marines pleased him more than any other part of the ship's equipment; they were drawn up on deck, and went through their exercise in great style. "Buyuk adam," (great man,) his followers repeatedly exclaimed,

in reference to the marine officer, and some of them asked if he were not the commander of the ship, it being impossible, in their opinion, that so much merit could exist in an inferior post. This was a natural supposition founded on the importance attached by the Osmanleys, as a military people, to the military art which they consider as the first and most difficult of human acquirements. Before leaving the ship, the capitan pasha distributed his piastres with great liberality to the dragomans, the side-boys, and to the crew in general.

The Blonde throughout gave great satisfaction, and reflected credit on the nation. The Mussulmans and rayas who daily visited her received the utmost attention and hospitality, and the Turkish naval officers profited greatly by her presence, since they were enabled to gain by ocular evidence the information for which they were too proud to ask. Some of them were daily on board to examine her details, by which they so much improved that in three months their fleet was scarcely recognizable. One good example is worth a hundred instructions. On one occasion we were amused by an argument between two

Osmanleys about her tell-tale.* They, at length, after many suppositions, agreed that it was a chart, and so were retiring in great good-humour with their wisdom when one of them, turning round and looking at it again, observed—"But it is not the chart of the Black Sea." With this farther proof of wisdom the other still agreed, and both finally went away with the firm conviction that the ghiaour ship had a chart of some unknown sea affixed to her wheel. Perhaps, in accordance with the eastern opinion of our magician-like talents, they believed that it was a self-accomodating chart, according to the sea whereon the ship was sailing.

Here let me recall the names of the officers of the Blonde, if only to refresh my ideas with pleasing recollections of their attentions to me

* The tell-tale is a graduated semi-circle, fixed to the fore-part of the wheel, with a hand which, moved by the action of the wheel, points out the position of the helm. It has more the appearance of a clock than any other terrestrial object, and for such might be taken by a landsman; but the Turks, who are sometimes rational, and who are not used to a superabundance of any article, except women and horses, having seen the hour-glasses under the half deck, could not suppose that there was another instrument so close for marking time.

—attentions which were so contrary to the usual practice of the navy, with whom to be a naval officer is generally the worst recommendation. How unlike the free masonry which exists between army-men and university-men respectively!

Her captain's name was Lyons: he was one of the few—alas! how few—captains, I ever saw or heard of, who understood the art of keeping a ship in beautiful order without making her a "hell afloat," as your crack ships are, and commonly with justice, emphatically termed. He was popular with the officers, the midshipmen, and the men—a rare combination of success which he owed to being at once a gentleman, a man of feeling, and a seaman. Doubtless, he sometimes, owing to the contrarieties which especially occur in a naval life to cross the temper, gave an unmerited sting to an inferior; but then he was not above acknowledging his fault, and thus, in addition to effacing the wrong, rendered himself doubly esteemed. It was my first personal acquaintance with him, though I may say that I knew him before, from the circumstance of his younger brother, Maine Lyons, who died

of his wounds received at the battle of Navarine, as first lieutenant of the Rose, while gallantly heading her boats against brulôts, having been my dear and valued friend. A better, more amiable officer the service never lost. Captain Lyons had his two sons on board with him, boys of twelve and fourteen, the youngest intended for the service. The sultan was much pleased with them: he had them brought to the seraglio two or three times, dressed them in the costume of his court, and gave them various elegant presents.

The first lieutenant was Luckraft. Luckraft ought to have been then a commander; for the frigate had co-operated with the French forces, the preceding year, in reducing Patrass, for which service the principal actors in either service received the cross of St. Louis or of the Legion d'Honneur. So certain was Luckraft's promotion considered, he having earned it in every respect according to the custom of the service, that Sir P. Malcolm congratulated him. The Admiralty, however, said that his promotion must be deferred, (it was for more than a year,) because it would offend the Turkish

government. The Turkish government! what a pretence!—as if the Turkish government had the means of knowing whether an officer of the British navy were promoted or not; as if it took in the navy list, or read the gazette; as if it even knew, if it knew at all that a British ship was at Patrass, that that ship was called Blonde, or Blanche. The Turkish government does not know the names of the ships of its own fleet.

The second lieutenant was Wynne, a nephew of the Welsh baronet, and an excellent officer. He had fagged well, considering who he was, for his commandership; and, on becoming first lieutenant after Luckraft's promotion, had reasonable hopes of getting it, it being customary to compliment an ambassador who has a ship at his disposal for some time by making one of the officers. Unluckily for him, however, when the Blonde paid off the Tories were out, and so the precedent was disregarded.

The third lieutenant, and a general favourite, was Dacres, whose father, Admiral Dacres, received justice at the hands of the Duke of Clarence at that bright, though short-lived, period

for the navy when his royal highness was lord high admiral. . The navy then hoped, but hoped in vain, that it would not again witness the anomaly of a land first lord,—that one of its two hundred admirals would be considered capable of filling the post,—that, at least, the admirals, if again humiliated by the silent charge of incompetence, would remonstrate against the unjust exclusion,—would make an effort for the honour of the service. Suppose a civilian were to be appointed commander-in-chief, would the generals be silent? would the colonels let them ? is there a corps in the army that would not feel the insult? Yet a civilian may have a tolerable idea of an army, because it is difficult for a gentleman to go through life without seeing a great deal of troops; he may have been in the militia; but a man must serve his time well to know any thing of ships and sailors. It has been urged, I know, that by having a civilian first lord the patronage is more impartially bestowed. Indeed! Until recently, the only unquestionable recommendation for an officer was having Scotch blood in his veins. Verily, the Scotch, if they have any gratitude, should raise a monu-

ment to Lord Melville on every headland of their country; for I suppose there is not one Scotch family that he has not benefited. To show, moreover, the advantage to the service of having a sailor at the head of it, it is enough to say, that the Duke of Clarence, when lord high admiral, conferred on the seamen two more important boons than any gained by them since the mutiny; viz. filling up banyan days, and exempting petty officers from the lash. A landsman could not have known the bore of a banyan day; nor, in controlling the power of flogging, would he have thought of drawing a line.

The fourth lieutenant was named Brock. Brock had been with me at college; we had since met at Buenos Ayres. He was an excellent fellow, a *bon vivant*, with talents of no ordinary cast. He well learned the navigation of the Bosphorus during the frigate's stay in it, for nearly every evening he came to Buyukdere in the little dingy, attracted by a pair of eyes that beamed in a kiosk not far from mine. A chibouque and a glass of grog with me about midnight would chase away his sentimentality; then, if the night were too dark or the wind too high

to allow him to steer easily through the Turkish fleet, he would occupy my mosquito-infested sofa till morning.

Who else was there in the gun-room? There was Turton, the master, as pleasant a messmate, and as good a navigator as any in the service. There was Kerrigan, the purser, well known as the talented author of the Treatise on, and Tables of, Navigation, bearing his name. There were two marine officers, most eccentric good fellows though of a perfectly opposite cast, Pepyett and Hayes. The latter scarcely ever ventured outside the ship on account of an unfounded apprehension of becoming an object of eastern admiration. The former, on the contrary, investigated every lane and corner of Constantinople till at length his rubicund visage became infinitely better known than that of the commander of the Faithful himself. With a big stick he might be seen every where, five miles an hour his pace. His appearance was more dreaded in a certain way in the bazaars than that of the Stamboul effendisi, (that respectable person who sometimes nails honest shopmen's ears to their doors,) because there was no one like him at driving a bargain, and he always bargained for his messmates. All,

however, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, liked him, though he would correct the latter with his stick, nor be very scrupulous with the important beards of the former: they called him delhi, and faith he half deserved the title. Last, though not least, was the chaplain, the Rev. C. Walpole. Mild and amiable, a gentleman and a scholar, Walpole was ill fitted by taste or habits for the roughs of a naval life, though fortune had placed him in a ship where, above all others, his calling was duly respected. From studious retirement he had passed at once into the bosom of domestic happiness, and thence into—a man-of-war. What a transition! Greece with her monuments of two thousand years, her fresh planted tree of liberty;—Egypt and Asia Minor teeming with thrilling recollections of all times, had failed to reconcile him to it. The ties of home were too strong, too difficult to bear thus lengthened, so therefore after a few months he quitted the gorgeous East, and, giving up the slender prospects of the service, returned home the shortest way, *via* Vienna, to his Mary.

The midshipmen's berths presented the usual number of human casts between the ages of four-

teen and thirty; and some among them were as fine lads as ever took Nelson for a leading-star. What a field for a physiognomist is a middy's berth! In it we see a happy boy just emancipated from school; a few years older, a youth proud of the watch on deck just entrusted to him; another tremblingly anxious as the hour of passing approaches. The eyes of another, more advanced, beam with the prospect of speedy promotion. On the manly cheek of another the cancer of hope delayed is beginning to develop itself: and silent in the corner may oft be seen one brooding over long and often renewed disappointments which have worn his spirit till it became callous to reproach. I never enter a crowded berth without thinking that the youngster, who is buoyantly mirthful over his glass, had better be any where than there, viewing the interval of mental agony between him and the care-worn neglected oldster at the other end, to which state he must come have he no interest, and the brighter his mind the deeper his pain. Two of my messmates in my time sunk under the weight of disappointment, and became the inmates of a madhouse. It is against the dictates of justice, reason, and clemency, the

way in which midshipmen are allowed to pine away the best years of life, deprived of ordinary comforts and common-place education, in expectation of—what?—Of ninety pounds a year as the *reward* of long years of toil, in pestilential climes may be,—a *reward* delayed until it is not thanked for, and, except *per se*, useless, as an old midshipman when promoted is never employed. Thus, estranged from his connexions by long absence, a stranger to his country and its institutions, he sits down in it at the age of thirty to vegetate for the rest of life, condemned by a system to be a pauper-gentleman; driven, often, by the consciousness of inferiority, to the pot-house for relief. Think of this, parents! this faint outline of a gloomy picture, and let not the bait of getting rid of your sons at the age of thirteen for fifty pounds a year (all expenses included) on board of one of his majesty's ships seduce your reason. Put them rather behind a counter, in situations where their own exertions may avail them, and they will bless you. There are at present above two thousand midshipmen on the lists, not one-half of whom can expect to get commissions at all, and not one-fourth of that

half to get their commissions till they have passed eight, ten, even twelve years. What man (without interest) would knowingly allow his son to enter such a "Slough of Despond?"

There was yet an officer of the Blonde, whose name I have not mentioned, who alone marked the presence of a Christian frigate in the Bosphorus, whose memory will be long cherished by the lower classes of Mussulmans and rayas who inhabit its shores; this was her surgeon, Mr. Capponi: worthy man! at the same time that the crew under his care enjoyed perfect health, he employed his leisure hours in examining the diseases of the country, and in relieving the prominent sufferers to whom he gave medicines at his own expense, besides unwearied assiduity. A knowledge of languages facilitated his intercourse with the natives, and his labours were repaid by successful cures on either sex. His presence was a *fête* in any of the charming villages which skirt the Bosphorus. Numbers resorted to him, and his fame so spread that noble Osmanleys gladly requested his assistance; but to such, with modesty, only equalled by his merit, he never repeated his visits, saying to them, "There are able sur-

geons in Pera to whom you can apply—my attendance is devoted to the poor who cannot pay for medical advice." Such noble conduct carries with it its own eulogium. One of his worst cases was a Turkish woman, at Arnaoutkeuy, about which he felt greatly interested on account of the despair of her husband who never left her or ceased bewailing. She died. The next day the good doctor went to see the unfortunate widower whom he feared might have committed suicide, (rather un-Turkish,) or have fallen into an alarming despondency. To his utter astonishment he found him smoking at the door of the cafeneh, as though nothing had happened. "Allah has called her," he simply exclaimed; "what can we say?" This was beautiful resignation, since his grief for the loss of his partner was undoubted. Another case was curious, as showing the profound ignorance of the native practitioners. A young lad, son of a Turkish gentleman of Philippopolis, had been during two years under the care of the professors (Greeks) of the surgical school at Constantinople for the liver complaint. It grew worse, notwithstanding their remedies, and they at length

agreed that one of the bones must be diseased. Fortunately, before acting upon this hypothesis, Mr. Capponi was called in, and they actually consulted with him about removing the rib which they supposed was affected. It is almost needless to add that this difficult operation, which has never been performed but once with success, was abandoned. Mr. Capponi prescribed for the lad; in six weeks he perfectly recovered and returned to his parents, who expressed their gratitude by sending the doctor some of the productions of the country, among them a case of soap for which Philippopolis is famed.

His position brought him in intimate acquaintance with the hekim bashi, (physician to the sultan,) as perfect a specimen of a smooth, polished, cool Osmanley as exists. He much admired the English instruments, but especially the stomach-pump for which he begged hard, making innumerable offers of services to Mr. Capponi if he would give it to him. Mr. Capponi* wanted none; however he satisfied

* Mr. Capponi died at Constantinople on board the Blonde, March, 1830, of an erysipilas fever, aggravated by the previous exhaustion of attending to the crew, ill of the fever, with a zeal

him, and from that moment the hekim's civilities ceased, perfectly in accordance with a Constantinople education. What use he made of the stomach-pump I cannot say; we were amused by thinking on which of our acquaintances among the pages it would be tried in experiment; or perhaps that honour was conferred on one of the members of the royal kitchen, to show how little use it would be to poison a dish while that extractor was at hand. With it the hekim bashi gained additional credit with his master.

beyond his strength. Sincerely and bitterly was he lamented, not only by his shipmates, but by all who knew him. He was buried in the Bosphorus, according to his request, with the Union Jack on his left breast, that flag, as he said in his will, under which he had enjoyed such protection, and seen such glorious days. True to the last in his solicitude for the poor, he left his little property to the Grampus, seaman's hospital ship. He was a native of Corfu—a rare instance of worth in a Greek. He early entered our service, and served during the whole war. He was on board the Java in her action with the Constitution, and narrowly escaped being killed: while dressing a man's arm on the lower deck a shot came through the ship's side, passed between the heads of Sir T. Hislop and one of his staff, who were sitting in the starboard berth, and killed his patient, scattering his brains over him.

The surgical school, to which I alluded, owed its origin to Selim III., that enlightened monarch who was more adapted to succeed than precede his cousin Mahmoud, and is almost the only one remaining of his various liberal establishments. Though of thus long standing, its success is next to nothing, owing to the ignorance of the *soi-disant* professors and the absence of subjects; the latter being a want likely to exist from the strictness of the Koran respecting the sanctity of the dead. About this time, however, an incident occurred which marked the colour of the times at Constantinople, and showed how the love of science overcomes all other considerations. A young Turkish student, who could not understand the professor's lecture on the brain, brought him the following morning a human head that he might explain it to him in a more tangible manner. The poor professor was frightened out of his life, the head was hastily concealed, and the inquisitive student given to understand that he ran the risk of having his own head made the subject of a lecture.

But notwithstanding their ignorance of medical science, added to the extreme irregularity of

their living both as regards diet and exercise, one day dining off cheese and cucumbers, (a favorite eastern meal,) another day feasting on ten greasy dishes, one month riding twelve hours a day, another month never stirring off the same sofa, smoking always and drinking coffee to excess, occasionally getting drunk, besides other intemperances, combining, in short, all that our writers on the subject designate as injurious to health, the Turks enjoy particularly good health. And this anomaly is owing to two causes: first, their religious necessity of washing their arms, and legs, and necks from three to five times a day, always done with cold water, generally at the fountains before the mosques, by which practice they become fortified against catarrhal affections; second, their constant use of the vapour bath by which the humours which collect in the human frame, no doctors know how or why, occasioning a long list of disorders, are carried off by the pores of the skin. Gout, rheumatism, head-ache, consumption, are unknown in Turkey, thanks to the great physicians, vapour-bath and cold-bath. No art has been so much vitiated in Europe by theories as the art of

preserving health. Its professors, however, are beginning to recur to first principles; and when the value of bathing shall be properly appreciated three-fourths of the druggists will be obliged to shut their shops.

CHAPTER XI.

Buyukderé—Society—Marquis Gropallo—Baroness Hubsch—Sultan—Guard-boat—Capitan Pasha—Capitan Pasha's Wives—Belgrade—Cricket—Elopement—Fire of Galata—Capture of Adrianople—Levy *en masse*—Consternation—Sandjack Scheriff—Conspiracy—Advance of Diebitsch—Peace.

I RESIDED at the period of which I am speaking at Buyukderé, that pleasant village on the banks of the Bosphorus so well known as the principal summer residence of the European diplomatists. It is situated on the European bank, about fourteen miles from the city, and is constantly refreshed by cool gales from the Euxine. During the summer of 1829, the thermometer never rose above 79°, and rarely above 75°; while in the city, the range was from 80° to 85°. The worst of the climate, in and about Constan-

tinople, is its inequality: in a few hours, the thermometer varies 20°, and the changes in the barometer are more rapid than any I ever witnessed elsewhere. Nevertheless, it is not unhealthy, barring tertian fever. It is proper to avoid sleeping in the open air, and to be well clothed. It has little more than two seasons, winter and summer; the natives say they shake hands, although each is preceded by three or four weeks of peculiarly delicious weather. The summer* altogether, I think, is charming: cool, Euxine breezes reign nearly through it, interrupted only by an occasional murky south-wester, which, however, is of short duration, and, in oppression, no more than the breath of a drawing-room flue, compared with the oven blast of a scirocco. The winter, on the contrary, of five months' duration, is villanous; one week frozen by Tartary gales which whistle through the cage-like wooden houses, the next drenched by Archipelago clouds; two feet depth of snow is

* The summer breaks in October, with heavy rains and violent gales, shifting suddenly from north-east and north to south-west. From the latter quarter, October 8th, 1829, it blew so hard, that the surface current of the Bosphorus was sensibly arrested, and the harbour rose three feet.

replaced, in twenty-four hours, by streams of water, and *vice-versâ*. The cold is in some years so intense that the top of the harbour is frozen, and the snow lies in the streets six weeks at a time. The archives of the empire mention that, in 1621, the Bosphorus, between Tophana and Scutari, was frozen over, strong enough to bear; a circumstance which is also mentioned by the poet Hazmeh. Their united evidence, though, is not conclusive of the fact, that in 41° latitude it has ever been sufficiently cold to chain a stream, one mile wide, thirty-eight fathoms deep, running two miles and a half an hour. The poet may have used the licence of his art, or have been deceived by looking through the medium of his frost-crusted panes; and the public historian may have copied from the poet.

In ordinary years, the environs of Constantinople are blest with great plenty, combined with great cheapness, though when I was there the contrary was the case. The lady of an envoyé informed me that, previous to the war, the table expenses of her family, at Buyukderé, were little more than a dollar a day. Turkeys, not unworthy of Norfolk, sold usually at fourpence each; fowls, &c. accordingly; beef and mutton equally

cheap. The opposite shore of Asia supplies the finest fruit and vegetables in abundance; also game. Tolerable wine is made by the Greeks, particularly from a grape called altyn tach (golden stone,) and sold at a penny or three-halfpence a quart. In the autumn months wild boars come down in the vineyards to eat the grapes, when they are easily shot; and in the same season the sun is often nearly obscured by the prodigious flights of quail which alight on the coast of the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, and are caught by means of nets, spread on high poles planted along the cliff some yards from its edge, against which the birds, which are exhausted by their passage over the sea, bring up and fall. By this simple mode, the Mussulmans enjoy a delicacy which they otherwise could not, since they consider anything that dies of gunshot wounds as unclean, the blood thereby not freely escaping. This is the chief reason why they do not eat game; they hold no birds in holy dislike excepting the partridge, one of which species betrayed, by its cackling, the hiding-place of the saint Mustapha. I can best illustrate the nature of this annual migration of quails, by observing that the sultan, October, 1829, sent orders to the

capitan pasha to catch four hundred dozen for the use of the seraglio: they were collected in three days, and sent to their destination, alive, in small cages.

In every respect, Buyukderé is a very agreeable residence; rendered more so, in addition to its native charms, by the society being free from the etiquette which prevails at Pera. In the one place, however, as well as the other, a traveller is perfectly well received, and may pass his time extremely pleasantly, not being restrained, as are the fixed residents, to a particular set; and be he *comme il faut* he will find himself in request among all classes, and must become a perfect cosmopolite, as it is difficult to be in a saloon without meeting a dozen of different nations.

Along the broad quay which connects Buyukderé with the little village of Sariery, to the north, in a line of good houses, reside during the summer most of the members of the European diplomacy. The principal of them, while I was there, was the Sardinian ambassador, who made himself conspicuous by having mass performed in his house every morning, and by riding in an antiquated carriage every evening up and down the anchor-strewed quay. This nobleman had a

knack of making himself disliked by persons of all ranks, nations, and sects. In character he was proud (with the low,) avaricious, (though rich,) and a gourmand: in person he was tall, bloated, and corpulent. With the cunning of a Genoese citizen, he united the fawning of a Turinese courtier. He was the only public man at Pera, whether ambassador, chargé d'affaires, or consul, that did not receive strangers at his table; even his ceremonial dinners to his colleagues were rare and *grossiers*, so much so that they talked of leaving him out in their invitations. Count Guilleminot named him, in derision, *l'elephant en bonne fortune*, and the sultan called him, in contempt, *buyuk Yenitcheri* (the fat Janizzary.) He had the arrogance one day, when he treated the inhabitants of Pera as grown-up children, by giving them a punchinello play, to send to the sultan for his band; the sultan refused. Moreover, he was a bigot. His daughter was enamoured of the Swedish chargé d'affaires, a gentlemanly man, who, equally in love, made proposals of marriage. The match was advantageous, and pleased Madame la Marquise. But M. le Marquis refused his consent, because the Swede was a Protestant. The young lady, in

consequence, went back to Italy, where she has since married il Conte Visconti of Milan. His son was also successful, by disregarding their prejudices, in gaining the malevolence of the natives. Beautiful gulls fly about the Bosphorus, as tame as pet doves, and as cherished, for the Osmanleys have the good taste to find more pleasure in preserving what is ornamental in nature, than in destroying it. Every body admires these birds, flitting familiarly among the houses and cypresses, and skimming over the water close to the caiques and vessels, making resting-places of them. Since the conquest of Constantinople, they had, probably, never been disturbed. The anger of the by-standers was therefore great, when they saw the Marquesino take his fowling-piece, and wantonly bring down three or four of them. Even the chavasses at his father's door rose up, and exclaimed, "*Pezaveng!*" (a word, when used in a bad sense, not to be translated.)

His nearest neighbour was Signor Romano, the Neapolitan minister. Signor Romano had, during the war, been employed in a government office at Malta: he there married a Maltese lady. He spoke English perfectly; she considered herself an English woman; therefore Englishmen

were made welcome at their house. Poor Madame Romano could not bear Turkey. She could not recover from the fright she took at the catastrophe of the Janizzaries. The beauty of the Bosphorus could not make her forget "il fiore del mondo"* (Malta;) and her amiable daughters sighed for the pleasures of Naples.

Another house was occupied by the Senor Souza, Spanish chargé d'affaires, and his young wife,—the raven-haired, the kindling-eyed, revealing in her looks the depth of Andalusian feelings. They loved each other, and lived retired.

In another house was seen that important personage, Mr. Chabert, English head dragoman. I dare say he was a good man, though he received twelve hundred pounds a year for doing little, and that little, it was whispered, not always very conscientiously; but he was ruled by his wife, a lady of Greek origin, whom it was impossible to like, on account of her ill treatment of her eldest daughter. Miss, at length, threw herself out of window—into her lover's arms, went to church, and got married. The young man was highly respectable, attached to the Austrian embassy. For this *rash* act, Mrs. Chabert would never again speak to her daughter,

would not let her husband speak to her, would not let her other children speak to her. In compensation, the young lady, as fair as she was spirited, was esteemed by all Pera.

But the pride of Buyukderé was the baroness Hubsch, widow of the late, and mother of the actual Danish minister, a charming old lady, richly endowed with wit and talent, and highly esteemed by Moslems and Christians. In 1821, her house was an asylum for Greeks, in 1828 it was equally so for Armenians, for the Osmanleys had too much respect for her to annoy her. Parties of Osmanleys, of either sex, often had dinners served in one of the arbours of her delightful gardens, passing hours there; and, one day in June, 1829, the sultan, in his ride to Sariery, did her the honour, unprecedented to a Christian, of paying her a visit.

The sultan frequently rode from his palace at Therapia, round the head of the bay, by a path so narrow, that horsemen could only proceed in single files, to the kiosk of the capitan pasha, with whom, or rather in whose presence, for the old man was kept standing like a slave, he would smoke a chibouque, and then return. A company of infantry always preceded him; about a

dozen courtiers on horseback accompanied him, and his train was closed by two sumpter horses, under the guidance of the cup-bearer, laden with all sorts of good things for eating and drinking. The latter was an essential part of his suite, since he could not touch food prepared by other than his own cooks; fear of poison being the cause. He was always avidly gazed on in these excursions; his subjects bent their foreheads to the dust as he passed along, and the windows of the houses were lined with Franks to whom, however, he never gave the slightest indication of being aware of their curiosity. The position of a sultan necessarily keeps people from being careless of his presence. Mahmoud had many particular claims to attention, such as his calm aspect and composed demeanour contrasted with his sanguinary character, his notoriety as the murderer of his brother, his renown as the mower of the Janizzaries; but, independent of these, it creates an indefinable sensation in the minds of free-born, civilized Europeans at seeing a man, made and drest and moving like other men, who has only got to say, "Cut this or that head off; throw that wretch into the sea; break that fellow's legs; impale that vagabond,

&c.;" and to think that his words will be acted on without the slightest demur. About thirty years since, Mr. Abbott, (now our consul at Beyruth,) was seen by Selim III. with a white turban on; at that period the sumptuary laws were rigorously enforced; "Cut his head off," said the monarch, and passed on; and had not some Franks shouted out, "He is not a raya, he is a Frank," Abbott's head would never again have worn either a turban or a hat.

Sultan Mahmoud, thus attended, stopped one day, quite unannounced, at the door of the Baroness Hubsch. His gallantry in every respect deserves record. In the first place, he left his suite outside, and went up stairs accompanied only by his secretary: in the next place, seeing the lady rising to give him the place of honour on the divan, he desired her to retain it, and placed himself on a chair beside her.

He conversed for some time in Turkish, of which language she is perfect mistress, and requested her amiable and accomplished daughters to play to him on the piano. He looked at the beautiful drawings of Mademoiselle Emilie, and asked her if she would take his portrait. The young lady excused herself on the plea that she had not

made that branch of the art her study, but offered to introduce him in a drawing which she intended making of the Courbam Bairam, to be celebrated in a few days. The sultan was pleased with the idea, and at the festival caused a tent to be erected for her in the most convenient spot for commanding the view. The picture was exceedingly well and spiritedly executed, but unfortunately it was sent to the seraglio before a copy was taken. From the saloon the sultan repaired to the garden with the ladies, where he took refreshments, and then departed, leaving the whole family in an ecstasy, from which it will probably never recover. The bench in the garden whereon he sat was removed, and a stand of flowers placed in its room in order to prevent meaner mortals from standing on a spot so ennobled; the chair he occupied in the saloon was likewise prohibited to inferior seats. This step caused universal astonishment, and her house in consequence became the resort of the young beys who aspired to polish themselves; they did not find it a bad school. I had the pleasure of knowing the family intimately, and of receiving innumerable civilities from it. The baroness, it may be pre-

sumed, was a warm admirer of the Osmanleys, degenerate as they are; at the same time she could not avoid wishing well to the Russians, among whom she had many relations. She herself was a Pereote, and as such, possessed of many choice anecdotes of the intrigues and cabals of the only real school of policy, according to Machiavelli. Her favourite one was that in which her husband, the former minister, figured in principal on the subject of the arrival of Sir J. Duckworth's fleet in 1807, a never-failing topic in the east. When seen in the morning from the heights, a consternation ensued not to be described. Sebastiani, Mr. Adair's rival, conceiving further stay useless, prepared to fly in order to avoid the Seven Towers which might be his lodgment in case the fleet should compel the sultan to accede to the English terms, one of which would be a declaration of war against France. In this mood the Baron Hubsch found him busily employed burning his papers. He ridiculed his occupation, and encouraged him to go to the sultan, and propose vigorous measures, engaging himself to amuse the English while batteries should be erected to repel them. The issue of this farce is well known. Sebastiani,

assisted by the aga of the Janizzaries, a brave man in his interest, effectually encouraged Selim, and with the aid of the officers attached to his embassy, seconded by thousands of labourers, threw up strong works. On the other hand, Mr. Hubsch, as mediator and ally, amused the English with assurances that the sultan would certainly give in till the eleventh day, when, the admiral and the ambassador finding themselves duped,—that they were become as the log-king of the fable in regard of the frogs, after having caused an immense sensation, thought it prudent to retire. His widow considered this acting as a master-piece of policy. It certainly produced the amplest effect, and in Pera politics the end sanctifies the means.

I occupied a house belonging to the baroness, adjoining hers. The situation was delightful. We inhaled the breezes of the Euxine, and we looked down a fine reach of the Bosphorus: on the opposite side of the bay, at Therapia, waved the lilies and the union on the houses of the French and English ambassadors; off them, in the fair way, lay the Armide and the Blonde; and parallel with our quay the Turkish fleet was moored in line. But the vicinity of the

latter, though pleasing to the eye, was annoying to the ear on account of its numerous drums that were rarely silent day or night. Its guard-boats were also troublesome, at night time, to people on the water. Being well known, I never received any impediment from them except once, when, coming from Constantinople, the boat on duty boarded mine rather uncourteously. The officer did not choose to know me, notwithstanding that two of his crew insisted on my identity, and he ended a warm altercation by laying his iron tiller on the shoulders of his men who contradicted him, ordering us, at the same time, to follow him to the flag-ship. Although it was past midnight when we reached the Selimier, the band was dinning, and the deck was covered with a busy multitude admiring the pasha who was smoking on his couch. "We make an appropriate visit," I said to my friend, "we shall have a cup of coffee and a chibouque." He rather expected, by his looks, a different compliment. Our conductor ascended the ladder, bidding us, in an authoritative tone, to do likewise. At the gangway he encountered Mehemet the captain. While making his report, I was recog-

nized by the by-standers who began to salute me with demonstrations of pleasure, for I had not been among them for several days, and were much amused at the idea of the officer of the guard having *caught a Tartar*. The little captain angrily demanded, "Who hast thou brought here?"—"Franks who were insolent to me." "Ass!" giving him a blow, "dost thou not see that this is our English capitan?"* "Effendi, I did not know him." "False! has he not sailed in the fleet? He is the pasha's friend: every body knows him." "Effendi, I swear I did not recognize him. See, he has a hat on: he wore a fez before." "Imbecille! is not a man's face the same under a hat, or under a fez? Go, quick, to your boat. By my beard! if the pasha sees thee he will make thee eat dirt." He ran down the ladder faster than he had ascended it, probably cursing the infidel who had brought this evil on his head. "Do not complain of him," said the

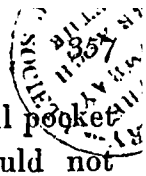
* Capitan is applied by the natives to Franks of every degree. The captain of militia, to whom the title is grudged at home, may here enjoy it to satiety; while the regular captain feels disposed to drop it when he finds that his valet equally shares the distinction.

good-natured Mehemet, as I walked aft to pay my respects to the pasha. The old gentleman smiled at seeing me, and wanted to know what brought me off at that time of night. I explained by a compliment. From this mode of killing some hours of the night may be imagined the ennui of his existence. He was that detestable malady personified. Whether in his kiosk at Sariery, or on board of his own ship, or of any other in the fleet, it was the same wearing of life. Often for a change he would take up his quarters for half a day or more in one of the line of battle ships or frigates, a fancy that upset every body, and every thing, to make room for him, and his large suite. On these occasions he was followed by his own cooks, who brought their own viands and prepared them, since no man of rank in Turkey likes to partake of food that is dressed by strange hands. On other days he would go to a neighbouring valley, where the sailors washed their clothes, and, under a tent, lounge on a cushion to enjoy the process. For the more active pleasures of life he had not the health, though he had ample resources. He had a tolerable good stud, and a part of his harem lived in a large kiosk on Buyukderé quay; but he

seldom rode the former, and rarely visited the latter. When he did pay a visit to it, it was after dusk, for he possessed Mohammedan ideas of propriety, and he chose the hours that had no moon; yet was always numerously accompanied by officers and guards, among whom it was piteous to behold him walk feebly from his barge to the kiosk, and more piteous to imagine him ascend alone to the lighted latticed apartment of the beautiful Georgian, who expected and loathed him. This lady was not insensible to admiration, nor averse to the displaying of her charms, when a sly opportunity offered at a half-drawn lattice, or in her garden, to eyes that peeped over its wall. She was not her lord's only wife; he had another, older and plain, but who resided at Constantinople on account of the jealousy which prevented the two ladies from being together in a small house. Indeed, these husband shareholders generally cause so much domestic bickering, that few Turks, except the very rich, venture on two wives. The pasha, however, one day sent for his older wife, perhaps influenced by a touch of used affection, or the lady herself might have wished it. There was no amicable pre-arrangement. That night the usual tranquil

kiosk changed its character; shrill voices issued whence whispers had not before escaped, and the placid stream reflected lights passing and repassing in rapid succession. The harem was in an uproar; a scene of wordy female warfare, which not even the pasha's grave authority—he was there—could restrain. There was but one remedy admissible—separation; and therefore the day following this experiment the intruder was sent back to the vast and solitary palace overlooking the Golden Horn. This was only a temporary mortification to the fair and proud Georgian. She had one nearer and keener in a young Circassian, one of her slaves, on whom her lord had presumed to look, and who was "as ladies wish to be, &c.," the happy result of which would raise her from servitude, and give her the honours of a wife: from serving she would be waited on; from standing before, she would sit beside her mistress who was furious, unmindful that she, by a similar result of her master's passions, had been emancipated, and had supplanted her mistress, his first wife, and moreover a Turkish woman who cannot be a slave. However, her fears were unfounded; for the young Circassian, who was not pretty, miscarried.

The capitan pasha was an odd man: perhaps I have already said enough of him; one more anecdote and I have done. I saw him often, and then he was fond of asking me about my travels and other countries, more for amusement than instruction. Many of *my* recitals he considered fabulous, and joked on as such; but that did not prevent him from entertaining some very marvellous beliefs of his *own*. Among others, he asked me one day, with a perfectly solemn visage, if I had been to the island where the people have two heads? Before answering, I put a question to ascertain if he was serious. Perfectly. The island, according to him, was in the Indies, and had been visited by many travellers. I felt half inclined to amuse myself, and two officers who were with me, and to whom the question was equally put, by acting on his ignorance; but I restrained myself by the reflection that if I did, I should certainly be cited by him as authority in future. I assured him that he was in error; but I might as well have tried to convince him that the earth went round the sun. It was too favourite a conceit to dislodge. From that time he did not think my authority so good as for-



merly. He was wonderstruck at a small pocket microscope that I had, though he could not believe that what he saw through it was true. Such curious objects as a fly's eye, a flea's wing, a musquito's fangs were rather lost on him, but a drop of dirty water excited his undivided attention; and, fortunately for him, as a water-drinker, it impressed him with complete incredulity of the instrument. "*That*," he averred, must be magic. It was impossible that water was in reality full of voracious ugly animals, else the prophet, who knew every thing, would never have ordained it as the sole beverage of Mussulmans. It was well that his faith in Mohammed's goodness and wisdom led him to this conclusion, or his knowledge would have embittered every meal, and with reason, considering how scrupulous Mussulmans are about their drink and drinking-vessels. Had he convinced himself of the existence of animalculæ, he would have mentioned it, I dare say, to some influential members of the ulema, by whom would have been debated in full divan the propriety of establishing a law to kill them—by the admission of a little rum. It would certainly have proved a formidable weapon in favour of the increasing unholy

custom of wine drinking, and might be used with effect by missionaries, that is, if there shall be found any with sufficient courage to preach the gospel to the Turks.

Four miles from Buyukderé, and twelve from Pera, embosomed in a forest of oak and elm, is the village of Belgrade, celebrated by Lady M. W. Montagu, where she wrote some of her charming letters, and had the courage to try inoculation on her child. The road to it from Buyukderé runs under a fine aqueduct of twenty arches. The village has not the enchanting views of the Bosphorus, but instead there are agreeable rides through the wood, and from an eminence adjoining an extensive prospect of the Euxine. Its situation is unhealthy from the proximity of the bendts, which give out unwholesome exhalations in spring and autumn; notwithstanding which, some of the residents of Pera have country houses there; one, that of the great English merchant, Mr. Black, so well and honourably known in Turkey for his gentlemanlike hospitality, which since his return to England has been equally maintained by his worthy *locum tenens*, Mr. Hardy, (banker.)

At Pirgos, two miles from Belgrade, are four

aqueducts, from one to three rows of arches each, two of them are ancient, one supposed of Justinian, or Andronicus; but neither the antique or the modern possess much architectural merit. They are for the purpose of conveying the water from the reservoirs, so well described by Dr. Walsh, to Constantinople.

We often made these spots the scenes of picnic parties from Buyukderé; but a more charming site was in a plain on the opposite shore of Asia, and in every respect a complete park, where once or twice a week during the summer of 1829, an unprecedented spectacle was exhibited in a regular cricket-match, the players of which were furnished by the Blonde whose band also attended for the amusement of the fair Europeans who might be present, and to invite them to a softer game on the green sward. Indeed, Frank society in Constantinople was never on so good a footing as in 1829, while poor Turkey was feebly wrestling with her mighty foe; for in addition to the presence of a superior set of naval officers, the British embassy was unusually brilliant in secretaries and attachés, besides personal friends of Sir Robert Gordon. There were Lords Yarmouth and Dunlo, the Hon. R. Grosvesnor,

Messrs. Parish, Villars, and Mellish. They raised the scale of English gentlemen high in the opinion of the Pereotes. Their praises had not died away six months after their departure.

Another of our countrymen, Mr. Finlay, philhellenist, &c. caused a sensation about this time, and afforded us amusement, by taking a prominent part in a rare spectacle—an elopement. The youngest of two pretty Armenian sisters contrived to elude the vigilance of father, mother, and brother, and have a little flirtation from her window with an admirer of her bright eyes, who, by the way, could talk sweet in Greek. It is astonishing how rapid courtship is in the East; if the talisman matrimony be only hinted at, it is like going on a railway. After four or five evenings of intercourse, like, we may suppose,

> "The sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour,"

the lady (*en garçon*) put herself under the protection of the enamoured Briton, tripped with him nimbly to a caique, rowed up the Bosphorus,

and found lodging in a village near Justinian's Aqueduct, where they thought to be concealed till they could leave the country; for as marriages between Franks and Rayas are illegal in Turkey, the officers of justice might have separated them. The morning after the elopement found her father bilious, her mother crabbed, her sister envious, her brother furious. Having sought them in vain at Pera, the latter rows up the Bosphorus, goes on board the Blonde, sees the mutual friend of both parties, Brock—explodes. His words seemed dagger-points and pistol-balls; but—he wants to fight?—O no!—not his trade. Only required Brock to find out Finlay—to talk to him—to get him to restore his sister—any thing to save appearances—any thing but fight. Duelling not the fashion in the East. Brock accordingly buckled on his armour, and taking the centre arch of the aqueduct for a leading mark, started. Traces were fresh: he ferreted out the fugitives: he entered abruptly. The lady, still in masquerade, taking him for a chavass, jumped into a closet. Finlay looked martial. Brock laughed. He talked about honour; Finlay swore that his was treble distilled. He talked about propriety; the lady de-

clared that her love was the essence of platonism. So Brock left them, returned on board, and made the brother "seas over." Her parents appealed to the ambassador who—hummed—there was nothing to be done that could do any good at all. They threatened to appeal to the Turkish authorities; but that would have caused expense to the father, as well as misery to the young lady; and the old Armenian kept his hand in his pocket. In the mean time the lovers quietly got on board a merchant brig, and went to Syra where they were married. But, we since heard, Mrs. Finlay would not leave off *wearing the breeches*. Her successful *debût* in the so often enacted comedy of "A bold Stroke for a Husband" made a deep impression at Pera in favour of English honour; we might any of us after that have facilitated the descent of a fair Armenian or Greek from a window.

But all this time how went the war? News was so scant, and the Constantinopolitans so indifferent, that we might have supposed, but for the scarcity of provisions, that they were at peace. The presentation of the English ambassador, however, was the last satisfactory event for the sultan. Its excitement was scarcely over,

when Tartars from the north and the south began to arrive. The surrender of Silistria was published, and the defeat of the grand vizir in a pitched battle confirmed,—a misfortune long suspected by us, though the Osmanleys had affected to discredit it. They still cried, infatuated, "Schumla will hold out; the Balkan cannot be crossed." This was the common language among them to the latest. From Asia the news was equally discouraging,—that Erzeroum, capital of Armenia, had surrendered by treachery, and that every where the spirit of Janizzaryism was up. But on this side distance was a great ally to the sultan, and made him disregard the success of Paskewitch.

While our political horizon was thus clouded, our natural one was enlivened by a conflagration of Galata. It was a splendid sight. When I approached it on the water before daylight all was blazing, pre-eminently the wooden summit of the great tower, illumining vast sheets of water on either side, and throwing broad refulgence on Stamboul. The tall white minarets, with their wooden spires in flames, resembled so many lighted wax tapers of Brobdignag. During many hours it burned, and for days after

smoked a heap of cinders—a scene of wretchedness—in which groups of women with their children were seen squatting among the ruins, bewailing their lot, or raking up the ashes for valuables, or cooking a few victuals over the smoke. Yet, so accustomed are these people to such accidents, that ere a fortnight new streets were rising, and the old ones in progress of being forgotten. It is curious to walk about a burning Turkish town, and observe the perfect indifference of the men. I have seen them remain smoking on the floor till the flames actually turned them out, then gather up the skirts of their pelisses, and quietly walk away, as coolly as though leaving their house for an hour's stroll before supper. It is an extraordinary fact, that in those great fires people are rarely killed, or even hurt.*

* It has been the fashion to attribute the fires to the malice of the Janizzaries. It is true, that when they wanted to gain an object, as the head of a vizir, or other trifle, they resorted to this measure; but it is an error to suppose that they always caused this mischief, unsupported by the common argument that the duration of a fire was proof that they prevented the people from extinguishing it. It is in vain to attempt to put out a wooden house in flames. The only remedy is by removing down the wind, and making a large cut in the street by razing three or four houses;

Our ignorance of the real movements of the Russian army was fully counter-balanced, August the 1st, by the startling intelligence that it had crossed the Balkans, that it had defeated the army at Aidos, under the pashas Alish and Abdurrhaman, and that it was in full march for Adrianople. Rumour magnified Diebitsch's force to 150,000 men. The news came like a thunderbolt; for though the plan of the campaign had been clearly foreseen, from the moment that Sizepolis was occupied—that the passage of the Balkans would never be attempted through Schumla, that that city would be turned, its success also anticipated, from the known exhaustion of Turkey, and the general disaffection;—it was never for a moment supposed, that the Osmanleys, their country and religion at stake, would yield their last barrier without rendering it of bloody celebrity. This consideration, there-

but the proprietors of such devoted houses (as I have witnessed) naturally oppose this salutary measure, in the hope that the flames will not reach so far, and never yield unless to force. If force be not employed, the flames continue until arrested by a mosque, or other stone edifice. It is not surprising that a wooden town often takes fire. In the winter of 1829—30, were seven great fires at Constantinople.

fore, caused many to reject the tale as improbable; nor was it fully believed until three days after, when letters from the diplomatic agents, residing at Adrianople, confirmed the fatal account. There, things could not be worse. The inhabitants were in despair; the troops, coward-stricken, absolutely refused to march; the pasha, scarce knowing what to do, had ordered a levy *en masse*, and was *thinking* of throwing up fortifications: added to all, the rayas were in exultation, and took no pains to conceal it. The fate of the second city of the empire was not doubtful. In the first, from its greater distance, alarm—though general among the greater part of the Frank and Greek population, who expected, at least, to be roasted alive whenever the mob should take it into its head—did not spread widely among the Osmanleys. They still talked large, and seemed to expect that their prophet, by a miracle, would arrest the infidels. Recreants! had he come amongst them on his winged camel, they might have fallen on their faces, and worshipped him, but they would not have fought. They compared, with unparalleled effrontery, the Russian army in Roumelia to the French at Moscow. "It is enveloped in a net!" they said.

"The grand vizir will come down on its rear; the pasha of Scutari is advancing from the west; the re-inforcements from here will complete the circle. Mashallah! we will cut it in pieces." They little knew the broken reeds they trusted to. Disaffection paralysed them at home; the grand vizir remained at Schumla, a dead letter; and as for the Scutari pasha, it was not even known where he was. He had left Albania for the purpose of lining the Balkan; but whether, on hearing that he was too late, he would continue or return, was equally uncertain. Moreover, much trust could not be placed in him. He was averse to the sultan's reforms, and also leagued with the Bosniaks who were equally hostile to the new order of things. Had he arrived in time, as was expected, the Balkan might not have been crossed.

Some measures, however, adopted, showed anxiety on the part of the Porte. A spirited proclamation was read in the mosques, and sent to the cities of the empire, commanding all Mussulmans, from sixteen to sixty, to take arms. It was ill obeyed. From the populous town of Salonica five hundred men marched, but four hundred and ninety of them returned to their homes the

next day. This is a fair specimen of what took place elsewhere. From Asia, not above two or three thousand men answered the appeal. They daily crossed the Bosphorus, in parties of a hundred or so—turbanned, wild, strange-looking beings, armed to the teeth in various modes, some with fine horses, others attended by their hunting dogs—and were sent at once, without being permitted to enter the city, to the posts of Kilios, Karabournou, &c. on the Black Sea, to oppose any disembarcation that might be attempted on the part of the Russian fleet against the defences of the Bosphorus, which was seriously apprehended, since a merchant vessel from Bourgas had announced to the capitan pasha that the 27th of August was publicly talked of as the day for attacking Constantinople by sea and land. These Asiatics, as they passed up the shore of the Bosphorus to their destination, evinced, by words and gestures, their hatred of Christians, and gave a forecast of our fate, in case the storm gathering should enable them to work their will. The Constantinople Turks were equally afraid of them. "Observe those fellows," said one of them to me, as fifty were galloping along the road, their spears couched, or their pistols held

aloft as jerreeds, uttering wild yells; "If the enemy approach, they will revolutionize Stamboul; they will massacre not only you, but also us whom they equally hate, for having adopted Frank customs." Few only went to their posts; the remainder spread about the environs, in guise of brigands, waiting the fall of their monarch, an infidel in their eyes. In the city, coercive measures were employed to make the Mussulmans arm. No trade was spared; watermen were taken from their boats, porters from their loads, bakers from their ovens, &c. Universal disaffection prevailed; and this diseased state of the public mind, the more extraordinary while acting the prime lever of fanaticism, a Russian war, strongly marked the evil policy of the sultan's edicts, respecting dress and finance, which had produced it. Of the mass thus collected, ten thousand, including all ages, from the downy-chinned youth to the white-bearded tiriaki, were sent, under the command of Osman Pasha, the bostandgi bashi, to re-inforce Adrianople. Not one of them reached it. The remainder of the levies were ordered to prepare; and, as if willing to make a show, they daily filled the arms' bazaar,

which then offered a stirring spectacle from morn till night, equipping themselves with all manner of weapons, as though each had pre-determined to slay ten men. Asiatics mingled with them, and the population changed faces, from a quiet, sleepy state to a feverish anxiety. The turban was everywhere resumed, and the obnoxious fez discarded. "How do you expect them to fight," said an old Osmanley to me, whom I was rallying on the pusillanimity displayed by the troops at Aidos, "with this thing on their heads?" pointing to his own fez with unmixed contempt. It certainly is a very stupid head-dress, neither calculated to keep off the rays of the sun, or a sabre's stroke, which the turban can, be the former of Lybia, the latter of Damascus.

In the midst of the general disorganization, while the partizans of the Janizzaries were known to be holding consultations in various quarters of the city, and spies among the Greeks to be in correspondence with the enemy, the government showed great firmness in preserving the peace of the city. Fire being apprehended, every body, under pain of death, was ordered to keep his house after eight P. M., and to extinguish lights. Aided by this salutary regulation, which did not

affect Pera, the vigilance of the patrol prevented two incendiary attempts on a large scale. Notwithstanding the excitement, we frequented Stamboul with security. The men might scowl on us, with reason too, since, in their estimation, all Christendom was linked against them, but the women were quite otherwise; they often accosted Franks in the bazaars with earnestness, intreating them to save their homes from the horrors of war. Interesting creatures! interesting on account of their bright eyes, and their sweet voices, and the mystery encircling their being, I never observed fanaticism in them but once, and that once was rendered more remarkable by the welcome of pleasure that a party of us had just received from some females, in the Egyptian bazaar, to whom our appearance was a harbinger of peace. Leaving that busy scene, it chanced that I entered a solitary street—silent as sleep, not a sound heard behind its latticed casements—where I stopped to admire a beautiful child, playing with a fountain stream. Near it stood its young mother, who, the moment she perceived my attention fixed, drew close her veil, and exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "Run, my child, the evil eye of the infidel is on thee!"

The sultan in the mean time sent a positive order to the capitan pasha to put to sea with the first wind. Having promised to accompany him, I was with the pasha nearly as soon as the order. He was in great agitation, for the lodos, (south-west wind,) as if in compliance with the sultan's will, had that very morning overcome the obstinate poyraz, (north-east,) which it had combated mile by mile up the strait, and reached Buyukderé. An English merchant vessel was just then drifting in with the stream. The barge boarded her, and brought her captain to the pasha's kiosk. He was from Bourgas, and to my inquiries gave a most detailed, unconsolatory account of the force of the Russian fleet, then united. He whispered me on going out, as a friend—though un-Englishlike—that I had better act the truant. There was no hope for the pasha. With a blank countenance he observed the increasing rippling of the water, the pennants pointing to the Bosphorus; and by the time we got on board the Selimier, had cast off our inshore cable, and began to heave in on the other, our look-out brigs, which had already weighed, were nearly at the outer castles. A phenomenon, such as occurs once or twice a year,

saved us. A small white cloud rose suddenly from the Euxine; our crew hailed its appearance; it rapidly spread, seeming to gather to it every vapour in the air; then, thickly condensing, it descended, and hung before the mouth of the Bosphorus just like a dark curtain. Vividly contrasting with the white faros and batteries on either side, it had a terrific appearance, which might have merited for the sea it rose from the appellation of infernal, much less that of black. For some minutes was a still calm, so still that the air seemed deprived of elasticity, and the birds drooped on the wing. Then a crashing noise was heard, between that of breakers and distant thunder; at the same instant a flash of light rent, as it were, the curtain in twain. Wild was the scene disclosed. The poyraz burst through with impatient violence, the dark mist whirled away in jagged cones, and sheets of foam came dashing down the agitated strait. The brigs scudded in under bare poles. "God is great!" said the pasha. In half an hour every trace of the squall had passed, the day was fine as before, but the poyraz had resumed its empire. The fleet took in again its small bower cables, in expectation

that as it could not pay the Russians a visit, they would pay it one.

In this alarming posture of affairs, it was hoped that Sultan Mahmoud would display some of the heroic qualities gratuitously supposed in him; that he would yield *his* ideas of despotic power, to attain which he had sown universal discontent; that he would forgive his internal enemies, to unite with them against a common foe; that he would immolate himself rather in defence of his country, than sacrifice it to secure some personal advantages; that he would, in a word, level his pride before honour. How noble would it have been to have seen him appear in the Atmeidan with the ancient and denounced emblems of majesty, so dear to the Osmanleys, and appeal to his subjects by his ancestors, on whom his adoption of Christian manners cast a stain,—appeal to them by their bigotry, by the Janizzaries with whose name every particle of Ottoman glory is linked, and by their patron saints, the Becktashes. The effect of such a proceeding would have been electric. With the hearts of the Constantinopolitans he would have had their hands; and by the cherished name of the Becktashes the women

and infirm would have followed him to the field, had he chosen to march, or would have seconded him in throwing up fortifications before the city, waiting with firmness the result, which must have been—victory. Alas! those who thought Mahmoud capable of such greatness of soul were quickly deceived. He made no demonstrations of wishing to do aught than wait—with no other resources than what he had—a turn of chance.

Ten days after the announcement of the passage of the Balkan he removed the sandjack scherif from Therapia to Ramis Tchiftlik,* with the usual solemnities due to its sanctity. It was the first time, I believe, that infidels had been permitted to see the ceremony. The procession opened by a body of regular troops, followed by the royal horses superbly caparisoned; then walked another guard, to military music; then the caimacan, the seraskier, and other great officers of state; afterwards, surrounded by the ulema, the scheik-islam; (pontiff of Islamism;) then, preceded by its emblem, a green flag, came

* Barracks and small entrenched camp, half a mile from the city wall, where the sultan resided during part of the war.

the holy standard, in a gilded car drawn by four horses. The sultan followed, very plainly dressed, accompanied by his favourites, and a rear guard closed all. At the moment the procession started, the fleet, dressed in flags, fired a royal salute in honour of the prophet's banner,* which, in the hands of Mahmoud II., did not posesss the talismanic virtue that erst made the believers come from all parts of the empire, and gladly rush on death for it.

Opposite reports continued to excite, or depress, the Constantinopolitans, and to account for the inaction of General Diebitsch, of whose latter movements nothing was known. Every version, probable and improbable, was eagerly believed. Advices from Adrianople announced that it was his intention to remain under the Balkans until he had collected one hundred and fifty thousand men, with the corresponding materiel; but this met with little credit; it was

* Many writers have speculated on the nature of the sandjack scherif. The Turks have an agreeable tradition that it was the curtain which hung before the door of Aischè's apartment, Mohammed's favourite wife. The amorous prophet was just the man for this piece of gallantry.

only invented by the Russian partizans to frighten the Turks.

Meanwhile a conspiracy among the Janizzary party in Constantinople was rapidly spreading, and the arrival of the Russian fleet in the Bosphorus confidently and openly talked of. Still all was uncertainty; but on the farther advance of Diebitsch, every doubt was removed as to the extent of danger to be apprehended, so much so, when known that the Osmanleys offered no resistance, that there was even an idea of ordering up the English fleet from the Dardanelles to embark the sultan with his treasures, in case the Russians came on too rapidly.

Successively the Turkish troops made a show of standing, at Selimnia, and at Yamboli: it was but a show; they fired once, then "*sauve qui peut,*" and the war assumed the character of a race, who could run or follow fastest over the vast plains of Adrianople. The intermediate posts rapidly fell; the army intended for the defence of Adrianople disbanded two days before the Russians arrived; and the return of Osman Pasha alone, (who had marched a fortnight before with ten thousand men,) on the 24th of August, 1829, announced to the astonished sul-

tan the fall of that city, the palace of which had been fitting up for his reception that very month. At first he would not believe that the infidels had penetrated to the ancient capital of his ancestors; but the unpleasant intelligence was soon too fully confirmed, with all the disagreeable details. Horror-struck, he gave way to imprecations. It was said that he wept, and blamed his ministers for having concealed from him the extent of his weakness; but neither his character, nor his after conduct warranted the assumption; neither was it likely that his ministers, at the risk of their heads, kept him in ignorance of what he must ultimately know. On the contrary, the sentiments of the divan, from first to last, were peaceable.

He still refused to open the way to conciliation, and, perhaps, his obstinacy might have prevailed, but for the entreaties of those around him to make at least a show of being willing to treat. Constantinople was like a volcano in labour, yet he seemed the least sensible of its throes. Already a Janizzary, thinking all was sure, had entered the gates, dressed in the denounced costume, and holding the emblem of his orta. No secrecy was observed among the con-

spirators; the arrival of the Russians was to be the signal for the explosion,—to depose the sultan, to murder his ministers, to fire the city, and to raise his young son, Abdul Hamid, on the smoking ruins. His only chance of safety was by arresting the march of the enemy, and a few days' indecision in showing the conspirators that he had that power, might have proved fatal. His pride made him hesitate; but his dangerous position was fairly pointed out to him by the ambassadors; they represented to him that should the enemy advance, his capital would certainly rise against him, that he would be obliged to pass into Asia, where his life would not be safe, and that Europe would be lost to him if he once left it. Those terrible annunciations determined him. That same night, August 24th, Mehemet Sadik Effendi, the tefterdar, and Abdoul Kadir Bey, the cazi-asker of Anadolu, went in his steam-boat to Rodosto with orders to proceed thence leisurely to Adrianople, and enter into preliminaries with Turkish caution and delay. He then, assured of not being disturbed by the Cossacks for some days, seized his iron sceptre. But not to interrupt the narration, I will defer to another chapter the bloody scenes consequent.

On the European side of the harbour the distress on that day was as deep as on the opposite side, though not involving the subversion of a monarchy, and, wanting the sublimity of defined danger, very ludicrous to a spectator. Those who were present can never forget it. Plague, famine, and the battle of Navarine combined, could not have produced the same effect as the simple news of the capture of Adrianople, one hundred and fifty miles distant. The consternation among the Pereotes,* which had been increasing from the day that the Russians crossed the Balkans, bordered on insanity. They were threatened in their ideas with the excess of every evil, of which violation would be the least. Some affirmed that the Russians were in full march, only twelve hours distant; others that the cossacks were already seen from the walls, their lances gleaming among the cypress groves. A

* In speaking of the Frank population of Constantinople, it is necessary to exclude the English, and, in general, the French residents. They are so few in comparison with, and so superior to, the nondescript mass of other nations; their position, too, so much more respectable, that they cannot be classed as one. The latter, at the same time that they hate and despise, fear and flatter the Turks; believing them semi-barbarians, they treat them as demi-gods.

report got in circulation that the sultan, in despair, had restored the Janizzaries; a general conflagration was therefore immediately expected, and the fright of a vender of grapes, running through the streets, made them believe that the massacre of the Christians had commenced. I know not if any ladies miscarried, but I know that the mention of the name of Janizzary was enough to make them faint, and the representative of an Italian king nearly jumped out of window in consequence of taking a black cat, stalking across his saloon at dusk with a long shadow thrown by the rays of the moon, for a Janizzary. Amid the confusion one cry was heard, "What shall we do?" Few could determine, or looked to the sea as their only refuge, and nearly all, in case of the dreaded crisis, viz. the rapid approach of the Russians, unkennelling the fanatic blood hounds of Stamboul, would have fallen like sheep for want of ordinary presence of mind. The thermometer of public alarm went on rising, augmented by getting no intelligence, till August 27th, when, terror being at its maximum, M. Clair, secretary of the Prussian embassy, who had left Pera a week previous for the Russian

head-quarters, returned with the joyful tidings that General Diebitsch consented to halt his columns, and to treat of peace.

But though the sultan had despatched envoys to preliminate, though Diebitsch had stayed his march, and though most of the diplomatists at Pera considered peace absolutely necessary, at whatever cost,—even the half of the Ottoman empire, and the hand of the sultan's daughter for the Russian general,—it was still uncertain whether Constantinople would be honoured, or polluted by the presence of a Christian army. Mahmoud was not inclined to consider his affairs desperate, and thought that if he could gain time to quell the conspiracy at home, which late events had prematurely disclosed, to drive back the enemy. In this view his envoys acted. On their arrival at Adrianople, after an easy journey *en evêque*, they sat quietly on their couches, smoking, and thinking of the emperor's *magnanimity*, but concluded nothing. This delay created fresh alarm at Pera, and the poor envoys were blamed by all classes of Franks for their supineness, which in reality was able diplomacy, since the fortnight's delay, thereby gained, might have caused Diebitsch's failure; his forces

not being so much over-rated by the sultan, in his ignorance, as by the mediating ambassadors. They supposed that the Russian army amounted to 60,000 men, whereas it never past 30,000 men, and with that idea they were fully justified in getting up a peace at any cost. Frequent divans were held, at one of which the sultan consented to the treaty of Greece as the price of the efficient mediation of the ambassadors of France and England; though this tardy concession, wrung from him by the pressure of danger, could not be considered as a compliment to either. The Turkish public mind was occupied by daily executions, and thus kept from dwelling on their national dishonour.

A fortnight thus elapsed without positive news from Adrianople. All doubts were then removed by the intelligence that Diebitsch had broke up his camp, and had pushed his advanced guard to Tchorloo, twenty hours from Constantinople. This movement was neither unexpected nor any way alarming, compared to what it would have been a fortnight earlier. In that short lapse a great change had taken place. The conspiracy was allayed, and the well-disposed Os-

manleys, having recovered from their panic by looking on the danger, were somewhat inclined to forget their sultan's tyranny in their hatred of the foe. The sultan, at all events, was inclined to wait before deciding on peace, and in so doing he would have lost nothing—might have gained, as will be shown—for no terms could have been harder than those which he obtained. Unfortunately, as I before said, the weak enfeebled state of the Russian army had not transpired, therefore he was not supported. His ministers were clamorous for peace, not from any knowledge of affairs, but from a fear of the revolutionary party in Constantinople, the slightest success of whom would compromise their heads; and though that party had just been put down, there were embers glowing, they feared, to awake the flame. Thus, had Mahmoud been finally inclined to act the part of the last Constantine, they would have opposed him. The ambassadors, considering his case desperate, joined his ministers in counselling him to repose on the magnanimity of the emperor of Russia. He did so, and exhibited a signal example of a rapid descent

from the pinnacle of pride to the level of supplication. Tartars were immediately despatched with orders to the envoys to subscribe to any terms, and Mr. Royer, the Prussian minister, being, from the intimate relations between his court and that of Russia, a party interested, and feeling himself in some measure implicated in the precipitate departure of General Muffling,*

* Baron Muffling arrived some days previous. At the commencement of the campaign, Nicholas saw little prospect of a happy termination, and therefore wished to induce Mahmoud to sue for peace. For this purpose, the Prussian general was despatched, *via* Naples, with instructions to persuade Mahmoud to throw himself on the emperor's magnanimity, and assure him that he should have easy and honourable terms. Good—but owing to a long journey, when he arrived at Pera affairs were widely changed. The Russian troops were in the heart of Roumelia. Nevertheless, General Muffling performed his mission to the letter; whether he believed that the promises of which he was the interpreter, would be realized I cannot say. I suppose he did, for he is an honourable man. Mahmoud, in consequence, reposing on his assurance, threw himself *bona fide* on the emperor's generosity. Had he known its extent, pride might have induced a struggle. Days elapsed without a word, respecting the terms, transpiring, when suddenly Baron Muffling demanded an audience. It was granted, and the sultan presented him and his secretary with diamond snuff-boxes. Conjectures concerning this step were afloat, but none

started the same evening for Adrianople to facilitate the adjustment. That night the seraskier, Khosrew Pasha, held his final interview on the subject with the French and English ambassadors in the sultan's palace at Therapia. "We are so beaten," he observed, "we cannot be beaten more; resistance is useless." Had he drawn his sabre in the cause he might have been justified in giving that opinion, but he had not even seen a Russian uniform.

All idea of hostility ceased, and September the 13th, 1829, the peace was signed that gave a blow to Turkey, from which it *cannot* recover. By it Russia gained the entire eastern coast of the Euxine as far as Poti, and brought her frontier through the middle of Georgia;—a large slice, considering that the emperor, a year pre-

hit the reason. The same evening General Muffling gave a diplomatic dinner, and the next day put to sea in a Genoese vessel, not allowing her master time to water, telling him that he might water at Tenedos, or elsewhere. In a few days the hard terms were known. The solution of the enigma proved to be that he knew them before, and withdrew from the scene to avoid the reproaches of Mahmoud. But why, having cajoled him, (undesignedly,) seek for a token of his approbation? In his audience with the reis effendi, on his arrival, General Muffling fainted from the heat. "Malum omen," said the Osmanleys.

vious, solemnly asserted that he did not wish for any increase of territory.

The peace of Adrianople undeceived the Austrian cabinet, which had constantly buoyed up the sultan with the prospect of assistance from England. Metternich was wrong for once, but he cannot be accused of want of judgment. He knew England's true interests, and he conjectured that her minister would have acted as he would have done in his place. It is melancholy to think what an opportunity was lost of checking Russia in her aggrandizing career; and that the Russian cabinet expected that England would take advantage of it was proved, by Diebitsch having orders to halt the moment an English fleet should appear in the Black Sea. How nobly might England have proclaimed, "We destroyed the Turkish fleet for the sake of humanity, but we will not permit that another take advantage of that act to ruin the sultan." How justly would she have entered on the contest; how Europe would have appreciated it! France would have cheered her on; Austria and Prussia would have gratefully thanked her. The most satisfactory results would have been obtained, without any cost to speak of, by the gentle pres-

sure of her peculiar and powerful arm. Two English line-of-battle ships and three frigates, joined to the sultan's fleet, would have turned the scale of superiority on the Euxine. Six English line-of-battle ships with frigates, leaving the Turks on one side, would have been more than sufficient to keep every Russian ship in port, in which case, instead of having imposed a peace at Adrianople, the emperor would have had to regret the destruction of his fleet and arsenal at Sevastopol. Had the Turks had the command of the sea, Varna would not have been taken in 1828; neither in 1829 would ten thousand Russian troops, with magazines and artillery, have been landed at Sizepolis, without which important appui Diebitsch would not have ventured to cross the Balkans. Irretrievable is the opportunity lost; now one hundred line-of-battle ships on the Euxine could not affect the march of a Russian army to Constantinople. It has no need of the co-operation of a single ship. Its next campaign will commence from the Balkans, fifteen day's march from the capital. Hitherto Russia's greatest difficulty (till now insurmountable) has consisted in getting through Wallachia and Bulgaria. It required a year at

least to reduce their strong places, and this delay in an unhealthy climate occasioned a loss, on the average of from 50,000 to 100,000 men; add to which, the seeds of disease and discouragement sown among the surviving troops. Not one of these obstacles now exist, except the sickly climate, which is of no consequence when troops are not obliged to remain long in it. The fortifications on both sides of the Danube are razed; Varna* is razed, Schumla is degarnished, and over the Balkans, in addition to the Roman pass by Schumla, are two roads, between it and the sea, now practicable for every sort of vehicle. Nor will Turkey, were she inclined and sufficiently rich, be able to restore her fortresses; any indications to that effect will be carefully watched by Russia, and, if persisted in, be made a pretext for war. Thus her frontier—now the Danube instead of the Pruth—is perfectly bare.

* In the peace of Adrianople, as published, no mention is made of Varna or Schumla; but by a secret article the works of the former are razed and from the latter every gun is removed, it having no fortifications to destroy; and the Russians farther insisted that the guns should be transported over the Balkans, whereby to prevent the place being put in a state of defence without great trouble.

I say the Danube, for it is idle to suppose that Moldavia and Wallachia, though tributary to the Porte, do not virtually belong to Russia; she will fashion them to her will, enlist their inhabitants by conscription, oblige their provisional government to make roads throughout, and to keep magazines, and all means of transport ready for troops. No one can be duped by the *magnanimity* of the emperor in restoring those provinces to the sultan.

The most onerous part of the emperor's magnanimity, was the seven millions sterling demanded as indemnity for the expenses of the war,—a trifling sum compared with the treasures supposed to be in the seraglio, and which have been described by some travellers with an amusing exactness, considering that they never could have seen them. The supposition is not unreasonable, when we consider that for ages the riches of the empire have flowed into that reservoir, only overflowing on favourites; that Turkey is the appanage of the house of Othman; and that the pashas of the provinces have ever been sponges. True, the basin wherein they have been repeatedly dipped is nearly dry; but where are the squeezings? Converted into jewels, I believe,

judging from the profusion displayed; for, in addition to those employed in the decoration of the royal women, the royal horses, and the royal pipes, the ranks of the officers of the nizam dgeditt are marked by crescents, suns, laurels, &c., composed of diamonds, worn on the left breast. Constantinople has always been the great market of jewellery from the west: quantities were brought to it at the commencement of the revolution, property of *emigrés*. The presents alone brought by the Christian ambassadors, generally precious stones, must by this time form a large collection. It is a great pity that Mahmoud did not convert a portion of this useless wealth to a more available form, (as did one of his predecessors, Mahomet IV., 1688, in as awkward a crisis,) and pay his debt with it, instead of laying an extra taxation, and—cruel measure!—monopolizing the sale of provisions in the large cities, thereby completing the alienation of his impoverished subjects, punished for the obstinacy of their master,—a consideration that should make a conqueror abstain from exacting a tribute, unless the country subdued enjoy a representative government, in which case the inhabitants cannot complain, having agreed to

the war, and voted supplies for it. But when an absolute monarch is conquered, the case is quite altered; the people, who have no hand in making war or peace, suffer, while the author of it does not lose one luxury. In justice, the conqueror should compel him to live as a private person, and take the revenues appropriated to his personal expenditure, till the sum required is paid.

I should now recur to the tragic scenes that were acted in and about Constantinople during the eventful period between the 24th of August and the 14th of September; but previously, I will briefly detail the principal movements of the Russian army in this memorable campaign, the result of which reduced an empire to extremities —paralyzed by a Protean disorganization.

CHAPTER XII.

Passage of the Danube — Varna—Battle of Koulevscha—Schumla—Passage of Kamptchik—Of the Balkans—Battle of Aidos—Bourgas—Selimnia—Adrianople—Pasha of Scutari.

To the unvarying hostile policy of Russia towards her Turkish neighbour—acted on since a century with consummate prudence, its deformity concealed under the mask of religion; dictated by calculating, and supported by hereditary ambition; never allowing its wary course to be interrupted, except when continuance tended to defeat its object, and then in apparent deference to the principles of the balance of power; ever leading to territorial accession, calling for, but never raising the opposition of Europe — two immediate causes may be added, as having impelled her legions towards

the Danube in 1828; the military change in Turkey, and the battle of Navarine. In the former, Russia apprehended the germs of a new power, which, if suffered to develope itself, might become as formidable as the Janizzaries under the Amuraths and the Bajazets; she thought that the time was approaching when her armies would cease to march against undisciplined hordes, and her steppes to be the granary of Europe, supplanted by the plains of Roumelia; and that then, or never, was the time to crush her rival, while exhausted with internal convulsions. But to ensure rapid success, in default of which, a war in the feverish state of Europe would have been imprudent, liable to be aborted by foreign interference, something else was wanting. That something was the unexpected destruction of the Ottoman fleet, which gave Russia the unopposed command of the Black Sea. To neglect such an advantage was not in her nature. The emperor swore that justice was his guide, and Europe let him act.

Accordingly began a war, which, if conducted with skill, would have been determined the same year; but the general difficulties of place and climate were underrated, and the minor obstacles,

the military resources of the Osmanleys, over-rated. Hence the great faults which marked the first campaign, wherein, it is not saying too much, had the Russian army been opposed by any other enemy, or had the Turks even been commanded by a man of talent, it would have been utterly destroyed. Its march as far as Bucharest was rapid. The army consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand men, including sixteen thousand cavalry and eight thousand Cossacks, with a splendid train of artillery, reinforced later in the season by twenty thousand of the guards. The third corps, fifty thousand strong, with the emperor in person, first reached the Danube, opposite Issatscha, the passage of which was facilitated by a dyke, two miles in length, constructed expressly over the morass, and by the aid of a tribe of Cossacks,* (esta-

* Another tribe, also, near Babadagh, placed themselves under Russian protection. These defections were of great import to the Russians, since in all preceding wars they had suffered greatly from the opposition of the Cossack tribes on the Danube. In the present war, too, some of the tribes showed fidelity in the Turkish cause; one, particularly, near Rassowa: in revenge, the Russians surrounded it, set fire to the village, and killed every human being. To justify such atrocities, Russia pretends that the Cossacks on the Danube are rebels to

blished in the vicinity, who claimed Russian protection,) for which the hetman was created a colonel, and received the cross of St. George. By their boats and address a few battalions were transported to the right bank, the Osmanleys fled from their batteries, a bridge was thrown over, abutting on the dyke, the army crossed, and the fortress of Issatscha, with two pashas, immediately surrendered.

Here the troubles of the Russian army commenced. Disease generated in that most malarious spot, Turkish Dobruscha, made rapid havock; Varna's brick-wall checked the imperial guards; and, instead of vigorously besieging Silistria, the most important place on the Danube, twenty thousand men were wasted in investing Schumla.

On the other side, Omer Vrione was in force at Dervish Keuy, on the Kamptchik, and the grand vizir had some troops at Aidos. Their junction and march on Varna, an operation dreaded by the Russians, might have raised the siege, on account of the disadvantageous position of the

her, because, when their original country was conquered by Catherine, their ancestors retreated south, preferring Turkish to Russian domination.

besieging army, which was so completely divided by the extensive morassy lake Dewno, that one part could not have supported the other under fourteen hours' march. The half of the army north of the lake conducted the siege; the other half was intended to hold Omer Vrione in check; and the troops before Schumla, in danger of starvation, depending on convoys from Wallachia for daily bread, prevented Husseyin from coming out. A fine army was thus kept in a ruinous state of inactivity, blockading a few irregular troops, in order that Varna might be taken. Its tardy capture was a poor compensation for the immense loss in men and horses that preceded during the rains, and followed in the sudden frost which put a stop to all operations. Thirty thousand horses died in the retreat from the Danube; and, in consequence, the wretched Wallachian peasantry were harnessed in droves, men and women, to draw the artillery. The enfeebled half-starved division before Schumla, not having this resource, barely succeeded, by the sacrifice of its baggage, in saving its cannon which must have also been lost had the brave Husseyin, taking advantage of its ex-

hausted state, harassed it in its painful march to the Danube.

The faults of the Turks were equally glaring, and deprived them of brilliant opportunities; though had they been tenfold greater, what could be said? What other could be expected from commanders, ignorant of every thing relating to modern warfare, who do not know the nature of the ground they act on, who have no books or maps, or place any value on information? The Russian generals, on the contrary, had a perfect knowledge of the country; it might have been supposed of the art of war; they laid good plans of it, had officers who had been employed for years in examining it, and they were not ignorant of the arts of corruption; several pashas know their gold. Yet, to Russian errors, not to Turkish valour, must be attributed the disasters of this campaign. The desolation and the sickliness of Bulgaria are proverbial; yet the commissariat was shamefully deficient, and the medical department was not equal to many a charlatan establishment. The presence of the emperor embroiled all; added to the parade, but deadened the springs of war—

decision and expedition—more necessary against an unskilful foe, since more felt. He was surrounded by a crowd of officers, some of whom had served in the war of 1811, some had read about it, others had thought of the subject—all gave their opinion—all were listened to. The field-marshal, Wittgenstein, became disgusted; Diebitch fell sick; Mentschikof was wounded. Useless precautions were adopted; a mistake which should have been avoided in their old arena. The emperor wished to see a siege, and accordingly Varna, instead of being assaulted, or left alone which it might have been, since Kovarna, twenty miles north, served all the purposes of a port, was besieged *en regle:* though it must be alleged, in excuse for not storming it, that the Russians have great reluctance in attacking the Turks behind stone walls which, when they have time to screw their courage up to the sticking point, they defend with valour, with cool aim and deadly cut dispute stone by stone. Sabres and pistols are more destructive in the breach than bayonets, and every inhabitant of a Turkish town being habituated from childhood to the use of such arms takes part in the defence. These considerations,

joined to recollections of terrible failures, Rutschuck in 1811, and the recent one against Brailow,* rendered Russian generals cautious.

However, after all mistakes, all losses, the campaign terminated to the decided advantage of the Russians; and, though the bulk of the army retreated over the Danube, advanced posts retained possession of Pravodi, Koslogie, &c., more in ostentation than for any real purpose; the garrisons, being isolated, were exposed to be cut to pieces if the enemy moved.

Wittgenstein retired. Diebitsch took his place, and passed the winter very actively in filling the thinned ranks of the army, and in organizing the Wallachians, who found their protectors very troublesome, and gave proofs of discontent by refusing to cultivate their fields, alleging that

* The failure of the assault of Rudschuck caused such discouragement among the troops, that the emperor prohibited any more assaults being given. The grand duke Michael directed the siege of Brailow: the assault on it totally failed; all was prepared for making a second, two days after, when it capitulated. The Russians bulletins of this siege allow seven hundred men killed, and fourteen hundred wounded; but Russian statements always require multiplying or dividing, according as they relate to themselves or to the enemy.

they had not been paid for the harvest last gathered. Diebitsch sent officers to make them work, at the same time to seize on all their carts for the transport service, with these remarkable words: "If cattle cannot be found to draw them, you will harness men; if there are not men enough, you will harness women." But as some indocility was still manifested, he summoned the boyars and reproached them sharply for their lukewarmness in the Russian cause. One prepared to reply. "Hold," says Diebitsch, "does any one dare to reply to me, the emperor's representative? to hear and to obey, is all I require." Where the heavy artillery was cantoned was no forage: the nearest magazines were distant sixty miles, and therefore, wanting means of transport, the general commanding it proposed removing the horses till the spring: on which Diebitsch issued this order to the officer of the district containing the forage. "You will take as many men and as many women as are sufficient, and load them each with as many pounds as they can bear, and employ them in conveying forage to the cantonments of the heavy artillery." My narrator, who was present, and whose brother put the

order in execution, told me that half of these bipeds died on the road. After all, what are these atrocities in an army where they are of daily occurrence? Russian officers smile when they hear strangers affix weight to them. Collectively they cannot be blamed, for it is part of their education to undervalue the human species. What are Russian subjects considered, but as being good food for the cannon? How is a new province valued, but as it is favourable for conscription laws? Trade, manufactures, arts, sciences, the people's happiness, all sink, with the Russian government, before the sublime objects—conquests, or rather the appropriation of neighbouring provinces. "The end sanctifies the means" was Napoleon's motto, but *he* calculated on the tables of glory, and eclipsed the deformities of the game by the halo which he threw round it.

The emperor wisely abstained from sharing the pleasures of the second campaign. He gave Diebitsch *carte blanche*. After a few unimportant affairs in Little Wallachia in repulsing sorties, it really commenced by the commander-in-chief sitting down in person to besiege Silistria. The divisions of Generals Roth and

Reidiger took up positions in the triangle formed by Silistria, Schumla, and Varna. To oppose them about forty thousand troops, two-thirds irregular, the other third little better, were entrenched in Schumla under Redschid Pasha, the newly appointed grand vizir, a man of distinguished personal bravery, and well known by two unsuccessful campaigns against the Greeks. To him was addressed the sultan's laconic message in 1825, "Missolonghi or thy head," in the same strain as the Comité de Salut Public wrote to General Custines, Sept. 1793, "Delivrez Valenciennes ou apportez ici votre tête." Less fortunate than the vizir, the general's head rolled on the Place de la Revolution. Time had not matured Redschid's military judgment. He adopted a contrary system to that of his predecessors, whose defensive tactics had been fatal to the Turks, without considering that the spirit of enterprize which would have been prudent against an exhausted, dispirited, retreating army at the commencement of a severe winter, was temerity against fresh troops advancing in the fine season, and anxious to redeem their lost credit. At the same time it must be said, in favour of his ideas, that he had one way to

change the war—by proceeding straight to Silistria. A rapid march would have deceived General Roth, and a combined attack with the garrison would have placed Diebitsch in an awkward position. Diebitsch might have been defeated; if so, the divisions of Roth and Reidiger, cut off from the Danube, must have fallen back on Varna. The different garrisons would then have swelled the vizir's army; the Bosniaks and the Albanians would have joined him on the news; and the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, thus revived, would have so operated as to have driven the Russians beyond the Pruth. Nor is this chimerical; the pasha of Widdin,* the preceding year, nearly produced

* Middle of August, 1828. The pasha of Widdin crossed the Danube with 15,000 men, and attacked General Geismar, who was at Golang with 8,000 men. He routed him. Geismar then, abandoning his magazines, retreated on Czoroy, where he entrenched himself. The following day he was again attacked, and being again beaten, retired to Slatina, in expectation of receiving succour from Count Langeron. The inhabitants of the province, in consternation, tired of the Russians, and afraid of the Turks, fled to the woods, or toward the Austrian frontiers. Sorties from Giurgewo and Rudschuk increased the alarm. But unfortunately the Turks, instead of following up those successes and marching on Bucharest, by which they would have

the same effect. The attempt, however, was not made, therefore conjecture is useless. The vizir's enterprise confined itself to sorties, which ended by his falling into a trap. May 12, he left Schumla with fifteen thousand men, and five days after, under cover of a fog, made an attack on Arnaoutlarkeny: it nearly proved successful; but the garrison of the village, consisting of two regiments of infantry with a few pieces of artillery, made a fine resistance, and obliged him, after two attempts, to retire into a neighbouring valley.

cut off all supplies from the emperor in Bulgaria, collected the booty—their only object—and retired to their fortresses. After some weeks, Geismar, being reinforced by 2,000 cavalry, again advanced to his old scene of action, Czoroy. Here, September 25th, he was attacked by the same pasha of Widdin: the battle was obstinate, and lasted till night, when Geismar gave it up, and changed his ground. He considered himself lost, having only 6,000 men left, and being in a funnel from whence he could not retreat without fighting again. From this dilemma, however, some Bulgarian deserters from the enemy relieved him; they informed him that the Turks, considering the game sure, were, sentries and all, "taking their keyf," *i. e.* making themselves happy. Geismar on this attacked them at midnight. They made an irregular resistance for two hours, then fled, abandoning tents and baggage. This was the most brilliant affair that took place during the war.

Meanwhile, General Roth arrived with reinforcements; seeing the (natural) disorder of the vizir's troops, he ordered a regiment of cavalry to complete it. The delhis repulsed it in great style, pursued them to their own lines, broke a square of infantry, sabred it, took two guns and four caissons. General Reuchteurn's lancers restored the order of the day, assisted by an explosion of ammunition among the Turks. The grand vizir then, being totally ignorant of the enemy's force in the neighbourhood, thinking, moreover, that he had achieved a great feat, retired in the night, and the following morning re-entered Schumla with his trophies singing triumph.

Elated with this success, he left Schumla the second time with about forty thousand men and fifty cannon, with the intention of bringing Roth to action; but instead of following up this intention, and attacking him where he was, in so unfavourable a position that he could not have saved a regiment, he altered his purpose, and drew off to the right to invest Pravodi, an insignificant place, defended by a redoubt on the hill above it, and garrisoned by five thousand men. To storm

this redoubt, and then march into the place, would have been the work of an hour; but, instead of so doing, it was cannonaded for three days without effect, and three days longer it might have been cannonaded had not a Tartar arrived with dispatches from the pasha left in command in Schumla, acquainting Redschid that while he was endeavouring to take Pravodi from the Russians, they might take Schumla from him, as Roth was marching in that direction. This movement was conformable to a plan of Diebitsch who, as soon as he heard of the vizir's second appearance in the defiles of Pravodi, hoped to draw him into a general battle, by deceiving him as to his own presence and the number of his troops. Trusting to the want of intelligence in a Turkish leader to conceal his operations, he left General Krassofsky in charge of the siege of Silistria, and marched in person to the southward, sending orders at the same time to Generals Roth and Reidiger to meet him with their divisions at the village of Koulevscha.

A low chain of hills projects at right angles from the Balkans, and terminates with an abrupt cliff in the direct line between Schumla and Pravodi. At the foot of this cliff, on the western

side, stood Koulevscha facing Schumla, at the distance of two miles and three-quarters. On the eastern side, the ground is broken into deep ravines along the most difficult of which an army must pass from Pravodi to gain the plain of Schumla, and also wind round the cliff across the small valley, in which it is embedded, and which embraces it like the conch of a fountain, only wanting a stream from its brow to complete the resemblance.

In this position, on the west side of the Koulevscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then, with a well grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his dispatch from Schumla, and was followed by

the Russian garrison which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

This little affair of Marcoffsky caused the disgrace of General ——— for having acted on his own responsibility, though it certainly brought on the battle by detaining the bird till the net was spread.

In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed

his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, "Allah, Allah her," they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that

he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain. It was morally annihi-

lated. Few, excepting the delhis, who fled that day, returned to their colours; the remainder spread panic among their countrymen.

The Russians gained the victory,—could they do otherwise?—but the honour of the battle was due to the delhis, who, the second time within a month, broke the enemy's squares; a fact which shows either that the Russian infantry is not so good as it has been vaunted, on account of its machine-like qualities—in all respects, since, machine-like, it cannot rectify itself when disordered—and its stoicism, which gave rise to the French proverb, "*Il faut deux coups de bayonette pour tuer un Russe*," or that Asiatic cavalry is superior to European. Individually, there can be no doubt, the Turks are admirably qualified for cavalry on account of the perfect command that they have over their steeds, and the severe training* that these undergo, not in

* The training of a horse in Turkey takes place in a paved court, not above fifty yards square. He is rode full butt at the wall on either side, till he can turn on a pivot, or stop at once: the latter art is most difficult. He is then taught to gallop in narrow circles; to start at full speed from a stand-still; not to heed blows from jerreeds, or pistols let off between his ears and before his eyes. In six weeks he is complete; sure-

relation to war, but simply as riding-horses. Turks make their horses go in the direction they wish under any circumstances; against a wall, a barrel of fire, or a *chevaux de frize*; and this power, joined to a habitude of firing their pistols, and hurling their jerreeds correctly at a gallop, makes them formidable in a charge to any infantry. In addition to such advantage, it must be observed that Turkish cavalry can charge vigorously from one hundred yards, which facility of locomotion is extremely valuable in a broken, cut-up country. Russian officers informed me that their cavalry could not have charged with effect at Koulevscha, the ground being so very unfavourable; and this inability was proved by their not being able, even the Cossacks, to pursue the fugitives. I was afterwards on the spot with Captain Chesney, R. A., a talented officer, and had not the fact been

footed as a mule, with the bound of a gazelle; gentle as a lamb, and docile as a spaniel; yet with blood to make his veins swell like ropes, his nostrils expand like globes of fire. As all Turks for amusement constantly practise these movements, it follows that every horse in the kingdom is fit for war. Hence the ease in Turkey of forming large bodies of fine cavalry in a short space of time, when the war is popular.

indisputable, we would not have believed that the delhis had made the charges ascribed to them.

The day after the battle of Koulevscha Diebitsch sat down before Schumla which, being ungarrisoned, excepting by its usual inhabitants who were insufficient to man one third of the lines—moreover, dispirited by what had passed before their eyes—might have been taken the same day; but his genius prevailed, and made him think that a strong garrison remained in the place. Although a brilliant trophy, Schumla would have proved a losing acquisition, as, in that case, the grand vizir, beaten out of his foolish solicitude about it, would have intrenched himself in the mountains, and have guarded all the passes.

He again collected thirty thousand men, chiefly drawn from the posts at the other passes, and sat down in Schumla expecting to be besieged. But no indication of the sort occurred. Diebitsch, throwing up redoubts to protect his camp, contented himself with repelling the enemy's frequent sorties. One or two redoubts were stormed, on either side, with considerable loss; but the chief amusement lay in some brilliant

affairs between the delhis and the Russian lancers, which made the intervening plain a field of arms. It was chivalrous, I have heard Russian officers say, to see the former issue from the gates of the city, and, throwing their lances in the air, charge over the plain like a collected flight of birds, their high caps drooping with their speed, their loose sleeves and horses' tails flying in the air—cross lances, kill, and have killed, a man or two—then halt, wheel, and disperse in a moment, no two together, to avoid their usual salutation of grape which, on account of their extreme rapidity of movement, rarely touched them. On one of those occasions Redschid headed them, and narrowly escaped being taken, though they were doing little more than playing a jerreed game—a gallop round the ring, a feint charge, and a taunt or two at the lancers, who kept back. Suddenly a masked battery opened, and sent the delhis flying, their heads on their horses' necks, forgetful of their gallant leader. He remained alone, butt to a Cossack captain who, attracted by the richness of his attire, dashed out of the ranks, and seized his arm. The suddenness of the action deprived Redschid of his presence of mind, and another minute would have seen a

grand vizir! prisoner, for the first time, had not an Arab, who had checked his steed in time, galloped up at that critical moment. He shot the Cossack through the body, seized the vizir's bridle, turned, and led him, *ventre à terre*, into the town.

In this position, which wearied the Russians beyond measure by requiring a constant alertness to meet the night attacks of their irregular foe, some weeks passed; and the rapid mortality among them, caused by fever, and want of medical assistance, scarcely counterbalanced by the re-inforcements daily arriving from Wallachia, reminded the commander-in-chief that he must cross the mountains, or retreat to a more healthy spot. The former project his generals opposed, alleging insufficient force. But Diebitsch was determined. He knew his resources. He was aware of the disaffection at Constantinople; he was certain of the co-operation of the Christians in Roumelia; and he calculated the demoralizing effects of the late battle as equal to fifty thousand men.

The nicest point was to attain the passes of Kiupri Keuy and Dervish Keuy without exciting suspicions, in the grand vizir, of his real intentions. Much address was not necessary. The

Greeks in Schumla, all Russian spies, announced that he was more than ever intent on the defence of that place. Accordingly, as the besieging army, from Silistria,* came up to supply the vacancies, Diebitch sent off the corps of Roth and Reidiger, on the nights of the 13th and 15th of July, respectively, so as to arrive simultaneously at Kiupri, Keuy, and Dervish Keuy, on the Kamptchik: himself followed on the 17th, with Pahlen's corps, to support either, leaving General Krassovsky to keep the blockade of Schumla, and to amuse the grand vizir; who, still prepossessed with the idea, that he, or Schumla, till taken, must be the main object of the war, conceived this flank movement, combined with the arrival of Krassovsky's division, to be the prelude of a general attack on Schumla, by turning it from the east. He therefore sent off Tartars to Joussouf Pasha, the commander at Kiupri Keuy, for re-inforcements. Joussouf replied, that the enemy were actually in sight, and that he required succour instead; but before this answer reached

* This place capitulated June 22, 1829, after a gallant defence, at two intervals, of six months. In 1810, Count Langeron took it in seven days.

the vizir, poor Joussouf, with his pair of tails, was prisoner.

The two first corps marched by Dewno, through a deluge of rain, that made their men drop every yard. Their loss, during this forced march, amounted to near ten thousand men: "Mais il-y-a tant de ces gens là," said a Russian aid-de-camp, talking of this at Pera. General Reidiger first crossed the Kamptchik, by throwing a bridge over it in the night, three miles below the works of Kiupri Keuy; he was not opposed. In the morning, the Turks, finding themselves turned, drew up on the heights, and made a show of resistance, but did not wait to receive a charge. Having secured this bloodless, but important conquest, he descended the right bank to Dervish Keuy, where General Roth had taken the enemy's works in flank, in a similar manner, by crossing the stream, unopposed, two miles higher up, and had immediately followed up his advantage, by marching three miles, in a northerly direction, to Dervish Jowan, where Ali Pasha, the commander-in-chief on the Kamptchik, was posted with a considerable force. He completely succeeded. Ali, after a

faint resistance, fled, leaving his cannon, a few killed, and two hundred prisoners.

From Dervish Keuy, two roads led over the mountains; one by the coast, the other, transversely, towards Aidos. Vast woods overhung them, by means of which—cutting down the trees across them, and planting batteries in the intervals, so as to enfilade the zigzag paths—the Turks might have made a good resistance, even after their surprise on the Kampthcik. But the panic, there sown, spread from post to post; and the dust, raised by the heads of the Russian columns, was, in general, their signal of flight.

By those two roads the divisions passed, the cavalry leading their horses, more for the purpose of being secure from riflemen, than from any difficulty of the route. July 20th, General Reidiger reached the highest point* of his march, and the next day descended into the plains of Roumelia; thus completing, without opposition, this ever memorable passage, which the Russians, in their

* According to the surveys of the Russian engineers, the height of the Balkan, where the army crossed, is 1,800 feet; at the pass of Kasan, twelve hours west of Schumla, 3,000 feet; at its greatest elevation, about the neighbourhood of Sophia, barely 6,000 feet. What mole-hills to make such a fuss about!

bulletins, called so glorious for their arms; and which the Smyrna Gazette, or Courier d'Orient, compared (seriously), in the obstinacy of its defence, to the pass of Thermopylæ. I wonder that the editor's obsequiousness had not extended the comparison, and immortalized the pasha, who should have made a stepping-stone of his body, by clothing him in the garb of Leonidas. To the left the Turks showed equal pusillanimity. They did not offer to dispute General Roth's march, till he came within a league of Messembria; a body of five thousand then affected to stand, but did not wait a junction. Messembria immediately surrendered; and Ahiouli followed the example on being summoned; also Bourgas.

The two generals then united, and made dispositions for attacking four pashas, who were encamped on the plain near Aidos, with twenty thousand men, consisting, in part, of numerous fugitives, and actuated, all, by the worst spirit. Their wisest plan would have been to have retreated gradually through Roumelia, taking up every favourable position, and leaving each when about to be attacked. I have heard several Russian generals state their belief, that had this army

acted in this manner, the delay, thereby occasioned, would have been fatal to the success of the campaign, on account of the scarcity of provisions, and the increasing sickness among the Russian troops; added to the confidence which would have gradually taken place, in consequence, among the Turks, reinforced, may be, during their retreat. Unfortunately, the pashas confided in their strength, and, July 25th, drew up their irregular multitude in order of battle. The Russians, of course, had children's play; for there were no delhis opposed to them, to break their squares, or to charge their artillery. Half an hour decided the affair; when the Turks, throwing away their arms and their upper garments, fled in the direction of Selimnia. Their entire camp, with their cannon and ammunition, fell into the victors' hands. The pashas' tents showed well. Piles of delicious tobacco, cachemires, amber, and other valuable contents of oriental pavilions, became the prize of the fortunate Cossacks who first entered them. In the square of Aidos, through which the fugitives passed, one Osmanley remained, alone, (like Cocles on the bridge,) to oppose the Russian column marching into the town; and, on its ap-

proaching within hearing, apostrophized the infidels in no very courteous terms. The column halted in surprise. "Bring that madman here!" said the commanding officer to one of his men. The Osmanley showed that he could act as well as speak: he levelled his piece, and the soldier fell. Another left the ranks: he fired a pistol, and laid him on the ground. Another shared the same fate. He then drew his ataghan, and was rushing on the foremost ranks, when a volley riddled him, and sent his soul to the arms of the expectant houris, which never before received such a hero—one, of a nation, who preferred death to surviving his country's dishonour.

General Diebitsch followed the steps of General Reidiger, greeted by the Bulgarians of the Balkans, to whom he addressed proclamations, telling them that they were freed from the dominion of the grand signior, and annexed for ever to the Russian empire; thus taking from them the option of neutrality. Thousands of these mountaineers laboured, gratis, in clearing the passes of the *materiel* left by the divisions in their rapid march, and in accommodating the roads for the expeditious transport of supplies. The carriages of the general officers were soon enabled to pass

the hills at a trot. The commander-in-chief established his quarters at Bourgas for some days, in order to make arrangements with the fleet, in case of a retreat becoming necessary. A regiment of Cossacks were sent up the great Schumla pass to Czalykavak, for the double purpose of raising the Bulgarians, and of watching the grand vizir's movements. A detachment was ordered to march down the coast to Ignada, and another half-way towards Adrianople; both with instructions to elate the Greek population with promises that the country was to be annexed to Russia; and to calm the Mussulmans with assurances that the war was made only on the sultan, who would be compelled to abandon his plans of reform. Diebitsch was excessively anxious to ascertain the state of public feeling in Adrianople, before proceeding further; but the archbishop of Bourgas conjured him to advance, telling him that all was assured—the Greeks enthusiastic, and the Turks in dismay. "What proof can you give me?" asked the general; "the step is hardy; I must not fail." "I will send a person to Adrianople," replied the archbishop, "who shall report to you the actual state of things." A Bulgarian of trust was accordingly

sent. He was so little suspected, that he obtained a lodging in the pasha's palace, through the favour of some of the officers whom he knew. Having remained there some days, sounding all parties, he went to Selimnia, to report agreeable intelligence to the general, and to deliver him letters from the archbishop of Adrianople, who invited him to lose no time in coming while the consternation was fresh.

From Bourgas, the general marched, by Karnabat on Selimnia, where part of the Turkish army, defeated at Aidos, had rallied. It was also incumbent on him to visit that important town, as being the capital of the Bulgarians of Roumelia whom it was necessary to draw into revolt. The divisions of his army united, August 15th, before Selimnia; but, ere a shot was fired, the Osmanleys were already in full flight, harassed by the Bulgarians who killed about one hundred, and sacked the dwellings of the Mussulman inhabitants: then, being fairly committed with their old masters, they cordially embraced the cause of the Russians, who, in the first place, armed them, and to whom, in recompense, they were of incalculable benefit. They supplied their new allies (and, as they believed,

fellow-subjects) with transport, with provision, with forage, with clothes, with guides, with interpreters, and all gratis. In short, they were an artery of the expedition. The day following, five thousand men were sent up the Kasan pass to expel Suleyman Pasha, posted at Kasan. Suleyman instantly fled, with his troops, to the north side of the mountains. The detachment weeded the adjacent villages of Turks, armed the Bulgarians, and, leaving parties of Cossacks to organize them, and to prevent the enemy, if possible, from coming over the pass, returned the second day to Selimnia, where all was prepared for striking the grand blow. Nothing hitherto had failed. The Christians were in open revolt, the Mussulmans in dismay ; and even the movements of the Turkish chieftains appeared to have been dictated by Diebitsch, so well had they met his views. But before going further, it may not be amiss to state the amount of the army that aimed at the subjection of Turkey. The three divisions, which crossed the mountains, contained, when Selimnia was taken, about thirty-five thousand men ; adding seven thousand men, remaining of those landed at different times at Sizepolis, made the Russian force, in Roumelia, forty-two

thousand men. Of these, eight or nine thousand were required to occupy the line from the Gulf of Bourgas to Selimnia, in which debouched all the passes, in order to oppose the grand vizir, who, it was naturally expected, would quit Schumla, and cross the mountains after his enemy.

But though so small, the Russian army had the immense advantage of being in a country devoted to its interests.

Diebitsch having directed the general of the Selimnia district to retreat on Bourgas, in case the grand vizir should attack him in too great force to be resisted, commenced his march on Adrianople, August 16. The season was unusually hot, faintingly oppressive to those northern soldiers, dressed as they were in thick clothes, and carrying each seven day's provisions,—a requisite precaution in a country without much more cultivation than is necessary for its scattered inhabitants. Their distress was great; yet few died. The prospect of seeing Sophia's fane cheered them on; and the evening of August 19, their fatigue was somewhat compensated by the sight of the minarets of Sultan Selim's mosque in Adrianople. That night they rested under arms on the eminence near the city, where great agitation seemed

to prevail by the moving lights and the general murmur; subsiding, however, before sun-rise, at which hour envoys came to the Russian head quarters to gain terms or time. They informed the general that an army was expected from Constantinople to defend the place, and they hoped that he would have the complaisance to wait a few days, if but to show the sultan that it had resisted. Diebitch refused. The envoys then said that the great and glorious city of Adrianople, having no means of defence, would capitulate, provided private property were respected. Diebitsch agreed. August 20, 1829, the second city—former capital—of the Ottoman empire was peaceably taken possession of. *Te deum* was sung in the square; a general was appointed commandant, with the pasha under him as civil governor;—the horse-tails under the cane!—guards were established. at the mosques, and other places of public resort; and, as a necessary precaution, the Mussulmans were ordered to give in their arms. They submitted to the humiliation without a murmur, except the lady of Osman Pasha, (taken prisoner at Ahiouli.) It was her husband's sabre, she said, left in her care, and she could not give it up without his consent:

she retained it. In three days the wonder was over. The mosques filled again, and the people resumed their occupations as though nothing extraordinary had taken place. Yet what had taken place should have made each Turkish mother curse the hour her son was born. Should the race of Othman eventually be obliged to quit Europe, who, with such proof of degeneracy, will feel commiseration for it?—will not rather hail the emancipation of the beautiful countries that have so long withered in its grasp? But let not Russia be the substitute; slavery is as primarily and more artificially woven with her system. Turkey in Europe should be formed into an independent kingdom; and for population, there are hundreds of thousands who would gladly leave the overstocked countries of Christendom for the rich prospects which a good government would hold out in this. Their fusion with the talented Greek, the warlike Albanian, the hardy Bulgarian, and even the Mussulmans, would be the best security against the ambition of Russia; who also on the side of Asia would find the Turks a more formidable enemy, when having only one frontier to defend. Who should be king of this new country? There

is but one answer: the king of Greece. Brilliant prospect!

And should that personage prove to have talents and judgment, he may look on the throne of Athens as the footstool of the throne of Constantinople. The hand of destiny points that way. Wrenching Greece from Turkey was a mortal stroke to the sultan, because it established a precedent for successful revolt, which will be acted on. His rule in Europe is going, going, going; in a few years it will be time to write—gone. Russia is watching its agony like a vulture hovering over a dying wolf. Let the king of Greece prepare himself, by putting his own kingdom in an efficient state, and by gaining the good will of the Christians of Roumelia, to assist at the death. Let England be ready to assist him; let her prepare the way, it is easy; and then the original intention of the Greek question, which was to render Turkey stronger by lopping off a gangrened member, will be accomplished, though in a different manner from that projected. But this does not signify; we look to the edifice, and mind not its colour. A little gentle violence, in addition to gilding the pill, may be adopted with the family of Othman if it cannot re-

organize European Turkey, which, however, is not probable, because European Turkey will only be regenerated on regenerated Greece, and this cannot well be effected by an Othman, and the injustice, if indeed such be worth thinking of in this partitioning century, will be excused by the consideration, that in forestalling Russia in deciding on the destinies of this fine country, the misery of millions will be prevented. To this arrangement Austria may be induced to lend herself for the sake of rounding her territory in the basin of the Danube. Wallachia and Moldavia already belong to Russia, therefore nothing need be said of them. We want nothing; may even yield the Ionian Isles to the Greek empire, and consequently shall have the merit of acting, in appearance, disinterestedly. It is time to shift the pieces to the other side of the board in the game of the balance of power. We have long enough trifled about this country or that country in the west of Europe having a province more or less, as if any country can touch us across a barrier of water; and no country but Russia has land-passage to our dominions. It is time seriously to look to Russia, and not let slip the opportunity, now held out

to us through emancipated Greece, of making European Turkey a partial counterpoise to her. Russia should be the watch-word of the British cabinet. We want a Cato to ring it in the ears of our politicians.

At the same time it is fair to observe, that the weak opposition made by the Osmanleys in the campaign of 1829, could not be received as a standard, did no other exist, of the weakness of the empire. It had peculiar causes. Let us suppose a civilized Christian country with an absolute monarch; that that monarch at one blow destroys a portion of his regular troops, and disbands the remainder, forbidding them under pain of death to appear; that he commands his subjects to change their usual costume for monks' robes, to shave their heads, and wear night-caps instead of hats. Suppose at that moment, while the attendant disgust is fresh, his empire to be attacked by an enemy morally and physically superior; could it be expected that the people would rally round his throne? The ease with which the allies marched through France was no proof that the French were unable to resist them; it only showed that they were tired of Napoleon and of wars. But that

was no excuse for their indifference. Men should support even a devil in preserving their native soil from the pollution of foreign troops.

The Russian army did not enter the city; it bivouacked, not on the high dry ground, but most imprudently on the marshy banks of the Marizza and the Toondja. The advanced guard was pushed on to Luleh Bourgas, and two regiments of cavalry were sent by Demotica, to take Enos, a fortified town on the gulf of the same name. The right of the army thus rested on the Archipelago; the left on the Euxine, at Midia.

As I mentioned in the preceding chapter, envoys came immediately to Adrianople, on the part of the sultan, to treat of peace. Diebitsch had therefore reason to flatter himself that every thing would succeed according to his sanguine wishes. But a violent fever among his troops nearly marred his brilliant success. It was occasioned by sudden repose after violent fatigue, and by their being exposed to marsh miasmata, to heat and dews unprotected by trees or tents. In a week vast numbers died, and scarcely a man was free from its debilitating effects. There were few medical men with the army, and they

had few medicines—*imprimis*, no bark—and, to complete the mischief, there was a scarcity of provisions. The army was so completely cut up that I have heard several of its officers declare that the Turks might have annihilated it without much effort; and that, even without opposition, it would have been difficult, almost impossible, to march on Constantinople, over one hundred and fifty miles of country, devoid of forage and supplies; although nothing would have been easier at first, while the impulse was fresh among the troops, with toil to keep off disease. Add to this, Mustapha Pasha, of Scutari, was coming up in the rear with 30,000 Albanians; and, though it was not certain that they would fight—their chiefs' loyalty being suspected—it was certain that they would eat every thing up,—as sure a mode, as with bayonets, of reaching the vitals of the Russians.

Unfortunately the real state of the Russian army was not known at Constantinople, at least not in the right quarter. That the Prussian minister, one of the three mediators between the sultan and the emperor, in constant communication with General Diebitsch, knew it, is positive; that he concealed it from his colleagues, the

English and French ambassadors, is equally positive. They believed it to consist of 60,000 men in good condition; had they been aware of the fact, that it did not amount to the half, in a deplorable state, they might not perhaps have counselled the sultan to give his consent to the humiliating peace, which was wrung from him most reluctantly. *He* knew nothing of the exhaustion of his enemy, but he could not believe that his own resources were so completely paralyzed. It was a *tanto quanto* which might, if acted on, have made his obstinacy appear reason.

In this trying interval, General Diebitsch maintained a firm countenance, and affected indifference about the procrastination of the envoys. He told them they might do as they pleased, but that on such a day, if his terms were not subscribed to, he should march. Effectively, as I before said, twenty days after his arrival at Adrianople—a ruinous delay which showed a great want of calculation on his part, since the same result would have been gained in less time under the walls of Constantinople, whither, had he not halted at Adrianople, he would have led his army in good health, its spring of excitement unrelaxed, backed also by the universal panic,

and by the conspiracy among the Janizzaries—he broke into column, and pushed his advanced guard to Chorloo. It had the desired effect. Peace was signed. The same day the pasha of Scutari—a traitor by his inactivity—reached Philippopolis, having previously had an affair of outposts with some troops led by General Geismar against him over the high Balkans. He pitched his camp in the adjacent plain, and during the ensuing three months assisted the Cossacks in ravaging the villages.

Owing to the distance, hostilities did not cease in Asia until October 10th; on that day Paskewitch wound up a successful campaign with the battle of Beibout, in which two thousand Turks were killed or wounded. The following day one of Diebitsch's aides-de-camp arrived from Constantinople with the news of the peace; an event that would have been known some days earlier, and the blood spilled at Beibout saved, had not the pasha of Trebizonde refused another aid-de-camp, who had left Bourgas by sea, to land in his pashalick.

Thus terminated this eventful war, which in its progress twice overturned the opinions of most politicians. When the first campaign opened,

they said that the Russians would be at Constantinople the same year; when the second commenced, judging from the seige of Varna, that they would not cross the Balkans.

Both compaigns were marked by enormous faults: the first failed for want of energy; the second succeeded from want of opposition. "*Nous nous sommes battus avec des invisibles,*" said a Frenchman in the service. The loss in men, cattle, and *materiel,* was immense. Fifty-two general officers were known, and 200,000 men were computed, to have fallen in the two campaigns; not a twentieth part by the enemy. The exact number of the latter, where their lives are held at nought, is difficult to ascertain, but the former is a good index. Generals in modern warfare, like the chiefs of the Huns and the Comans, never go to the other world unaccompanied by a numerous suite.

The event placed Diebitsch* and Paskewitch

* Could Diebitsch have rested with his Turkish laurels he might have died with the reputation of a great general; but they withered by the side of his Polish cypresses. The emperor should not have employed him against the Poles, because his campaigns against an enemy too ignorant to take advantage of his errors, thereby engendering in him a habit of carelessness,

by the side of Suwarrow in the opinion of their countrymen, and their grateful emperor showered on them equal honours. He created them marshals, gave them the grand cross of St. George, and one million of roubles (£40,000,) to each.

rendered him less able to cope with skilful antagonists. By long practice at any game with inferior players we give those, formerly our equals, the superiority over us.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hamid Aga—Executions—Turkish lady—Jew—Sir P. Malcolm—Seraglio—Ball on board Blonde—Turkish Ministers.

I BEFORE mentioned that the sultan dispatched his envoys, August 27, to amuse Diebitsch, while he crushed the conspiracy in his capital.

Mahmoud was, by nature and by long practice, well adapted to appease a revolt; he had often tried the most approved recipe, blood letting, and always found it efficacious; and on this occasion, though unable to shed the blood of the Russians, he determined not to spare that of his more dangerous foes, his disaffected people.

The first person who fell a sacrifice to the nature of the times was the aga of Buyukderé, a man much loved by all classes, for a mild and just administration, and gentlemanly qualities; he was also nazir (governor) of the outer castles of the Bosphorus. But though thus honoured by his sovereign, he was a Janizzary in principle,

and therefore his death became imperious; indeed under the military laws of Europe he would sooner have ascertained the falsity of his prophet's mission, for his actions supported the suspicion that he held treasonable correspondence with the enemy. He also frequently slept away from his post, allured, it was said, by the charms of a Greek lady. Poor Hamid! peace to his errors! I knew him well; a merry, mellow-eyed mortal, who, though a true Osmanley, preferred punch to sherbet, and the daughters of Eve to the Houris in reversion. The evening before his catastrophe we smoked a pipe together, when he little thought that the rustling of Azrael's wings fanned the cool breeze in our faces. Late that night the capitan pasha returned from Constantinople, where he had been assisting at a divan, with the fatal firman in his bosom; and the next morning, the sun just peeping above the Asiatic hills, I saw a barge row swiftly from the flag-ship to the nazir's house, which overhung the water. Suspecting something, I put a question to the officer of the boat, as he passed my window; he shook his head in reply. The nazir was still reposing. "The pasha wants you," was the pithy message. "Why, what can he require?" "You will soon learn; rise." He adjusted his dress, performed his ablutions,

prayed, and then, without making any arrangement, stepped into the barge. I was already dressed, and on the quay; passing which, he waved his hand to me and said something, I thought farewell, so I took a caique and followed. The principal officers of the fleet received him on the quarter-deck; the man whose smiles they courted the day before, on account of his intimacy with the capitan pasha, they received with insults. Hassan, riala bey, gave him a kick. At this he crossed his hands and exclaimed, "I understand." He was then conducted down on the main deck: there his accusation was read to him, enumerating, with other charges, the unjust one of grinding the poor. So false an accusation, without the power of refuting it, must have added a pang to the bitterness of death; that is, if he felt any, for he betrayed no fear, neither probably, with true Ottoman stoicism, would he have said one word, had not the capitan pasha at that moment come out of his cabin to look at his old friend, who, one little spark yet burning among the embers of hope, cried once "Aman." He might have spared his breath. The pasha answered by a slight wave of the hand, the usual signal in such cases; the guards understood it, and taking the nazir by the arms, led him below to the prison, where two

slaves attended. Not thinking for a moment, that he was going straight to death, I was about to follow, moved by an impulse of pity, or of curiosity, when the pasha motioned me to come into the cabin. The bowstring soon did its task, and in a few minutes, the receipt, poor Hamid's head, (the countenance calm as in sleep,) was brought up to be shown to the pasha, before being transmitted to the seraglio. It is startling to see a human head carried in a platter up the ladder, down which you had seen it descend, just before, sentient and well poised on a pair of shoulders; this had an effect even on the cold-blooded Osmanleys, under the half-deck; they involuntarily shuddered, as well they might; the reign of terror was begun, when no man might say that his turn would not come next.

An officer was sent to seal up the nazir's effects, and to seize his secretary; and the pasha, having first breakfasted with as good an appetite as ever, rowed to the outer castle of Europe to hold a summary trial on the garrison, which ended by twenty of its members being strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. After this pastime, he took his siesta at the castle, and then, having first installed his kiaja as governor, returned in the evening to Sariery. A moving scene awaited him on landing, in the

wife and children of the nazir's secretary, who, with dishevelled hair, and weeping, implored mercy at his feet, for an innocent husband and father. The pasha passed on without deigning to notice them, but the following morning I was happy to find that the man was released, as being innocent of his master's guilt; in other words, that there was neither wealth or secrets in the case to extract. Poor Hamid! he did not leave much; his favourite female slave was given to one of the capitan pasha's retainers, and his personal chattels were sold by auction.

This was the prelude to the tragedy which impressed blank terror on the citizens of Constantinople, numbers of whom were, each night, thrown, strangled, into the Propontis; and each day some of the chief conspirators were publicly decapitated *pour encourager les autres*. So completely had the latter reckoned on the arrival of the Russians in the capital, that their unexpected halt at Adrianople deprived them of all presence of mind to concert either means of resistance or of escape: they were therefore cut down like dogs in the caniculæ.

Every street presented horrid spectacles; the bodies stretched on their backs, heads under their right arms, and the *yaftas* (sentences) on their

breasts, with stones on them to keep the wind from blowing them away. For variety, the head of an Armenian, suspected of being implicated in the conspiracy, was placed between his legs, looking towards the ignoble part; and the circumstance of being an infidel was strongly and repeatedly dwelt on, with amusing prolixity, in his yafta, as a heinous aggravation of the crime of treason against his sovereign lord. Fortunately for him, his punishment was not greater than that of the most orthodox Osmanley. One of the first and most pitiable cases was that of the master of a fashionable caféné, near the fish market, in which the conspirators used to hold their meetings. This poor devil, who probably had no idea that the act of selling coffee to a conspirator made him one, nor conceived it the duty of a correct publican to make a distinction of customers, was buying vegetables at a stall, when he was accosted by the guard; and, having answered the usual interrogatory, "What is your name?" made to kneel, and decapitated on the same spot where he had been providing for his supper, it being conveniently situated for publicity. As a farther example to the fraternity, recording, at the same time, an immemorial eastern custom, his shop was razed to the ground. The people passed these exhibitions with seeming carelessness; a

few stopped to read the sentences, but none showed commiseration, or made any remark. None dared—the least display of feeling entraining death; indeed hardly so much was requisite, since those suspected of thinking, were deemed equally culpable with those who spoke, against the government. The most active search was made for the accused, who, without warning or trial, wherever they were found, (if a public place, if not, in the nearest,) were instantly beheaded. The process verbal was simple—"Are you so and so, Hassan, or Achmet, or Sadik?" —"True, I am Achmet, what do you want?" "We want your head; kneel down, without disturbance."—"Oh! this is a mistake: you mean that Achmet, or that; I am not the man!" "You are the man: we are looking for a certain Achmet, with a long nose and large eyes; you have a long nose and large eyes, and are called Achmet, therefore must be the man who is convicted of treason against our lord."—"I protest this is a calumnious falsehood! I pray you go elsewhere, I am not the man!" "Hear the blasphemer! not content with conspiring against our lord, he denies his guilt, instead of bowing at once to our lord's clemency! kneel, wretch!" —"By the prophet! by my father's beard! by my soul, I swear I am innocent! this is a mis-

take!"—thus saying, falls his head. This exposure to an unpleasant *equivoque* renders it fortunate, rather than otherwise, for an Osmanley to have a personal defect, which may obtain for him a surname; as, for example, Selim One-eye, or Mustapha Crook-back, or Avni Club-foot, is not liable to become a head shorter through a mistake.

The sanguinary old seraskier, Khosrew, was put to his old trade, head butcher of sultan Mahmoud's shambles, and did not discredit his former fame; on the contrary, rather added to it, by establishing a torturing shop, for relaxing hard nerves, presiding thereat in person. Little, however, was elicited by this process.* *Espion-*

* It is just to say that the Osmanleys are not addicted to torture, widely differing therein from the Persians. But when they do set about it, they do it seriously. One of their questions is binding the head with a rope, and drawing it tight until the accused speaks or faints. The discomfort of a tight hat may give one a millionth part of the idea of this frightful torture. Those who undergo it rarely lose the mark of the rope, which remains impressed on the head as though burnt in with a hot iron. As a set-off to their moderation in this respect, the Osmanleys practise mutilations of a hand or foot; the former on burglars, the latter on highwaymen; and a very effectual remedy it proves; but unfortunately, three out of four that undergo it die from want of surgical aid, the operation being generally performed at the same place where the sentence is pronounced, by one of the chavasses present, who draws his

nage was more successful; on which service the sultan's aids-de-camp went about in various disguises. It was a service of danger. I met, one day, Saley Bey, dressed as a galiondji; he would certainly have been assassinated, had he been found out thus prying. They frequented the cafénés, and other places of public assemblage; and woe to the wretch who "had his heart on his tongue, instead of his tongue in his heart:" (Turkish proverb:) their denouncement was certain death; by which scope for private revenge, doubtless, many innocent people were cut off. But this was a natural inconvenience, arising from the complexion of the times. Nor was this rigour confined to one sex; several women, who, in the fulness of grief, dared openly to bewail their relations, and to arraign the measures of government, were cast, in sacks, into the sea; and as a farther and more effectual check, combining shame, on female loquacity, one was publicly hung, but, with an attention to *bienseance* peculiar to the easterns, enveloped

ataghan, and lops off the proscribed member. The stump is then smeared with hot tar to staunch the blood. In Constantinople, during 1829-30, was to be seen a Turkish beggar, who had been deprived of both his feet by that rude operation. He was in good health, and enforced his arguments by carrying in his hand the skeletons of his poor feet.

in a sack. About the same time, also, a Hebrew for having been too intimate with a Turkish lady, was hung at his door, where he writhed and kicked for two hours before the ill-adjusted knot choked him—the stream of the Bosphorus, in the meanwhile, washing away the guilt of his fair accomplice. She almost deserved her fate, for having shown such bad taste. In many shapes death triumphed during this terrible fortnight. Two wretches, convicted of attempting to fire the new seraglio at Beglerbey, on the Bosphorus, were impaled; one still breathed on the following day.

These horrors enabled us to appreciate the most unaccountable part of an Osmanley's character; his great passive courage at so trying a moment, so "sudden a wrench from all that is dear;" the more extraordinary to us, knowing the want of courage displayed by the troops, witnessing the cowardly runaways from before the Cossacks, part and parcel, countrymen and brethren, of the victims of Mahmoud's rigour. Their noble bearing at the fatal moment was really exalting, and almost made the spectators envy deaths which seemingly cost so little to endure. It certainly caused a tone of feeling in the bystanders—a want of detestation—far other

than what might have been expected; yet very natural, for tyranny loses the greater part of its hideousness when it fails to depress the minds of its victims, consequently acts with tenfold security. The shrieks of a person on the point of being executed would have more effect in awaking the passion of a crowd than would the sight of ten persons quietly suffering the same fate. A death shriek echoes a long time in our ears, but a death blow soon vanishes from our eyes. So, we are told, the cries of Madame Dubarry, (the only person cited as having given way to despair on the revolutionary scaffold,) produced an unwonted thrill of horror in the Parisian mob, and roused it from the apathy which the courage of the condemned—causing admiration to usurp the place of pity—had hitherto kept up. One morning I accidentally became a witness of an execution. At the upper end of the street I observed a slight tumult, occasioned by an arrest, but not knowing what it related to I did not stir. Presently, the guard moved towards me, and halting where I was standing, in the widest part, cleared an open space; by which manœuvre, we, the spectators, were so closely wedged that I could not get away, incited thereto by the visible and audible

discontent of the Osmanleys around me at the presence of an infidel. It certainly was misplaced.

Into this space two men stepped from the body of the guard—one old, and ugly, and meanly dressed; the other young, and handsome, and richly attired in the old costume. The office of one of them was not doubtful, by the long ataghan in his hand; the other, by his firm step, and the unconcerned air with which he glanced around, might have passed for the provost marshal, had not his manner soon announced that he was destined to act a more important part;—and he knew it, for he at once knelt down, without prompting, and suffered his thumbs to be tied behind him with a piece of string, that he might not involuntarily interfere with the operation. The executioner then took off his turban, tied up Mohammed's lock, and adjusted the denounced head in the most favorable position for displaying his skill, desiring its owner to hold it steady. So peculiarly adapted is the eastern costume, having no collars, to the dispatch of head cutting, as to make it probable that it was originally adopted by slavish courtiers as symbolic of their necks being always ready. This preparation did not occupy two minutes, during which it was uncertain which

of the two showed greatest coolness. Drawing then his ataghan, the executioner held it up in act to strike, and in this position recited the offence—"conspiracy," &c. It was an awful picture, a moment of breathless excitement to all present excepting the two actors, the one of whom, the most interested in the event, appearing the most careless. Being close to him, *malgré moi*, I watched him narrowly, but could not perceive the slightest change in his florid countenance, or a tremor in his fine limbs. Both at such a crisis would have been pardonable in the boldest. Having heard his crime, he cried in a firm voice, "O Mohammed, I die innocent; to thee I consign my soul." He repeated these words, with some others to the same purport, when the finisher of the law, impatient, demanded, "Are you ready?" The gallant fellow, with an energy of tone which showed that his spirit already saw the "dark-eyed girls," promptly answered, "Ready." The moment after, his head, struck off by one blow, was rolling in the dust. The blood instantaneously gushed out of the body, the neck slightly palpitated; life vanished with the rapidity of thought. The savage who performed the deed cleaned his blade on the corpse's clothes, then held it up in the rays of the sun;

but seeing some stains on it, again wiped it before re-sheathing it. How willingly, to judge by my own feelings, and the looks of the by-standers, would we have torn the wretch in pieces! He disposed the body *secundum artem*, an assistant washed away the blood, the crowd silently dispersed, and Hassan was left where he fell to glut the gaze of bipeds and quadrupeds twenty-four hours before being consigned to sinepeds. What a change in five minutes! No sight ever made so painful an impression on my mind. Nor hanging, nor breaking on the wheel, nor impalement, nor any of the ordinary modes adopted by man to destroy God's image, can produce so disagreeable an effect on the unused spectator. In those, the notes of preparation, and the attendant bustle, gradually attune his feelings to the event; the mere circumstance of there being some apparatus assures him, or at least inclines him to believe, that it is not an ordinary occurrence; and when the curtain drops, there is no direct evidence of aught than a suspension of life. The ghastliness of death is veiled. But in this there is no deception. Here lies the motionless trunk, there rolls the head, as if in mockery of the faith which builds on their re-union; and what increases the pain of the spectator is the conviction, that the victim,

arrested, accused, and executed before him in five minutes, was innocent.

Though appalling to behold, it is preferable for an Osmanley, who from the time he can link two ideas has death before his eyes, to take the bitter draught at one gulp, than to savour it for days in the solitude of a prison; but it requires more resolution. With time for reflection, on any trial that he has to undergo, a man may screw up his courage to the sticking point, and go off the stage with credit, on which, taken unawares, he would have faltered. Many, however, will look on this in a more serious point of view than a display of nerve. The priest may allege the want of time for repentance; but an Osmanley prays every day, from three to five times, and is therefore always prepared to meet *his* Mediator. The man of business may exclaim about the settlement of affairs; but the condemned Osmanley has none to settle; the sultan is his heir. The sentimentalist may sigh to think that the sufferer could not take leave of his friends; but the Osmanley has few ties, few of those sympathies which form the links of a family, and unite its members from different parts of the earth. As a lion's cub leaves its den for the forest, so he quits the paternal roof rarely to re-enter it; in a few years his mother, the

only bond for him under it, is old or dead, discarded or forgotten; in either case replaced by a young wife, by whom are young children to absorb his father's affections: his sisters have become the inmates of strange harems, where his feet, though not forbidden, are unwelcome; and his brothers, like himself, are the butts of fortune, or the dependants of a pasha, ready at the dictates of either to slay each other.

This gloomy prospect was somewhat enlivened by the anniversary of the prophet's birth-day, September 9, which was celebrated, as usual, by royal salutes, and by the illumination of the fleet and the mosques. Nevertheless the canonization of his worshippers continued without intermission till the news of the peace arrived, when, freed from the great lever of insurrection, Sultan Mahmoud deposed his iron sceptre, having tolerably well succeeded in allaying the feverish disposition of his good citizens, not one of whom dared call his head his own,—no ways consoled for the uncertainty of possession, by the certainty of a good berth in Paradise, if lost by the sultan's commands. They were paralyzed, afraid to leave their houses, and for some days Constantinople appeared as a city of the dead. The cafenes, usually filled from morn till night, were empty, the bazaars deserted, and excepting

a few Armenians and Jews stealing along under the porticos, scarcely a human being was to be seen in the streets. Even the dogs seemed, by their silence, to partake of the general calamity.

Persons in every rank were infected with the panic, and set about removing the Janizzary marks stamped in with gunpowder on their arms :* among others, to my surprise, I found Mehemet, the captain of the Selimier, laid up with a swoln arm, in consequence of having applied blisters for that purpose. As he suffered mentally, as well as bodily, in effacing the cherished ornaments, I remonstrated against his repeating the operation on the other arm, saying,

* It has always been the practice of the Osmanleys, resident in the large cities, to enrol themselves on the Janizzary lists, not as fighting or factious characters, but to enjoy the credit of the name and the appui of their respective orta, the number of which they were obliged to imprint on some conspicuous part of the body, to prevent after evasion of their principles, and to constate their claim. Some of these ortas had a prestige from trifles, or accidental causes, as crack regiments in Europe; and their rolls swelled to an enormous amount, as high as fifteen or twenty thousand names: not that these numerous hangers-on are to be confounded with the turbulent body so well known.

From this practice arose the custom, among the delhis and the Janizzaries, of going to battle with the right arm bare, in order that he who distinguished himself should be known every where by his marks.

that *he* could not be suspected. "You do not know," he replied; "past services are soon forgotten, and these few lines may prevail against a life of fidelity. Mashallah," he continued, with a wince at the pain, "our lord is a great man; is he not?" another wince and a sigh, looking at his untouched arm, "they must come out." Dr. Capponi was kind enough to take him in hand, and relieved him of the obnoxious evidence with comparative ease; but large scars remained to denote the cloven foot.

The Constantinopolitans, however, soon began to recover from their stupor, and to relapse into their usual lethargy, apparently as indifferent as heretofore to the operations of Destiny. At the same time, it was easy to perceive that a great change had come over them in the short space of a month; that they were no longer buoyed up with the idea of being invincible, of being the first people on earth, in whose favour Allah would cause an infidel army, which dared approach Stamboul, to vanish in smoke; that they were sunk as low in their own opinion as they before stood high; and that, seeing no outlet from the abyss in which fate had cast them, they deemed it useless to make any efforts; replying to exhortations to improve themselves by study and by example,—"It is of no use, we have too

much to learn!" They only prayed to be permitted to live and die in peace—to enjoy their bone without fighting for it—nor longer thought of glory or revenge. So disastrous was the moral effect, a hundred fold that of the physical, produced by the peace of Adrianople.

Peace, at the same time, brought with it novelties to divert their sadness. One morning, an English admiral's flag was seen flying in the Bosphorus, for the first time since the flood; and Sir P. Malcolm, who had come up from the Dardanelles in his tender, gave publicity to his arrival, by saluting the capitan pasha with nineteen guns from the Blonde, which were returned by an equal number. The sultan was pleased; and believing him to be the capitan pasha of England, therefore third man in the British empire, as his capitan pasha was in the Ottoman empire, felt somewhat flattered; as he, no doubt, considered that the worthy admiral's visit of curiosity was influenced by a desire to see his radiant countenance. He honoured him with a private audience for half an hour; conversed, it was said, very sensibly, on various subjects, and showed his judgment, at parting, by giving him a snuff-box set in brilliants. His selictar, taking the hint, entertained him, together with the ambassador, at a kiosk, a few miles from Pera, ter-

minating the repast, *a l' Osmanlie*, with presents: and then the capitan pasha, to whom it especially belonged to do the honours to a brother admiral, took his turn, and received him with distinguished honours. He saluted him with nineteen guns, as well on entering as on leaving the Selimier, whose crew exercised at quarters before him, in a style to elicit his approbation of their *address* and *discipline*. In all respects, the pasha behaved with winning courtesy. Besides displaying his best assortment of amber mouthpieces, his most elaborately fillagreed coffee-cups, various preserves, and perfumed sherbets, he also, following a good example, bestowed gifts on the admiral—a sabre, and two cashmere shawls; for which, in return, the admiral presented him with the Blonde's life-buoy, wanted for one of his frigates, which was then preparing to convey an ambassador extraordinary, Halil Pasha, to Odessa; not from any fear of his excellency falling overboard, but to show off before the Russians with so clever a thing hanging to the stern. Not long, however, did the Osmanleys keep it, for it was soon voted a bore by them as being an excuse for holding loose. In the frigate's return voyage, a man fell overboard: it was accordingly let go; but as he never re-appeared on the surface, it was not deemed worth

the while to lower a boat to pick up the buoy, which was left to go its own course, and will, no doubt, if found on any of the wild coast of Asia Minor, be regarded as a valuable trophy, (in the same manner as the Cornishmen once took a hencoop, drifted on shore from a wreck, for a musical instrument,) and be transmitted by the finder as a heir-loom, if not suspended in a mosque.

In addition to these distinctions, all very flattering excepting the presents, (for presents, in Turkey, if not requited by others of equal value, are looked on as acts of grace which a superior accords to an inferior,) the admiral's wish, expressed through the ambassador, to see the seraglio, was complied with. The number of the suite not being limited, I gladly availed myself of the permission to accompany them; although I do not mean that as an excuse for inflicting a minute description of what, though called a palace, more resembles a city, such as a painter might sketch in a fanciful mood. Built on the site of one, (Byzance,) it contains, in its circuit, gardens, fountains, groves, circuses, mosques, palaces, altogether strangely intermingling, yet harmonizing,—European elegance by Asiatic luxury, the light by the sombre, the trivial by the magnificent,—and offering, in their labyrinths,

every convenience for the pleasures of the most luxurious court, and the accommodation of four thousand retainers, besides the women.

The original plan consists in four spacious courts, surrounded by buildings, connecting with each other by high gates, and running in an oblong square nearly across the area; the remainder of which is laid out in pleasure-grounds, or filled up by kiosks, the fancies of different sultans, which communicate with the main edifice one way, and command views, the other, of the finest scenery in the world. By the most modern of these kiosks we began our excursion, entering it through a massy, gilded gate in the sea wall. It was built by the present sultan, and is no less distinguished for size than splendour, furnished in a style half French, half oriental; the former shown in cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors, musical clocks, ivory ships, mosaic tables, and other trifles; the latter in velvet-covered divans, piles of brocaded cushions, highly-wrought mats, and frescos on the wainscotings. The baths were perfect specimens of their kind, almost too beautiful for use, composed of variegated marbles, wherein roux and verd antique were lavished. The gothic, richly-fretted, marble chimney-pieces, in the winter cabinets, were also highly orna-

mental, and excited a wish for fire. In one of these cabinets were arranged the sultan's personal arms, consisting of Damascus sabres, French pistols, Persian hangiars, all of exquisite workmanship, and set in jewels. By them lay a small assortment of korans and sunnas, beautifully written, and highly emblazoned.

Leaving this kiosk, we traversed the courts of the main fabric to the imperial gate, or sublime porte,* which gives entrance to the first court from the city. In the porch-way are niches for the heads of distinguished criminals. The first court contains the mint, the armoury, the imperial stables, and apartments of the kislar aga, besides others, all of ordinary appearance outside, and presenting, we were told, nothing re-

* Over it is an inscription, in Arabic, of which the following is a translation :—"By the assistance of God, and his good pleasure, the lord of the two continents and seas; the shadow of God among men, and among angels; the favourite of God in the East and in the West; the monarch of the terraqueous globe; the conqueror of the city of Constantinople;—that is, the victorious emperor Mehemet, son of the emperor Amurath, and grandson of the emperor Mehemet, laid the foundation of this august building, united the parts solidly together, for the preservation of quiet and tranquillity. May the Almighty perpetuate his empire, and exalt it above the lucid stars of the firmament."

markable inside: but we were not invited to judge for ourselves; a subject of disappointment, since it is well known that the armoury contains many suits of Grecian armour, with other memorials of the empire.

The second court is handsomer, set off by a fountain in the middle, with trees planted round it. The kitchens are on one side, occupying the entire length, of stupendous proportions, the roof supported by lofty pillars, and surmounted by ten domes which are distinctly seen from the sea, and generally assigned to a different kind of building, since few persons place Ottoman gourmandise in so exalted a station as to require the most noble edifice in the seraglio for its service. It speaks high for civilization. We found it in full activity; not less than a hundred dinners were preparing, each at a yawning cavern of flames and smoke that might have graced Vulcan's workshop, and hosts of lackeys were going or returning with full or empty dishes. The cooks, clean-fingered nimble gentry, dressed in white, like their Romish brethren, were exceedingly polite, and brought us at each compartment pezimets and other dainties, farther induced thereto by the presence of our ciceroni, who, no less a personage than the chief artiste, did the honours of his jurisdiction with an air

and manner that would have gained him the cordon bleu had he lived in France in the reign of Louis XV.

He terminated his attentions by exhibiting to us, with an assurance beforehand of exciting our wonder, the dried, almost mummied, body of a merman, which, he told us, had been caught in the Bosphorus a century back; he did not know with what bait, but he knew that no other had been caught since. As we were not bound to take this assertion on credit, we put our heads down—our hands were kept off—to examine it, and soon discovered that this merman was nothing more nor less than a large fish, somewhat mis-shapen, called palamithe, to whose shoulders some adventurer, with great dexterity, had joined a human head, and thus imposed it on Turkish credulity. However, we did not express this opinion, for charity's sake, but left them to enjoy their error, and roll up again in fine cloths the precious monster, which, in the absence of a professor of natural history on the seraglio establishment, has always been in the care of the reigning cook, he being considered, after the hekim bashi, the most scientific person in the empire; and if, before, a doubt on the authenticity of the merman was considered blameable in any sceptical, free-thinking page, or eunuch, it

will now amount to heresy,—now that it has been seen and approved of by an eltchi, a capitan pasha, and a host of bey zades and bim bashis (our party) of England.

Opposite to the kitchens—in conformity with the good rule that weighty deliberation should immediately succeed, or be succeeded by dinner—we saw the divan, or the privy council chamber. It is of an oblong form, covered by two domes, and paved with fine marbles, divided by a low marble balustrade into two squares. In place of the usual luxurious couch, a marble bench runs round three sides, a kind of seat pleasantly cool in summer, unpleasantly so in winter, always disagreeably hard, but at the same time possessing the advantage of being preventive of long debates. The sultan rarely assists in person, but from his apartments a passage leads to a narrow niche, on one side of the hall, where, unseen, he can hear what passes.

Thus far any person may penetrate on business, but the third court is the *sanctum sanctorum*, trodden by few excepting the white eunuchs, a considerable number of whom were loitering about the entrance of it, and raised our attention, as much as any other appendage of this empire of jealousy, by their complete and

abhorrent ugliness, more than sufficient, we thought, to disgust the Odalisques with every thing in the shape of man. Dull and spiritless, although young, with the yellow shrivelled appearance of decrepit old age, these white weeds of humanity gathered round us with childish curiosity as we entered the "gate of happiness," and in cracked tones complimented us on our arrival in *their* world; wherein, caused by the gothic overhanging style of architecture, reigned an air of gloomy magnificence, well corresponding with the mystery attached to it and heightened to us by the idea, which one could not help entertaining, that we were gazed on, as a menagerie of strange and rare animals from distant parts, by myriads of bright eyes from the lattices. A rich marble colonnade runs round this court, connecting its various offices;—the treasury, the great baths, the hall of the sandjack scheriff, the apartments of the sultanas, of the princes of the blood, and the eunuchial quarters. Detached in the area stand two separate buildings of an original structure, somewhat between the Chinese and the Swiss, but pretty withal, shaded by deep porticos supported by porphyry columns. One of them, near the gate of happiness, to which it leads by a covered gallery, is the audience chamber, where ambassadors, until 1829,

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had the felicity of waiting on the prophet's vicegerent: a singular monument of distrust;—it was evidently built to prevent the possibility of a sultan being assassinated by the representative of the "most powerful of the kings of the adorers of Jesus," who stood before him pinioned. In size it is not too large for a dungeon, and in gloom it is not inferior; one door gives admittance, and one window, heavily barred, barely enough light to distinguish a person's features in it.

From this, having first discussed chibouques, coffee, sherbets, and conserves, prepared for us, we were conducted with some ceremony to the other detached edifice, commonly called the imperial library, and regarded by the Osmanleys, I know not why, with as great a respect as St. Sophia and other great trophies of their conquest. No reason can be assigned for their predilection in its favour, since it boasts of no relics of the former lords of Constantinople, and contains only about fifteen hundred Arabic and Turkish volumes on history and theology, not being near so good a collection as exists in three or four of the libraries attached to the principal mosques. Not a ray of light breaks the darkness, not a Grecian character adorns its shelves, not a trace of antiquity supports the long fondly cherished

opinion of the learned respecting its contents. The librarian assured us that he had not one *infidel book* in his care; he appeared hurt at the suspicion, and invited us to remove our doubts by examining the cobweb repositories. But this would have been a dirty job; so we even took his word for his proud poverty of treasures. In recompense, he showed us, as the pride of his heart, on a long scroll, the portraits of the sultans;—all—whether the fierce conqueror, or the wise Solyman, or the effeminate Ibrahim, or the boyish Osman (represented beardless)—equally badly executed, showing how completely the art has been at a stand, and also showing that the Othmans, notwithstanding the religious prohibition, have not been free from the kingly vanity of transmitting their looks to posterity—a curious fact now, that the present sultan has been so highly panegyrized for having had the civilization to disregard the Koran, and have his likeness taken. The difference is, that his predecessors were content with native artists; he has chosen a Frank one;* for two excellent reasons, first, that he is superior,

* A correct likeness of Sultan Mahmoud II. was taken in the beginning of 1830 by Signor Gobbi, an *attaché* of the Sardinian embassy. The sultan munificently rewarded him with a snuff-box set with diamonds.

second, that his features will thereby have more publicity.

In glancing over the portraits of this long line of sovereigns, one dwells on that of Mahomet IV., and endeavours to trace some feature that may indicate the rarest of royal virtues, particularly his, gratitude, owing to an exercise of which the wheel of Ottoman greatness turned down the hill, and in its first progress dragged him from the throne. The example deserves to be recorded. He came to the throne at seven years old, between when and fourteen three grand vizirs were put to death through the intrigues of his grandmother, Sultana Kiosem, she having retained the management of affairs. Mahomet Kuprogli, being then elevated to the rank, with great prudence immediately freed the young sultan from the tutelage of the women, and conducted him to the war in Dalmatia. He died at Adrianople, and was succeeded in the grand vizirship by his son Achmet, who also died a few years after, at Constantinople, leaving, as well as his father, a great name in Ottoman history. To mark his sense of his services, the sultan not only left his son Mustapha all his riches, but appointed him grand vizir; and on the rank being modestly refused by the young man, on the plea

of his inexperience, gave it to his nearest relative, Cara Mustapha, observing, that any member of the family of Kuprogli must be worthy of it. Cara Mustapha belied the compliment. By his counsel, against the opinion of the scheick islam, who declared it unholy, predicting that divine vengeance would follow the infraction of treaties, the Porte for the first time—never since repeated—encouraged revolt in a foreign country; listened to the propositions of young Tekeli; and in alliance with him declared war unjustly against Germany; in which war Vienna was not taken, owing to the avarice of Cara Mustapha, and in which, by his imbecility, the finest Turkish army ever seen was totally routed by Sobieski on the ever memorable 2nd Sept., 1683, from which epoch dates the decline of Turkey. The author of the calamity, Cara Mustapha, received in recompense the bowstring, to which he readily submitted his neck, thus confirming what he used to say in the days of his splendour, that he only wanted that martyrdom to complete his happiness. The deposition of Mahomet IV. followed, with complete anarchy throughout the empire, which was reduced to extremities, threatened by the victorious Germans, and only saved by his successor giving the seal of grand vizir to Mustapha

Kuprogli, the same who had before refused it. He proved an equally great man with his father and grandfather; he restored the Turkish affairs as well as could be; and was finally killed by a musket-shot in a battle against the imperial army under the walls of Peterwaradin, to the consternation of all Turkey. Turkey that day lost her last able minister. No man has been found since with probity, disinterestedness, talent, and courage,—all are necessary, to rule his own passions, a despotic sultan, and a fanatic nation; to lead a petticoat cabinet, and conduct armies,—a capacity that was eminently possessed by the three Kuproglis, who certainly merit a rank among the great geniuses that grace history's scroll, and present an unexampled chain of great hereditary talent.

To return to the seraglio; after our disappointment in the imperial library, we descended to the fourth and last court, in which was nothing remarkable, except a marble column, seventy feet high. The inscription was nearly effaced, but its Corinthian capital was perfect, and reflected credit on its masters, for having so well preserved a remnant of the first Constantine's magnificence.

We were next conducted through the sultanas' gardens, laid out with taste, but wanting that day their most beautiful flowers, across a spa-

cious circus for the jerreed exercise, to the water gate, where a crowd of retainers were assembled to see the exit of the travelling menagerie. We delayed a few minutes to converse with two regular mutes; they were boys about fourteen years old, very genteel, and good-looking, whereby we were completely undeceived in regard of their species, having previously understood that a mute was a kind of animal between a dwarf and a monkey. The little urchins were exceedingly amused, and laughed and conversed about us with great rapidity, making most expressive language with their eyes and fingers. Their quick wit is proverbial in Turkey, and in the secret deliberations in the seraglio, where they alone are allowed to be present as domestics, nothing escapes their intelligence. One of them is noted for having saved the celebrated grand vizir, Kuprogli, whose death-warrant, owing to the intrigues of the validé sultana and the kislar aga, to whom his economy of the public money had rendered him odious, was signed by the weak Achmet. A mute gave him notice of the plot; and thus timely warned, Kuprogli, who was then at Adrianople with the army, was enabled to receive the messenger of death with smiles, and to turn the tables. The kislar aga was in consequence exiled, and his secretary strangled.

Here finished our visit to the seraglio. The same evening Sir P. Malcolm sailed for the Dardanelles. We, who remained at Pera, had occasion, soon afterwards, to behold the Osmanleys in a very unusual position; viz. mixing with European society with a degree of versatility and condescension so unexpected, that the dragomans, a race peculiarly unsusceptible and difficult to beguile into a display of feelings, gave way for the first time in their lives to expressions of astonishment, and declared that nothing more could surprise them. The object was a *ballo*, the name which the Osmanleys have since adopted, as vernacular, to signify the simultaneous movement of numerous pairs of legs to music, on board the Blonde, which was fitted up for the occasion with a taste and splendour rarely equalled in the British navy, where such things, too, are well understood. Sir R. Gordon was the giver of this fête in celebration of the peace, and the Turkish ministers were asked to meet the Frank society; a novel combination, which greatly amused the most of us, in anticipation, but rather ruffled the composure of the true believers, and of the fair Europeans in general. The ladies took it into their heads that they were only invited to dance for the amusement of the Osmanleys -a gratuitous calumny on our worthy

ambassador—and declared, whether or no, that considering the estimation in which Mussulmans held women, it was indelicate to exhibit before them at all. They were perfectly correct in their opinion; but when the moment came, these, and all such idle considerations, gave way to the pleasure of a ball on board ship. On the other hand, there were a few prejudices to vanquish, and the sultan's leave to be obtained. He, however, so far from refusing it, would gladly have assisted in his own sacred person, had not state etiquette prevented. The most difficult man to persuade to soil himself by so close an approach to Christian debauchery was the reis effendi; but when he found that his brother ministers were going, and that the sultan wished it, consented. "Wonderful! if they go, why should not I go? Inshallah! I will go." Heavy rains retarded some days this grand experiment on Turkish morality, and undid the frigate's canopying more than once. At length, the heavens cleared, also long faces, and by nine o'clock, P. M., the distinguished three-tailed, and two-tailed, and no tailed, company assembled beneath the ensigns of England, of Turkey, and of Russia; the two latter amicably joining, and forming, it might have been supposed, a galling sight for the Osmanleys, as well as the word peace,

which was multiplied in transparencies round the quarter-deck. If it was so, they concealed their feelings; looked at both with their usual apathy, and leant, as might be, on the arms of some of Diebitsch's aides-de-camp present. Abaft the mizen mast a superb divan was arranged where their excellencies the pashas sat by their excellencies the ambassadors—cashmeres vying with stars. The ladies were ranged opposite, prim and prude, to be eyed by these terrible four-wived fellows, who made themselves as perfectly at home as in their own harems, smoking chibouques, and caressing their stockingless feet, which for greater ease they took out of their slippers and put on the sofa, according to custom; they probably would have liked the fair Franks to have rendered them the titillating process on the cranium, that minor yet cherished luxury of the harem,—though, if they had the wish, it was not expressed. Coffee was sipped, tea drunk, and the dancing then commenced between the fore and main masts. The music was excellent, and a gentle breeze brought waves of perfume from a bosquet on the forecastle. The Osmanleys left their sofas and their pipes to gloat their eyes on the mazes of the waltzers, and, but for their pelisses, might have joined them. The old capidgi bashi was in a state of

ravishment, which the sameness of his harem had failed to produce. "Wonderful!" he emphatically exclaimed, "I have lived fifty-seven years and seen nothing like this; now that I have seen a *ballo* I will die content." The capitan pasha was more moderate; he sat himself down to learn ecarté, and succeeded in losing his money. His brother pasha, the little, lame, round-backed, sanguinary seraskier, Khosrew, he whom we so lately saw chief head-cutter and limb-racker in Constantinople, was as merry as a buffo. He looked everywhere, and caressed every body; took all his acquaintances by the ear, and tapped their cheeks: his countrymen, however, seemed to bear his advances like those of a serpent, nor could we, little as we cared for him, view them without disgust. There were also present the sultan's two favourites, the Selictar Pasha, and the secretary, Mustapha Effendi, both comely men about thirty; the former by birth a Candiote Greek, the latter an Anatolian, who, when a boy was employed in a cafenéh at the village of Ghiok, on the Bosphorus. The sultan riding through the village one day, was struck with his physiognomy, and had him transplanted to the seraglio, where his supple and compliant manners completed the conquest which his beauty had begun. Both had great power over their

master's mind, and without their favour few places were long tenable. "How many guns would you give to the capitan pasha?" hastily asked Mustapha Effendi of the captain of a French man-of-war in the harbour. "Nineteen," the captain answered, "as high-admiral." "Imbecille," replied the little favourite; "and you only give *me* seven. I who can make and unmake seven capitan pashas in a week!" he turned off, and sulkily stepped into his boat.

An important personage on board was Halil Pasha; and an equally striking example of the fortune which often follows slavery in Turkey. By birth a Circassian, he was purchased in the slave-market of Constantinople by Khosrew Pasha, who, it is worthy of remark, was bought in the same market. Having no sons, he finished by adopting the young Halil as the "son of his soul," a common practice in the East, and raised him to the highest offices of the state. He commanded a division in the war, and in the campaign of 1828 distinguished himself by a charge of cavalry against the Russian hussars, near Kustendgi. At this period he was about to proceed to St. Petersburgh as ambassador extraordinary, with rich and rare gifts, (cloaks, with diamond embroidered collars, saddles covered with jewels, shawls fringed with

pearls, and amulets of a thousand years date,) to endeavour to soften the terms of the peace. The hand of the sultan's daughter, a houri of eighteen, was destined for him at his return. This good fortune of his adopted son gladdened the seraskier, and he could not help speaking of it to a Frank in a manner which developes a point in Eastern character. "It is wonderful," said the old man; "at length Halil is going. God is great. I purchased him; now behold him an eltchi. Ah! he was a sweet child, a charming boy; he cost me fifteen hundred piastres." "Only fifteen hundred!" replied the Frank; "that was not dear for such merit; surely your excellency cost more?" "*I*," said the seraskier, "that is quite another thing, truly; I was worth more; I cost my master two thousand five hundred piastres." This conversation shows what fallacious ideas people entertain of slavery in the East, where it is regarded with pride rather than with shame; and is an argument against the general assertion of anti-slavites, that slavery is everywhere disgraceful and inhuman. Here was seen one of the first men of the empire referring with pleasure to epochs which we might suppose he would wish to bury in oblivion.

In addition to pashas and their trains, the

deck was graced with some bim bashïs, aïdes-de-camp of the sultan, dressed in gold-laced hussar uniforms, among whom I must not pass over the young Avni Bey—the Hamlet of the Turkish court, the mirror of the new modes. Had his head been covered with hair instead of a fez, he might have passed for a Frank: his clothes were well made, his neckcloth, the first ever worn by a Turk, neatly tied, and his pumps and silk stockings fitted him. This aptitude in taking up Frank customs had gained him the sultan's favour, and had caused him to be appointed mehminder (complimenter) to Sir Robert Gordon on his arrival. He dined once with a large party at the ambassador's table, and conducted himself, notwithstanding the strangeness of the scene, with perfect ease and good breeding, graces which came natural to him from the self-command and indifference to external objects—the *nihil admirari*—acquired by a Turkish education. He made a graceful bow, between the dignified inclination of the Osmanley, and the quick violent stoop (as if trying to crack one's breeches) of the French, and with a good master he would have danced; as it was, he attempted a waltz once or twice, (quadrilles he called insipid,) but could never get out of the middle of the room. But with all his talents

he was very stupid at languages; for, though mixing a good deal with the Pereotes, and often on board the Blonde, whose officers took much notice of him, he never got farther than "*comment vous portez vous?—assez bien—jolie fille*, and in English, "Abaft there! give me some wine." *

The entertainment went off admirably, as may be supposed, with so much variety and novelty. Even the fair prudes became disposed to take the circumstance of having bearded spectators as a joke, and did not show off the less because avidly gazed on. Supper was announced. Each noble Osmanley then took a lady under his arm, and led her down on the main deck, where it was served in perfect style, with a liberality which did honour to the representative of a great nation. The *coup-d'œil* was good; knives and cutlasses, forks and tomahawks, spoons and sponges, glasses and rammers, bottles and guns, napkins and *aprons*, flags and flounces, sparkling eyes and sparkling liquors, were all together in a

* Avni Bey was afterwards banished to Nicomedia for insulting some Greek ladies. He also liked this part of Frank customs. At Nicomedia, he would have been forgotten by the sultan, had not Count Orloff received two swords from the emperor, to give to any two of the sultan's suite he pleased; in consequence he was recalled to receive one.

narrow space, relieving, not perplexing. Champagne flowed like fountains, other liquids like rivers. The Osmanleys laid aside their gravity, and dispensed for that night with the orthodox use of their fingers, though we feared that sundry manslaughters would have taken place in consequence of their awkwardness with those "accursed contrivances," knives and forks. There was never a more jovial or a more noisy banquet. They pledged the sovereigns of Europe, they pledged the ambassadresses, and they pledged each other in repeated bumpers, and talked much nonsense. The ladies fortunately did not understand Turkish. Some of them, it must be said, by repeated doses, were brought very near the verge of inebriety. Nourrey Bey, (the Capitan Pasha's khasnadar, captain of the Scherif resan, to whom I have before alluded,) drank immoderately, partly from complaisance, and partly from good taste. At length, he told me, putting down his glass, filled alternately with champagne and porter, and taking my hand, that he could drink no more; I believed him, for he had already swallowed what no one but an habitual water-drinker could have done without being speechless; but, pointing to a young belle, he discreetly expressed another idea, in a tone which showed that he thought he was

in the right sphere. I endeavoured, infinitely amused, to make him comprehend the difference between dancing ladies and "dancing girls." He smiled incredulously, and stroked his beard, then said, "Very good; you Franks are right to keep them for yourselves." This calumnious opinion, derived from seeing them waltz, was not confined to honest Nourrey. More than one other grave effendi thought there would be no harm in making proposals to ladies, who, they saw, allowed themselves to be embraced in public. The warmth of the seraskier's language to a beauty obliged her to appeal to an ambassador, who gently remonstrated with the old sinner. However, nothing unpleasant occurred; they were all attentively polite, and after supper consented to lower themselves, by walking a polonaise with the ladies. They then took leave, having thus, in a few hours, made three giant strides in civilization; danced with females, drank publicly, and gamed; and were so much pleased, that the capitan pasha expressed his intention of giving a ball on board the Selimier, and the seraskier pasha of having one at his palace: of course neither one or the other took place.

The reis effendi alone, of the Ottoman grandees on board, did not lose sight of his cha-

racter, and by this keeping raised himself in the esteem of every body. True to his creed, he drank no fermented liquors; yet, with good breeding, only alleged in excuse that they disagreed with his health, (his soul's health, he meant.) He took no pleasure in the *fête*, probably thinking that such a peace as that just concluded was no subject of rejoicing for an Osmanley. The word "peace," placed in transparencies, in various languages, in the quarter deck ports, appeared to him so many duplicates of shame; and the union of the Russian and Turkish banners, over his head, as a bitter mockery. The last heritage of the unfortunate is pride: their sovereign may be overthrown, and their country subjugated; but *that* is not subject to a conqueror's will: with it their enemies will esteem them, without it their friends will despise them.

In every respect that sudden and deep plunge of the Ottoman ministers into public debauchery was ill-judged. It showed that they were readier to copy the vices than the virtues of Christendom,—to commence where they should leave off; it gave the Tories—and the Tories in Turkey compose the majority—a powerful moral argument against a reform, the chief feature of which appeared to be contempt of their pro-

phet's wisest law—sobriety; and it afforded all Turks, who still regard the Koran as an inspired volume, a further plea for considering the sultan and his ministers as little removed from infidels.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sevastopol—Arsenal—Quarantine—Dniester—Odessa—Plague—Danube—Squall—Varna—Gulf of Bourgas—Sizepolis—Ignada—Bosphorus—Count Orloff.

THE Blonde soon replaced her divans and figured boards with guns and boats, and in a few days (the early part of November) proceeded into the Black Sea. I sailed in her by the kind invitation of her captain and officers. The moon was well up when we weighed anchor from Buyukdèré, and made the night scene beautifully varying, as the frigate under all sail, spread to a gentle southerly breeze, glided past the forts and batteries, on either hand, the interest being heightened by the consideration that she was the first English ship of war that had thus far followed the Argo's track. To commemorate the auspicious event the main-brace was spliced (a dram given to each man.)

A north-east gale came on the following day, and drove us within sight of the mountains of Anatolia. While it lasted, we remarked that the sea ran very long, considering the small size of its bed. It made, however, little impression on the Blonde, the most gallant lover that its dark bosom had ever heaved under; and on the fourth morning we made Cape Aia, the magnificent cliff which marks the south-west end of the Crimea, fourteen hundred feet high, generally visible from ten to fifteen leagues, and in clear weather, as far as twenty-five leagues. Near it, to the north-west, forming with it the romantic harbour of Balaclava, is Cape Phelient, low and bluff, and remarkable from the land behind it rising in three steps. To the north of it is Cape Kherson, the index of Sevastopol, with a light-house on it, near one hundred feet high. Two other light-houses serve as leading marks into the harbour, but of them and the dangers of the navigation I need say nothing; when a British fleet is sent to attack Sevastopol, Captain Lyons, or any of the officers of the Blonde, will be found capable of leading it in.

Verily, Norwegian fishermen, when they gazed on what they thought the demon ship, were not more astonished than was the Russian squadron in Sevastopol at the apparition of the

Blonde.* The outer ship bid us anchor and not pass her. We complied. Next came an officer, plumed, and booted, and buttoned alongside, to know what was the ship, whence she came, what her cargo, with similar sapient questions, as though her ensign and pennant, with other obvious signs, were not admissible evidence of her nation and quality. He was answered in general terms, that the frigate being on a cruize for the health of the crew, her captain did not deem it complimentary to the admiral to pass the port without entering. Admiral Greig, the commander-in-chief, was not there, having gone a few days previous to Nicolaef, on the Bog, but at the mizen of a first-rate

* By the sensation of jealousy occasioned at St. Petersburgh by an English frigate having cruized on the Euxine, it appears, that Russia considers it as much her's as the Caspian: with as much right to prohibit strange ships of war from navigating it. She ought to be better taught. The following is one of the articles of the peace of Tourkmantchai, signed February 1828, between Russia and Persia. "In regard of vessels of war, those under the nussia flag having the right, *ab antiquo*, of navigating the Caspian Sea, it follows that this right is theirs exclusively. Therefore it is reserved and assured to them now, with the full understanding, that no other power can have vessels of war on the Caspian." If Russia be allowed to make another war like the last in Turkey, she will dictate a similar article for the Euxine.

was the flag of a rear-admiral. The rear-admiral would rather have dispensed with the compliment. He scarcely knew what to do: he could not turn us away; yet Sevastopol was forbidden water to strange ships. Our story he did not credit; the compliment involved a plot to him; and he considered it an absurd pretence, a frigate cruizing on the Black Sea in the winter for the health of her crew, an exercise, in his opinion, (Russian as he was,) well calculated to kill one-half, and give the other half rheumatism. He arrived at the conclusion that she came for the purpose of surveying Sevastopol, and he thought to frustrate it by surrounding us with the barriers of quarantine. It was with difficulty that permission was granted us to row up the harbour, and then in a way that evinced distrust, for it specified that one boat only should go, with not more than two sitters in the stern sheets, and that it should be accompanied by the admiral's aid-de-camp in another boat. This was mortifying, considering that no spying intention existed on our part, simply rational curiosity. However, we got over the difficulty about sitters, weathered the admiral, and gratified ourselves by dressing as Jacks and taking the oars of the gig.

We rowed about the harbour under a sharp snow-storm, during two or three hours, to the impatience of the aid-de-camp, who must have thought us a very ill-disciplined boat's crew, and on excellent speaking terms with our captain; at the same time he was civil, and told us all that he knew.

The great harbour is a fine sheet of water, three and a-half miles by one, due east and west, with good bottom all over, from twelve fathoms to four fathoms. The northern shore is broken into bays, separated by three abrupt points, formed by loose stones, each fortified by batteries pointing seawards, respectively eighteen, twenty-one, seven guns. A low beach confines it to the east, intersected by a rivulet, and backed by a range of high hills. On the southern shore are two creeks, which tend to render Sevastopol one of the finest harbours of the world. The inner creek penetrates considerably inland, by three-quarters of a mile wide, with depth for first-rates. On one side of it is the dock-yard, extensive, but ill supplied, from the system of peculation carried on by the naval officers:*

* To such an extent did the officers of the Black Sea fleet carry the system of selling their ship's stores, that the government were at length obliged, as the only means, to prohibit merchant vessels from lying in the harbour; the merchant

it has no docks. The other creek, between it and the harbour's mouth, serves for the repairs of small craft.

A small hill separates these creeks, on which the town is loosely scattered,—a few good government-houses with green roofs, the remainder huts. At its sea-base are two lines of batteries, mounting thirty-four guns: near the small creek is another of seventeen guns; between which and the entrance of the harbour, on the brow of a cliff, are two double tier batteries of twenty-one-twenty-seven-guns; and on the rocky points, forming the entrance, are also batteries of thirty-three-twenty-six-guns, making on the whole two hundred and four pieces of cannon that could bear successively on ships entering Sevastopol. But when we saw them they were in a bad state, and chiefly mounted en barbette, which affords a poor chance against ships' broadsides. Indeed, every thing in this great depôt—second in Russia—indicated its distance from the capital, a circumstance, in countries where the press is not free, which singularly assists the depredations of *employés*.

captains being the chief customers of the imperial captains The same habit exists in the Baltic, but to a less extent. It is considered a punishment to be sent from the Baltic fleet to serve on the Euxine.

Admiral Greig's want of energy during the Turkish war had not preconceived us in his favour, and the sight of his fleet completely removed any idea we might have had of his professional talents. His fleet was bad, even after the Turkish fleet. Could a stranger have seen the two fleets together, (without their colours,) he would have decided that the Russian fleet was the Turkish, and *vice versâ*. The ships were of an old construction, filthy, shamefully rigged, and scarcely fit for service. We gathered an idea of their interior discipline from the chief medical officer of the naval department. He asked the Blonde's surgeon how many sick he had on board. "One," was the reply. "One!" repeated the Russian, with astonishment; "by what miracle do you manage, cruizing, too, in the worst season of the year (November.) Our fleet never leaves harbour for six weeks in the summer, then goes no further than sixty miles, but it returns, having lost several men, with a full sick list." The condition of the Russian sailors on the Euxine is too shameful to be easily credited. When I say that they are abandoned, when ill, like dogs, I do not express their misery, unless the dogs of Constantinople are to be understood. At the quarantine ground, we observed several holes cut in the

earth, communicating with caves seven feet by three; the snow falling thick at the time, they were nearly filled. Their regularity denoted that they were not there by accident, or kept open for no purpose. What could they be for? we thought. One said they were to keep sails in; another, to keep oars; a third, rope; but we agreed, on consideration, that any article of that kind would spoil in them, and therefore they could only be for grapnels, or such like articles. Soft-hearted Britons! Reader, those holes or caves, as you will, lined with the damp earth, floored with the damp earth, ceiled with the damp earth, were for the reception of isolated cases of plague among the sailors. Wrapped in sail cloth the wretch is laid there to feel—what must he feel!—to curse—can he do otherwise? his masters. Food is given to him twice a day, till he miraculously recover, or speedily die. From such a life death must be welcome.*

The quarantine harbour is a creek outside the port. We found in it a brig, with plague on board, a cutter, and a lugger; three merchant-

* The following summer 1830, the sailors of the fleet at Sevastopol avenged in part their trampled on humanity; they rose and murdered their brutal surgeons:—at least, so it was currently reported. Contrast their victims with the surgeons of the British navy, for whom the Tars would almost cut their own throats.

men and a Turkish coaster wind-bound. The establishment was wretched, consisting of about half a dozen small houses, without windows, for the accommodation of the détenus. Captain Alexander, of the Sixteenth Lancers, and a Danish naval lieutenant were there, performing their quarantine from Roumelia. They looked well, but very cold. People in this quarantine are imposed on, since supplying necessaries to it is a monopoly granted to one person: provisions, however, are so cheap in Russia, that, though charged double, one could not grumble. Beef was a penny a pound, and the best we ever tasted out of England; though, it may be, that our excellent appetites, occasioned by the sudden increase of cold, was one cause of its goodness. We saw some of the inhabitants; they were stout, but not good-looking. What we saw of the country—certainly not improved by being covered with snow—did not lead us to agree with Clarke, who calls it a Paradise. He came to it from Russia; we from Turkey, whose Eden-like scenes must not be profaned by being compared with the harsh outlining of the Crimea, which, at the same time, has some novel points; the hills are singularly pitched by nature, ranges of them terminate in steps, the great feature of Tartary scenery, as well cut and apparently as

artificial, as though fashioned by Cyclopian labourers. The Crimea has little wood. None could be bought for the frigate; she was obliged to be supplied from the government stores.

We remained only three days at Sevastopol, and then sailed, to the joy of the rear-admiral; he *kindly* recommended Captain Lyons not to stay out long at sea, for fear of accidents. From a distance, Cape Aia showed uncommonly fine; as also the range of mountains in land. We did not see Koslof, in running along the land, as we expected, though it is said to be remarkable for a large mosque. We saw, at the distance of twenty miles, the light-house on Cape Tarkham, which at night shines brilliantly, as do all the excellent light-houses, kept up by the Russian government, on the coasts of the Crimea, and of Bessarabia, to the great comfort of navigators. They may be said, after the English, to be the only good lights in the world; and they render unimportant the error existing in this part of the chart of the Euxine, which places Bessarabia too close to the Crimea.

In the morning, we made the extensive lagoons to the southward of the Dniester; and, shortly after, the low island which forms the two mouths of the river. The country about it is a flat, marshy waste. Thirty miles off shore we had

twenty-five fathoms; four miles off shore, from six to eleven fathoms. As we advanced north, the face of the country changed to the vast, woodless steppes. Several towers were erected along the cliffs; one, white, close to a large building, with a green cupola, and some trees, (rare objects,) was the light-house of Odessa, though ten miles distant from it, on account of the cape, whereon it stands, somewhat projecting. We observed the face of great part of the intervening cliff and shore to be laid out, with great expense and labour, in gardens, ornamented with marble statues and urns, which appeared exceedingly cold and out of place in this frigid clime. They were the property of a Polish nobleman, one of the richest subjects of the emperor.

The frigate sailed close by them; and, in the afternoon, anchored in Odessa roadstead. About twenty vessels only were lying there. The mole, on the contrary, was quite full, chiefly of Genoese vessels. Three or four hundred Genoese vessels annually come to Odessa for corn—for corn! while Sardinia, one of ancient Rome's granaries, within a day's sail of Genoa, lies uncultivated! They were loading in a hurry, for fear of being frozen in—a circumstance to be expected earlier than usual, as the winter had already com-

menced with severity.* There are two moles at Odessa, one of which, destined for vessels in pratique, is little used, on account of the absurd regulation that obliges every vessel to undergo the same process, be the plague actually on board or not. Greater part of the vessels, therefore, prefer remaining under the yellow flag their whole stay, which generally amounts to three or four months; and may, if they are frozen in, extend to double that time. In consequence, the lazzaretto is on a superb scale, containing cafés, restaurateurs, and billiards, to assist the captains and mates in spending their cash. At the barrier we met two English merchants, the only ones in the place. They were decorated with badges, which we might have taken, considering their plurality and ease of attainment, for Russian orders, had they not been made of tin. The plague was in a few houses; and therefore, as a precautionary measure, none of the inhabitants were allowed to walk about the streets, excepting those who obtained similar badges from the governor. One of these gentlemen informed us, that during the

* The great cold in this low latitude is extraordinary; every year the space between Odessa and Kherson is thickly frozen over; and in 1824-25 the sea was covered with a crust as far as the Danube; in the same winter part of Constantinople harbour was frozen.

war one hundred and seventy vessels, of all nations, among them twelve English, were employed in the transport service; yet the Turkish ministers, often for a paltry bribe, suffered neutrals to pass into the Black Sea, well knowing how they would be employed. The Russian government paid well.

The few vessels actually belonging to Russia, scarcely any in comparison with those of other nations, that trade on the Black Sea, does not say much for the commercial spirit of the Russians. This losing balance, however, so detrimental to the country, is not, I have been informed, so much owing to the want of individual enterprise, as to the obstacles which the government throws in the way of seamen entering on board merchant-ships; either requiring them for the navy, or apprehensive that they may, if in the habit of visiting foreign parts, imbibe strange ideas about the rights of man, and so forth; perhaps may not be inclined to return home. The latter supposition is probable, considering the unhappy state of a great portion of the Russians, —their liability to a merciless conscription: many of Diebitsch's army deserted, and remained in Turkey; I met several of them after the peace.

This great mart of southern Russia is seen to

advantage from the sea; it has fine buildings along the cliffs, in the manner of Brighton. It owes much to the Duke de Richelieu, who may be said to have been the most fortunate of the French emigrés, and who enjoyed the complete confidence of Alexander. He slept only four hours at night, and studied a great deal; but he never arrived to speak Russian fluently. He loved Odessa, as being his creation; and to such an extent carried his paternal solicitude, that at the commencement of a great plague in the town he turned all the Jews (some thousands) into the country, little caring whether they spread the disease, before drawing the cordon sanitaire, lest, in a scarcity of provisions that might happen, they should become a tax on the inhabitants. He quitted it at the general peace, to return to France. The governor, Count Woronzow, was very civil to us. His aide-de-camp came alongside, to compliment the captain, on his part, and to regret that the frigate did not take pratique, when he might be personally attentive. He sent some English newspapers on board, and Gaultier's chart of the Euxine.

After twenty-four hours stay at Odessa, we again weighed, the wind at north, and steered through a thick fog, keeping to the southward and east-

ward, the coast being too little known to hug it during the night. In the morning we made Yelan Àdasi, (Serpents' Isle,) a troncated block, twenty miles from the Danube, and invisible from it: rounding it, pretty close to, we hauled up west towards the river which we had curiosity to view. The frigate approached within six miles of the lofty pharos, that marks the centre branch, then hove to, in shallow, discoloured, almost fresh water. This principal entrance, Kili Bogasi, of the Danube, is obstructed by a bar, which would oblige deep vessels, were there any in the trade, to partly unlade, in order to pass it. Inside the bar are six fathoms, and thence the navigation is uninterrupted as far as Ishmael, one hundred miles up, where are two fathoms. Little trouble and expense would remove this bar, with other hindrances occurring above Ishmael. Should the inhabitants of the provinces, now emancipated from Turkish misrule, be ever freed from the chilling influence of Russian military protection; or should Russia consider their advantage hers, attention will necessarily be paid to this source of wealth. Hungary, Servia, Moldavia and Wallachia, are situated to profit by it; and by this increased intercourse, the Mussulmans on the right bank will improve. In that case, instead of the few huts, now adjoining the

light-house, we may see a flourishing town, depôt of the products of the rich countries in the course of the Danube and of the manufactures of Europe, which the increasing civilization of those countries will demand, and for which the Danube is the natural channel. It will rival Odessa as a corn-mart, and eclipse it in other respects, from its superior position.

The country adjoining the Danube is, like that of the Dniester, muddy, marshy, misty, one of fever's head-quarters. We had not been ten minutes off it when a violent snow-squall hid the dreary prospect. We bore up. The night following was extremely rude, and morning rose with an unpleasant countenance. The snow was flaking, the wind was gusting violently, yet seeming to sport and reserve its strength for a better occasion; wild, ragged, horse-tailed clouds were dashing from the horizon to the zenith, as though for amusement, and thick vapour flew along the surface of the water in broad curls; altogether denoting a regular Black Sea squall, one of which we had not yet been favoured with. To add to the interest of the scene, a thick mist one moment hid the frigate's extremities, and the next a dazzling gleam, darting across it, showed us rocky cliffs jutting apparently close to us; while, holding the same course with ourselves, other vessels

under one sail, like wild birds on the wing, were plunging through, and dancing over the boiling waves. Suddenly, while we were preparing to gain an offing, a magician waved his rod. With a flap the atmosphere shook off its incubuses, the clouds disappeared, the snow ceased, the wind fell, and three miles distant, north-west, we saw Cape Calaghriah, in a masquerade dress,—the snow having interlined its red strata. A tumulus on the hills to the west, and a solitary mosque, were the only visible signs that man frequented this inclement coast,—in the latitude of Leghorn with the rigour of Shetland. We entered the smooth water under its lee, and after running about twenty miles came to, in a safe anchorage, two miles off Varna.*

This city has had a place in history since 1444, when Ladislaus, King of Hungary, was defeated and killed near it by Amurath II, who commemorated his victory, and expressed his gratitude to heaven, by erecting on the field of battle a pyramidal column—levelled a century afterwards by the Imperialists. It has since been reputed

* Varna is situated on an abrupt point in a bay within a large bay of which Cape Calaghriah forms the north-east point. The road is sheltered from all winds except between south-south-east and east-north-east. Vessels ride with safety the whole winter.

for its military position, long considered one of the keys of the Balkans;—its commercial importance as being the outlet for the produce of Bulgaria, thence shipped for Constantinople; and for an extensive fishery. But all these advantages have passed away on the wings of the Russian eagle—every where the harbinger of ruin. Its numerous mosques and churches have at length attained a point of coincidence—they crumble in unison; and of its three thousand houses, scarcely as many hundreds remain entire. At the same time Varna's celebrity has widely increased; from being local, is become European, and firmly rests on the fine defence made by its garrison in 1828,—a defence which, looking at the place, appeared to us fabulous. Its fortifications consisted of a low double-wall and a narrow ditch, with about sixty pieces of cannon in all. Two of its sides are washed, one by the sea, the other by a small creek in which large boats may anchor. Into the bottom of this creek trickles the rivulet Desineh. On the north side the ground slopes till it commands the works, and on the west is a large morassy lake, which proved its chief defence against the operations of the last seige, which should not have been carried on on that side. An assault would have carried it in a day, but the Russians were too

frightened by the recent check at Brailoff to attempt one. Finally, Prince Mentschikoff and Admiral Greig arrived with the fleet to second the Imperial Guard. Eight line of battle ships, among them two first-rates, sailed round the bay in order of battle, and on arriving opposite this mockery of a fortress, discharged their broadsides to the admiration of the Emperor and his court. Three times this magnificent spectacle was repeated, and three times the Emperor and his court expected the place to disappear in the smoke. The ships were too far; a couple of frigates, lightened and taken in close, would have levelled it in a few hours. Russian patience, however, and the talents of Count Woronzow, who took the command after Prince Mentschicoff was wounded, at length caused its surrender; no ways accelerated by the evasion of Yussuf Pasha, whose cause I will take up to clear him of the charge of cowardice and treachery alleged against him. Yussuf possessed large estates in Macedonia, descended to him from his father, which in his hands became unusually productive. His chiftliks were well maintained, his peasantry were happy, and though not a *reformer*, he was at least half a century before his countrymen in useful civilization. But, as I have had occasion to observe with others, he

had two crimes; he knew his great-grand father, and he was wealthy, independent of the sultan. The sultan had also pressing occasion for money to prosecute the war. Yussuf was one of the first Beys called on for his quota. He obeyed, and marched to Varna with six thousand Albanians, raised at his own expense. He was scarcely there when he received a galling insult from the Porte, by a governor being placed over him; no other than the capitan pasha, Mehemet Izzet, as brave a man as ever lived, at the same time as cruel a one. I afterwards knew two of his officers who were with him at Varna. Considering that he owned the garrison, Yussuf had a right to complain that the command of the town was not entrusted to him. He submitted, however, with respect, but kept on his guard against the treachery which he had reason to apprehend, since the gaze of a despot was on him; and his suspicions were justified by his receiving dispatches a month after from his capi-tchoadar, acquainting him that a firman was sent to the capitan pasha to cut off his head. Yussuf, thus situated, in reach of a proverbially artful man, had no other means of keeping his life than by open mutiny, or by accepting Russian protection. A middle course might have been fatal to him. To conciliate his

duty, however, as far as possible with self-preservation, he deferred his project till the tardy preparations of the besiegers were completed, and then, having sent his secretary the day before to feel the way, went on board the Ville de Paris, Admiral Greig's ship, and surrendered himself prisoner. The next day, his flight being known, his Albanians refused to serve under the orders of any one else. The place was therefore quietly taken possession of, and the capitan pasha, with two hundred followers, in reward for his gallantry, allowed to retire honourably; but it is just to repeat that the place was positively untenable, and had been so long before Yussuf quitted it.*

* His flight was turned to the same account as his death would have been; and to compensate for not showing his head at the seraglio, his name was anathematized in the mosques. His property was confiscated, a thing to be expected; but, not content with this, the satellites of the Porte broke open his harem, and despoiled his wife of her jewels and rich garments. This unprecedented violence created great and universal horror, for such is the inviolability of the harem, that the rich Osmanleys are in the habit of loading their wives with jewels and shawls as a certain provision for them under all chances. After the peace, Yussuf was pardoned through Russian influence. He returned to Constantinople, and his son was made captain in a regiment of Nizam Dgeditt. But his once high cultivated lands, near Seres, were waste, and his tenantry dispersed.

It was the grave of the Russians from first to last. From the time they came into it plague never left it. The governor informed Captain Lyons that in the preceding ten months, from January 1829, fifteen thousand troops had died in Varna alone; in consequence, the garrison was living in tents pitched in the snow on the elevated ground outside. I should have preferred staying in the town with the chance of contagion; the thermometer was at 18° Fah., and the camp in want of the common necessaries of life, principally spirits. It is almost incredible the way in which a civilized and victorious army was compelled to pass the severe winter of 1829-30. In other parts, as well, the same misery existed; it is no wonder that they died.

Varna formed so considerable an episode of the war, that I may relate an anecdote concerning it.

When the first news of its capture reached Warsaw, a German trader ventured to doubt its truth, in a large coffee-house, where the company were discussing on the subject, and said that it wanted confirmation. He was scarcely out of his bed the next morning when a police-officer came into his room without ceremony, and informed him that the grand duke

wanted to see him. "Why—what—" exclaimed the terrified German, "what have I done?" "You will soon know," replied the satellite. With unpleasant forebodings the poor man arrayed himself in his best, and obeyed the summons. "So," says Constantine to him, "you do not believe that the emperor's army has taken Varna—what do you know about Varna that makes you doubt of its fall?" "Please your highness, I am a poor ignorant man;—I merely thought—" "You thought; then, Sir, you must learn to think right." "Pardon, your highness—I meant no harm." "There is no harm done; do not be afraid.—Hold," continued Constantine, seeing the German about to prostrate himself—"a courier is this moment going to Varna, you will go in his kibitka and clear up your doubts." Away they go, click clack, day and night—the poor German in a mortal fright, under the idea that he is on the road to Siberia. They arrive at Varna, and the courier addresses his companion for the first time since they left Warsaw. "Sir, this town is Varna; you will have the goodness to put the question to any body you like, and convince yourself. Now, sir, you see these troops—look at them well—examine the uniforms. Are you satisfied that they are Russian troops?" "I am per-

fectly satisfied," answered the German. "Then, sir," replied his companion, "you have no further business here. In a quarter of an hour another courier will start for Warsaw; you will return in his kibitka, and report yourself to the grand duke." Away he goes again, jolt, jolt, in fear of dislocating half his bones, for being free, this journey, from mental anxiety about Siberia, he had leisure to observe that he was made of flesh and nerves. Constantine welcomed him with a horse-laugh. "Now," he said, "you will go to that café, where you were the last evening you were in Warsaw, and acquaint the company that the Russians *are* in Varna."

After being detained some days at Varna by a heavy gale of wind, we ran down towards the gulf of Bourgas along a fine mountainous coast, the track of one division of the Russian army. We saw one village, and the mouth of the Kamptchik. Then rounding, close to cape Emineh, the bold termination of the Balkans, and the northern point of the gulf, we approached Messembria, a town strongly situated on a low rocky isthmus, joined to the main by a long spit of sand. Four miles SW. of it, we passed Ahiouli, another town situated in precisely the same way; and after experiencing some difficulty in

picking our way among some shoals, of which our pilot knew nothing, reached Bourgas, at the bottom of the gulf, a town of about the same size as Messembria and Ahiouli, and similarly situated; farther remarkable for one very tall minaret, and one very dumpy one. It became the head-quarters of Marshal Diebitsch during the winter. We anchored three miles off the town, not far from a Russian brig-of-war, whose commander had a good plan of the gulf, but would only allow it to be glanced at.

The gulf of Bourgas is a splendid thing in naval, military, and picturesque points of view. It may be described in a few words. Twenty miles in depth east-north-east, west-south-west, with good anchorage all over, in not more than fourteen fathoms, it is overlooked by the Balkans, and bordered by a luxuriant country. Its northern side presents three positions—Messembria, Ahiouli, Bourgas—capable of being rendered impregnable: its extremity is equivalent to a harbour, being protected by shoals from the reach of the sea; and on its southern shore are two excellent ports, Carnizavolovsky and Sizepolis. Near Carnizavolovsky is a remarkable rock, the tomb of a Bulgarian hero, named Marcus, and his horse. According to tradition, he was to rise on the arrival of the yellow-haired

race: it came, but he remained quiet. In Bourgas gulf the fleets of the world might ride. Sevastopol is not to be compared with it. If the Porte were awake to its interest, it would make of it a great naval depôt, protected by adequate works, in order that it might become in war time the rendezvous of the fleet. The fleet would then be in a most advantageously offensive attitude, with the power of acting with any wind; whereas in the Bosphorus, its usual rendezvous, it may be, and often is, neutralized by the north-east wind three months together.

From Bourgas, we ran down the following morning the south side of the gulf to Sizepolis. The harbour is formed by a cape and two islands, is land-locked and commodious, with sufficient depth close to the shore. Two Russian line-of-battle ships, and a frigate, one of the former bearing a vice-admiral's flag, were lying in it. The town covered the point; it had no fortifications, but on a hill commanding it was a redoubt, thrown up by the Russians when they took the place, February, 1829. The Turks made no attempt to drive them from it, although the enemy for the first fortnight had only a few hundred men. They neglected it till the hundreds became thousands; they then thought of it, but did nothing; thus

furnishing a great example of the evil of procrastination, since the possession of this important post, with ten thousand men, and magazines, waiting him, enabled Diebitsch to cross the Balkans fearlessly. We saluted the vice-admiral, and hove to a couple of hours, while Captain Lyons visited him; then stood out to sea between the town and the largest island, a narrow passage with five and a half fathoms in the centre.

From Sizepolis to Ignada the coast is mountainous, and finely wooded. Mount Papias, near the former, is a conspicuous object. Along it, notwithstanding the natural difficulties, a Russian column penetrated without encountering any opposition from the enemy, who neglected to avail himself of most favourable positions,—that is, if any enemy were there. A Turkish army was supposed by the seraskier to be *somewhere* in that direction, but it does not follow that there was one; it certainly did not show itself. Cape Ignada, in bad weather, is capable of affording good protection, of which merchant vessels would do well to avail themselves more than they do; wrecks would thereby be avoided. A clump of trees on it marks it clearly from every view. Prom Media, a bay twenty miles south of Ignada, to the Bosphorus, the coast is low, bleak, reddish cliff, with sand banks off

it, which render it difficult to approach. Between the banks and the shore is good anchorage, which might be serviceable at times were the passages marked by bearings.

Light airs enabled us to appreciate the force of the current in this part of the Euxine. It swept us to the eastward and southward with a rapidity past our belief, insomuch that when we approached the mouth of the Bosphorus, which showed every plain, we doubted its identity, our reckoning, with all due allowances for the stream, making us considerably to the northward, and looked to another opening for it, some miles to the left, thence named the false Boghaz.* The bearing of the true Boghaz, however, at the

* Many wrecks in the Black Sea are occasioned by vessels running for the false Boghaz, which, it being to leeward of the true one in a bight, prevents dull sailers from getting off shore. It is, however, astonishing that this error should be committed, or be considered easy to fall into by any body who has made the voyage once. Nature marked the entrance of the Bosphorus as clearly as if to provide against the casuality. To the right of it, the coast of Roumelia is uninteresting, chequered with red patches; to the left, that of Anatolia, is mountainous and picturesque. These are general marks; but Mount Maltepe and two knolls (the brothers) in Anatolia are the peculiar indices of the Bosphorus, further distinguishable by a high mountain to the left over point Kili, the site of the false Boghaz.

moment being about south-west, enabled us to see the ruined Genoese castle under the Giant's Mountain, inside the strait, and that settled the point. We accordingly made sail with a gentle breeze, that afforded us leisure to dwell on, in perfection, one of Nature's finest pictures,—the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Euxine; and in the evening, November 26, anchored in Buyukderé bay, after a very pleasant voyage of about three weeks, which had annoyed the Russians, puzzled the Pereotes, interested us, and shown that the dangers ascribed to the Euxine are more imaginary than real; that its bad reputation is more owing to the ignorance of its ordinary navigators, than to any peculiar malignity. Its fogs and currents are amply compensated by many good anchorages, and by there being few hidden dangers. After all, ten or fifteen is the amount of vessels lost in it on the average in the course of the year; absolutely nothing compared with the hundreds which annually strew the English coast.

The day after the frigate's arrival at Buyukderé, the sultan's steamer came up from Rodosto, and anchored before the Russian palace. Count Orloff, the ambassador extraordinary, was on board. That same evening at the Baroness Hubsch's one of the ladies suddenly cried out,

"There is an earthquake!" Three shocks, which had taken place during the summer, rendered the fair alarmist's nerves very sensitive to any tremor of the house, and justified the crimsoned cheeks of her hearers. The rooms certainly trembled, the doors flew open, in the way that doors and windows do fly open in earthquakes, and—I grieve the catastrophe is not more moving—in stalked Count Orloff, glittering with gold lace, and covered with decorations, the whole breadth of his coat, from the neck to the waist. The absurdity was naïvely explained,—that the martial strides of himself and companion had equalled the minor operations of an earthquake,—and received smilingly by his excellency, a tall, stout, gentlemanly personage. He made himself agreeable, reviewed the conduct of the Turkish chieftains with that proud sort of forbearance so easy in a victor—often extolled as magnanimity, though in reality a delicate species of self-commendation,—and regretted not being in time to see Halil Pasha, who had sailed on the 17th instant, since they had been immediately opposed in 1828. He discoursed with an air of military frankness on politics; took us to St. Petersburgh, Berlin, and Vienna; said a word on Diebitsch's talents, and many on those of the emperor. In short, he

appeared to me a very proper selection to please the Osmanleys; handsome, good-mannered, with an open address; above all, a military man. He soon became a luminary that made his brother-ministers very inferior stars. He was *the* person at Pera during his stay. The streets were thronged with his Cossack and Circassian followers; and he had ships of war at his command in the Bosphorus, and in the Golden Horn. He might indeed, as every Russian ambassador henceforth will, consider himself in the light of ambassador at the court of a tributary prince, or crowned vassal of his sovereign.

It is a curious fact, that while thus great at Constantinople, his brother was an exile in Siberia, for having been mixed up with the conspiracy which took place at Nicholas's accession

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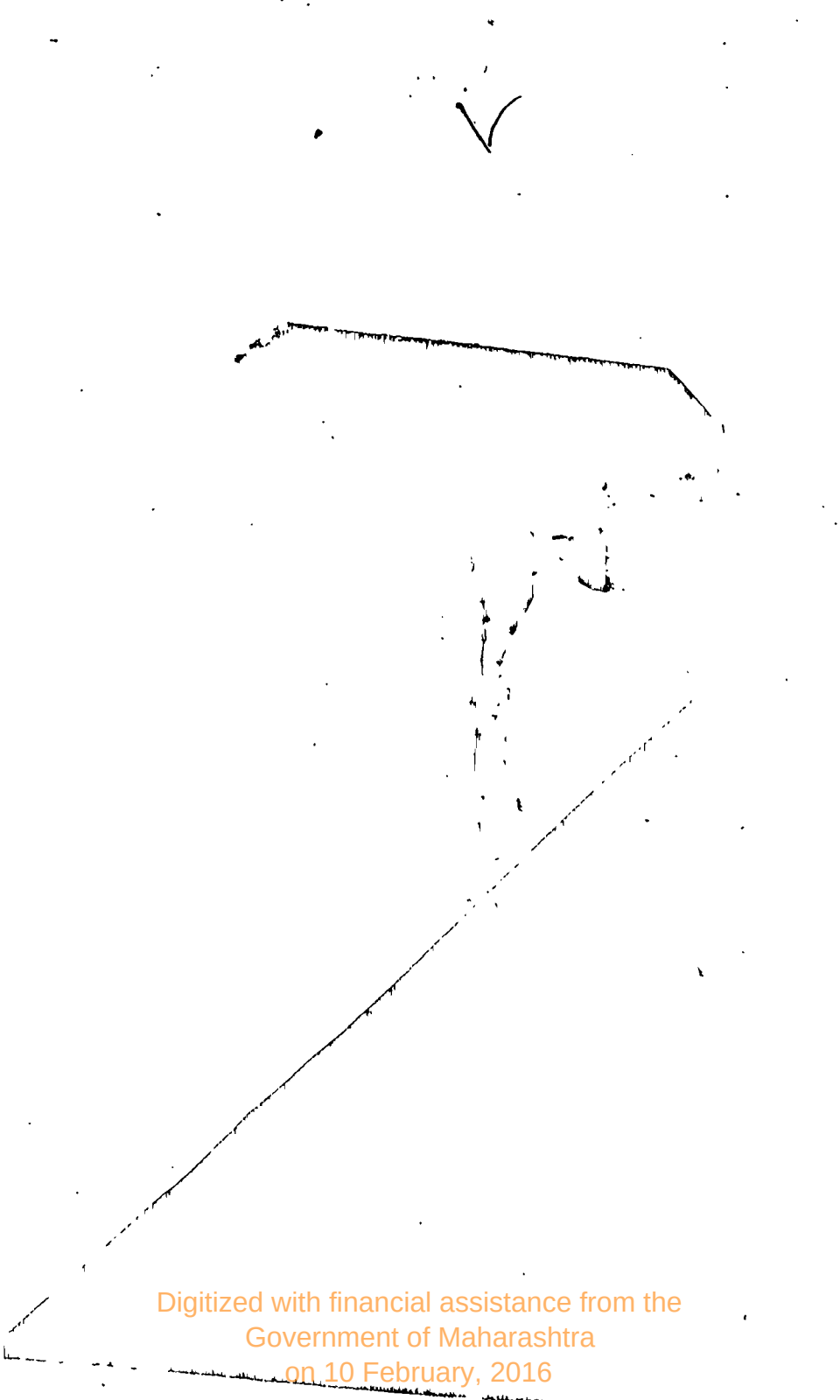

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